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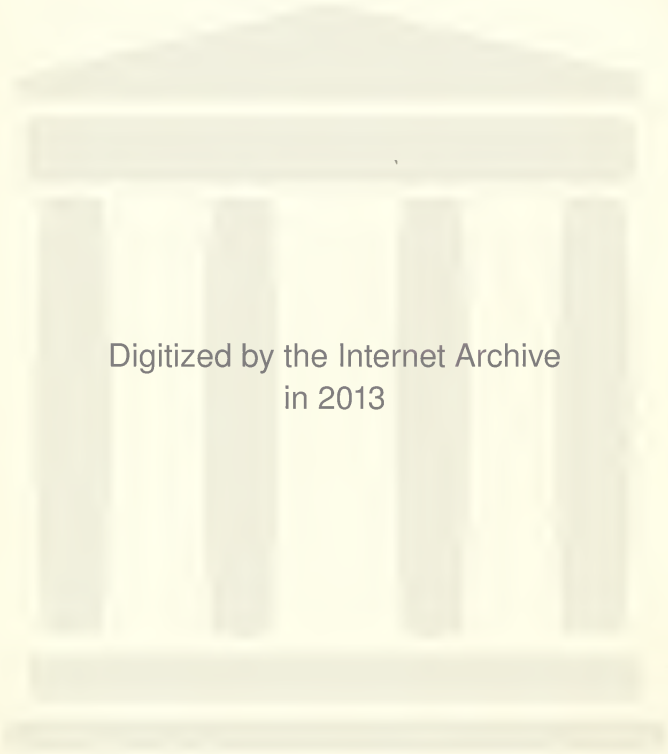

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TO OUR TEAM

Gridiron Warriors, brave and sturdy,
Marching boldly to the fray,
White and Blue the crowds are waving,
Hear them yelling "Boom-er-ray!"

Think not of the odds against you;
Think not of defeats of yore.
Grit and head-work, "pep" and "ginger,"
That's the stuff to help us score.

Fight it out from start to finish!
Punt and tackle, plunge and score!
Fight it through—we're all behind you!
Can they beat us? Nevermore!

"Hark, the sound!" the band is playing,
Voices ringing clear and free,
"Fight and win for Carolina!
Victory for U. N. C.!"

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
OCTOBER, 1912

Old Series, Vol. 43 No. 1 New Series, Vol. 30

EVOLUTION*

W. P. FULLER

"Evolution is the education of the race; education is the evolution of the individual." The idea of compelling young children to read books which they are not able to appreciate is wrong. It is not only useless, but dangerous. Let me illustrate: My growth in the reading and appreciation of books has gone through several stages, all but two of which have been gradual and unnoticeable except when viewed from a distance. The two were almost revolutionary.

The first period was passed when my mother closed for the last time the fairy book and when dust was allowed to settle on the covers of "Robinson Crusoe." Those now are sacred memories. But after this, school claimed my time and absorbed my interests and I was compelled to look there for my mental nourishment. Well do I remember the days when teacher read us stories during the last period, if we had been good throughout the day. After a while, however, the fate of the "Five Little Peppers," or the "Water Babies" was of little interest to me. I was outgrowing my food again. My boy nature found satiety in Henty's English war stories, and my thoughts by day and dreams by night were of desperate deeds of valor on the battlefield.

*This essay, written by W. P. Fuller, won the Freshman Prize in English last year.

Soon again the evolution of education demanded that I seek further for mental stimulus, but by a terrible misfortune I took poison instead of food. A well-meaning teacher compelled me to read Emerson's "Representative Men" and some of Browning's poetry, and my mind revolted, not yet prepared for these things. From Henty to Browning was too far. "Liberty Boys of '76," "Nick Carter," and similar stories seized my mind in their pernicious grasp and blunted, not satisfied, my literary cravings. Ignorantly my mind wandered among these empty, dangerous places. But even under such adverse circumstances I was growing, and I found myself by the aid of "David Copperfield." On account of my former experiences I was persuaded, with difficulty, to read this book; but once started, I pored eagerly over its pages, and when I turned the last leaf I knew my life was changed. A few days later, in making a steamboat trip, I took one of my old favorites along to help pass the time. Suddenly the utter rottenness of the book came over me, and in a spasm of disgust I threw the thing overboard. The first revolution was over.

My class was then reading Homer's "Iliad." As yet unable to appreciate all its true beauties, my groping mind, nevertheless, found something substantial in its healthy pages; so for some time Roman and Greek mythology occupied my mind. From then until my last year at high school my growth was gradual and more diversified. I read magazines—at first, "Munsey's," and similar ones, but they soon followed the Wild West stories, and better ones took their places. The various books prescribed by the English courses gradually attracted me, also history—notably, Prescott's "History of Mexico," "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth" stand up as landmarks.

Thus I entered my last high school year. Then, for the first time, I had a professor who taught a "subject," instead of a "grade." During the whole year we objected

to and complained of the course of work he laid down for us, but already the fault-finding has turned to praise. During the year we literally wrote a book on literature. The plan of it was this: Our professor prepared an outline of each literary age of England, but included the principal writers, sculptors, painters, and thinkers of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, for the same years. He also prepared a brief synopsis of each period in the different countries. Then he selected a dozen or so short, authentic criticisms of each important English author in each period. All of this he dictated to us, and we copied and arranged it in a loose-leaf note book. Immediately after the quotations on the various authors we placed original essays on their lives. In addition to all this, one chapter was devoted to "Books, and Their Value." This chapter crystallized all the better parts of my thought and opinion as regards books. From it I also gained some idea of the tremendous influence literature has in the world. This book was undoubtedly the biggest thing in my life.

So far, the last step in the evolution came this summer. I had been out on the lake and seen a beautiful, calm sunset. In a peaceful, receptive mood I returned to the house, sat down on the porch, and opened, at random, an old, brown book I had picked up. The pages opened as from habit at—"Thanatopsis." Idly at first, I read. Then I fell under the spell of the wonderful words, and when I had finished and looked out over the lake there seemed something new in the beauty of land, sky, and water. As I slowly closed the book I felt that something worth while had come into my life to stay. It was the first poetry I had ever enjoyed.

WAITIN'

Lowry Axley

When de ol' bullfrog
A-settin' on a log
Goes a-callin, "Jug-o-Rum";
An' de ol' owl, too,
Goes "Hoo-Hoo-Hoo,"
An' makes de whole air hum,
Den I lubs to git
My banjo a bit
An' make her jine de chor's.
An' den when she rings,
I cuts loose an' sings
Till I gits myself right hoarse.

Foh de time seems long
An' a little song
Helps to pass de hours away;
Foh I'm gittin' ol',
Don' need to be tol'
Dat my hair's a-turnin' gray.
Since ol' massa died,
I guess I've cried
'Til I ain' no count no mo';
So I'll jes' hang roun'
'Til de trumpet's soun'
Calls to de Beautiful Sho'.

NO ELECTRICITY!

W. N. Post

I awoke and glanced out of the window. It was very dark, and the morning looked cold and dreary outside. I felt cramped. My bones ached. A good stretch and yawn, however, did me no good. Hoping for fifteen minutes grace for another nap, I pulled my watch from underneath the pillow. "Quarter of eight." I shook my wife and said, "It's quarter of eight, and I haven't heard the servants. You'll have to fix me some toast and coffee." I started to get up. I could hardly move. "Oh, gracious! I haven't got the energy of a lame duck!" I exclaimed.

My wife stretched, yawned, and murmured in the pillow, "I don't know what it is, but I feel the same way. It pains me to move."

Slowly I got up, dragged myself to the electric light, and snapped it.

"The Devil and Tom Walker! There is no current. That means I will have to get breakfast down town." I dressed, but not with my usual morning briskness, kissed my wife good bye, and told her not to get up till the servants came. I plodded down stairs "The doctor's office for mine—run down—debilitated—tonic," ran through my head. As I expected, there were no servants in the kitchen. I unlocked the back door and went out to the garage. The engine would not start. Priming was of no avail. Welling up all the energy I could, I spun the motor. "Those batteries again." I put in three new batteries but still an explosion refused to take place. "Oh, well! I haven't got time to fool with it. I'll take the street car." Going back into the house, I deemed it best to telephone the office and tell them I would be down as soon as I could get breakfast. *Click! click! click!* I shook the hook up and down but central would not answer.

Thoroughly angry and aroused I banged the hook up and down, but could get no response. Then I noticed the usual singing of the wires was wanting. I became frightened. "Has somebody played a joke on me and cut all my wires? What's the matter with the world this morning?"

Not wishing to alarm my wife, I went on out to the street. How strange everything seemed! Not a limb on a tree stirred. The leaves were withering and turning brown. Occasionally one lazily floated to the ground. The noise it made as it settled only emphasized the depressing quietness. The very air seemed stale and devitalizing. The sky was a sullen gray-green. Languidly I strolled toward the corner and the car line. It seemed a mile instead of one block. I sat down on the curbing and almost pitifully looked for an approaching car. How reassuring it would have looked!

Some one was coming slowly up the street. I could hardly believe it was "Nergy," as I lovingly called my friend, who had more energy than anybody in town, and was never known to walk slowly when alone. Determining not to show him my fears yet awhile, I said, "Nergy, you haven't seen anything of a car, have you?"

"Car! They are not running. They stopped suddenly at six o'clock."

Quickly I gripped him by the arm. "Great Scott! Nergy, something must have happened to this world. It's coming to an end."

Calmly he shook his head and said sadly, "I don't know, but all the electricity in the world seems to have disappeared."

"Wouldn't your telephone or your lights work?" I flung at him.

"No; and what's more, my son, who works at the Western Union came home and said they had not received nor sent any messages since six o'clock. But come! We must

go to the Public Square and see what's going on. No doubt there will be work for men."

Arm in arm we crawled at a snail's pace toward the Square, five blocks away. Others joined us and everybody had strange tales to tell. Dr. Smith's automobile had suddenly stopped at six o'clock when on a hurry call to the hospital. Mrs. Jones was combing her hair and suddenly felt a shock pass from the comb through her body down through her feet, and quite a good deal of her hair had fallen out. Mr. Thomas, who has his own electric plant, had been shaken out of bed at six o'clock by the rocking of his house. Mr. Lewis, who had gotten up early, said the day had promised to be fair but had suddenly become cloudy, and at six o'clock he was in his garden and noticed a long, vivid flash, bright red, then blue, then green, in the west.

In the Square were scattered groups of men. Many were moaning and all seemed frightened. Here and there one would totter and sit down on the curbing. Everything connected with electricity had suddenly, at six o'clock, stopped working. Lights, telephones, elevators, wireless stations, telegraph, railroad signals and countless other things worked by electricity were dead. Half-dressed, frightened women began to make their appearance. Crying children were tagging at their heels. Now and then one would collapse and the mother would sit down by it unable to pick it up. Huge electric signs, moving picture posters, all sorts of electric sewing machines, piano-players, chafing dishes and other electric appliances glared mockingly at me from all sides as though I was the culprit. The crowd grew dense. A dog fell at my feet, unable to move. It was getting darker and very cold. Every breath felt like a mouthful of dust. A white mist of about an inch thickness had formed on the earth. My feet stuck in it as though it was a mass of glue.

"Citizens!" The cry was heard faintly above the moan-

ing of men, the sobbing and hysterical laughing of women, and the wailing of children. I turned toward the voice. "Nergy" was standing on the statue in the middle of the Square, with a megaphone in his hands. In a strained voice he shouted, "This mist is getting thicker. After a while you won't be able to walk in it. Go home as fast as you can and pray God's providence on this stricken world."

The crowd slowly began to scatter. I pulled one foot out of the mist, then the other. It was almost up to my ankles. Women with tear-stained faces and wild eyes stumbled and fell, but I could not help them. Falling down, and getting up, choking, with eyes burning, after two hours struggle I reached home. The mist was almost up to my knees. Inside the house I painfully toiled up stairs and fell exhausted on the bed.

"I can't move; I'm dying," gasped my wife, and then I didn't care if she did. I did not even answer.

* * * * * * * *

At the same time that he fell on the bed, in a little one-room house on the outskirts of the city a little wizened old man with a crooked body sat on a very high stool. Before him was what seemed a conglomeration of wires, coils, dynamos, switches, levers, glass bottles, tubes, and a tangle of a thousand and one other things. The mist was half way up to his seat. He rocked back and forth and chuckled gleefully.

"I have attained! I have attained!" he repeated over and over. Suddenly he leaned over, caught an iron knob and turned it. The mist disappeared. The sun streamed in the window. A little bird that was huddled on the window sill with closed eyes, chirped, spread its wings, and flew. At the same time the little old man had uttered an agonized shriek and fallen over dead among his wires and switches.

TO E———

C. L. Isley, Jr.

At night when I'm alone, dear,
Or when at work by day,
My heart just seeks your own, dear,
Although you're far away.
In every star that decks the skies,
Each like your own, your own sweet eyes;
No other thoughts within me rise
Save those of you.

You ask me if I'll always be
So steadfast, firm and true
That I will always, always see
The same sweet soul of you.
As long as in yon distant skies
That bright star shines, nor dims, nor dies,
I'll seek and find in your sweet eyes
All I would have.

IN GIBRALTAR'S SHADOWS

E. P. Hall

At six in the morning, July 16, 1912, we went ashore. A glorious sunrise and the fresh morning air put us in the best of spirits for a visit to Gibraltar. The town is populated with about 24,000 people, composed principally of Spanish element, and with 5,000 British troops. Of course, other nationalities are well represented here. The streets are from eight to twelve feet wide and very crooked. The main street is clean, the buildings are rather neat, and the people apparently courteous. The hackmen are always ready to accommodate you, carry you over the city, and very graciously fleece you.

We continued our sight-seeing on through the town to the farther end, near the British Compound. Here three of our party were struck with the idea of climbing to the top of the great rock, which is 1300 feet high. Up we went, over bushes, precipices, and crags, till we came to a wall. Thoughtlessly we crossed the low wall, little thinking that we were in the British garrison and might be arrested as spies. We took pictures of each other here so close to the top, thinking it would be rather unique to show people at home that we really went up so high.

Resuming our march, we soon found a beautiful road. It was about time for us to return, as our tender would leave the docks at 9:30, and the big steamer would depart at 10:00, so we went down the roadway as it was much smoother. We proceeded to a high point on the road and here we commanded such a view as I had never seen before. Such a panorama! To our left, so close as if we could touch it, there lay old Africa quietly sleeping; then the Bay just in front of us, filling us with the gentler emotions of the soul, wafting its breeze of pervading quiet and calm, singing the lullabies of the sea and whispering peace to

the troubled and suspicious continents around her; just across to the right is Spain, recalling the Inquisitions and Successions of history, this morning, however, calling for an admiration from the distance. Then down at our very feet there lay the English fortifications, impregnable and formidable — garrisons of over two centuries supremacy. Here England stands guarding with jealous care and exacting her tolls at the gateway of the nations. No nation dares presume here. All trade, all travel, all everything must have permission of England. Her law rules, her eyes sparkle, and nations bow. She is more than mistress here, although no tyranny characterizes her movements. In speculating and picturing we could engage here many hours, but we must hasten back to our steamer.

Down we went with rapid strides to the turn of the road on the next tier. But, halt! We were intercepted by a British sentinel who demanded passes. Passes! We stood still in helplessness and amazement. Then to the guard-house for other helpers went the sentinel. As he went he looked back once. When we asked him afterward why he did this, he told us of experiences with Spaniards who tried to escape. He came back quickly and carried us down to the quarters of the corporal. Our names, nationality, name of steamer and other information were written down. The corporal telephoned the Governor General, telling him of our situation and that our tender left at 9:30, and asked an audience with him. The Governor General agreed to see us at 9:30. Our tender was to leave at 9:30, our steamer at 10:00, our appointment with the Governor General was set for 9:30. If we missed our steamer it meant a journey by rail of 2700 miles with greatly increased traveling expenses. So there we were.

It was then 8:30 when we were placed in the corporal's headquarters to await the Governor General. I cannot speak for the other two but it seemed to me that I lived

a year in about twenty minutes. A hundred thoughts and a million emotions surged in rapid succession through my being. The thoughts of imprisonment, of delay, of the anxiety of our party, of home, of the graveness of our offense and our innocence, of everything; and each thought attended with at least three emotions. To be honest, my spirit was damped not a little, and the ardor of the early morning had disappeared. I must confess, however, that after the first twenty minutes I began to get my head, and I came to the conclusion that I would make the best of the situation. My companions in sorrow were not disposed to much conversation, the cause being due, I suppose, to the exhaustion of the climb and the grandeur of the scenery we had viewed. We were very enthusiastic as we came down the rock, but this enthusiasm paled into insignificance as we sat in the corporal's quarters waiting the will and pleasure of the Governor General, thinking thoughts too deep for expression, for indeed, not as we talked by the way, but as we sat by the guard did our hearts burn within us.

After taking plenty of time to shine and rub up their army paraphernalia, at last they were ready for a mile walk to the headquarters where we were to see the Governor General. All my life I have heard of the conservatism and deliberateness of the English, but never before did I know that time really didn't count with them.

We finally arrived at headquarters and waited till 9:30 before the Governor appeared. Before he came, however, the sergeant took one of our party into his office and showed him the penalty for trespassing on forbidden grounds in an English garrison. It was three years imprisonment! What consoling information!

We then appeared before the Governor General. Of our own free will we were searched, the films were taken from our kodaks, and similar questions were asked as were put to us by the sentinel and corporal. After much

harangue, questioning and delay, although we were treated courteously enough, to our inexpressible delight we were freed, with a strict warning not to climb even low walls on our trip on the continent. It was very nice of him to thus caution us, but really, speaking for myself, it was a waste of words, for I had already resolved to fight shy of all walls on foreign soil and to view even those of America with suspicion.

When I put my little speckled cap on my head and walked down to the strand a free and white American citizen, I thought old John Bull was about the biggest hearted chap I had ever met.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN HUNDRED

George L. Carrington

The waves rolled along continuously, eternally, and impassively. The sun painted the evening skies with the chameleon tints of a thousand different hues, which were reflected in the waters and met the clouds again in the riotous colors of the horizon. It was the evening of the Titanic's fated day at sea, and Jack Carew was unusually moody while he stood on the deck and cynically watched the waves roll purposelessly on.

The last news that he had received at South Hampton before embarking for home had borne to him the cheering tidings that his only brother had been crippled for life in a railway accident, that a little girl whom he liked had married a sot, and that the building upon the rent of which his slight income depended had burned down with only one-third insurance. Added to these misfortunes was the further calamity that he had bet a friend of short acquaintance two dollars that he would not receive any mail at South Hampton. Thus the world was against him and he was up against it. Anyhow, he could watch those old waves roll lubberly along and swell up like a pot full of old dirty clothes on wash day—swell like the clothes do when you punch them with a stick.

But what was the use of standing there like a sullen fool thinking about boiling clothes, when he could just as well be acting like an inspired poet and be murmuring to the majestic roll of the waves, the broad expanse of the waters, and the purpling draperies of the heavens—

> "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
> Ten Thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
> Man marks the shore—."

And then, joined to those lines in mutual links of associatory love, there rose before him those other lines of beauty and pathos:

> "Water, water, everywhere
> But not a drop to drink."

As Jack Carew gave expression to the last line of that beautiful sentiment, two thoughts struck him. He had not quoted Coleridge altogether as exactly as he might have; but that was relatively unimportant. Drink! Where had he heard that magic word before? Drink! "'Let us drown our sorrows in drink' sayeth the wise man." There it was. And was it not also said: "Man cannot live by bread alone"? Nothing could be plainer; not even the nose on the face of the Hebrew leaning against the rail twenty feet away. Besides, had he not learned from his course in psychology while at college that a man must at any given moment be feeling either pleasant or unpleasant? And if pleasant, was that not reason to celebrate? Certainly. While if one feels unpleasant, and grumpy, and all down in the stomach, what man—whose opinion is really worth considering—would deny that the only gentlemanly and proper thing to do is "to fill the cup that clears today of past regrets and future fears?"

So Jack went to the bar and called for a "Manhattan." Then, after havng dispatched that with pleasure, he returned to the deck to watch the waves roll some more. London and New York, separated by the rolling seas—how close they really are! "A shilling in London, a quarter in New York." New York—Manhattan. Some people think that a man only calls for a Manhattan when he does not know any other drink to take. So perhaps he had better go down and show the bar-keeper that Jack Carew was no novice in the matter of drinks. Besides, come to

think of it, Jack was rather fond of Creme de Menthes anyhow. So he went down.

"Yes," he said to the bar-keeper, "one Creme de Menthe, please."

And then, "I guess you might as well add a Sloe Gin Rickey to that, too."

Then Jack Carew, brilliant, versatile, promising, with a great future predicted for him, went back on deck to watch the waves in the gathering dusk roll ponderously along. The brilliant seas of sunset had faded into the sombre grey of twilight. Lights began to pop out here and there in the staterooms of the vessel. A little star cautiously peeped out, withdrew, and then came out again, this time to stay. Two other little stars followed, and then others still. The great waves rolled sullenly below. They came from out the dusk, passed by, and disappeared into the dusk again. The wake of the ship showed light behind. The night air was cool.

Down in the dining room below the band struck up "My Country, 'Tis of Thee;" but it sounded different to Jack. It went:

"One beer for one of us,
Two beers for two of us,
Three beers for three.
Four beers for four of us,
Five beers for five of us,
Six beers for six of us,
Seven beers for me."

"By Josh! I'll do it," he said, "seven little beers—and all of them different."

A half hour later the waves rolled curiously. The ship didn't run smoothly as formerly, but instead lurched with every step he took. It must be a little sailing craft. No; there was the screw-propeller right under him—the propeller of the great Titanic. But the waves were good fellows after all. They were reaching up after him; but he

was too high; they would never get him. He would see them in Hell first with the ice frozen over — a snow-ball in Hell; that was it. But what did the waves want with him? They were — but that woman there below. The lights sparkled. He would go to her and tell her ——. But she was gone. He didn't care, anyhow. Those waves —yes, he knew now—they were demons. They wanted him; but he would see them ——— first. Yes, perhaps he had better go down and take one or two more. Then he would go to his state-room and study the material—yes, what material was it now? The material, yes—"Primrose Path"—a woman. Yes, it would be a great play, a great play, a woman. He would help them—we owe. No, he wasn't sure about it. Perhaps he had better take three—good ones. Then it would be all right.

At ten o'clock he crumpled down in a bath-tub, and in so doing broke a small flask of sherry that he had in his pocket. But he didn't care. He just curled up and slept. A half hour later he bumped into a star and heaved. Then for the next three hours, intermittently, he was at some kind of meeting, a fire, a crowd. People shouted and crashed about. Then he was Peary at the North Pole, the floe ice was giving away, he would soon be a great man.

There was a roar. Something jerked him up, slammed him against the wall, and shot him into a whirlpool. That was all.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

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EDITORIALS

The transfer of editorship from 1912 to 1913 was a quiet affair. No tears were shed, either for joy or for sorrow. 'Twas very much like, "Have a dope, won't you?" "Yes, thanks, I will." In the awful precincts of the editorial sanctum the retiring editor smilingly handed over to us the authority, good-will and responsibility of this delicate position, together with a note from the faculty stating that "at present it is *not* deemed advisable to allow the work of the editor-in-chief of *The Magazine* to count any hours toward graduation." Nevertheless, we take off our coat, roll up our sleeves and resign ourselves to fate, hoping that in speaking of *The Magazine* next June we may be able to say in concert with the innumerable schools and colleges of our land that this has been the best year in our history.

The past few weeks have been, in some respects, the darkest that Carolina has ever seen. Our University set out upon apparently the most successful session in its ca-

reer, only to be plunged into storms and darkness. A heavy blow has fallen upon Carolina. Everybody knows this. Many even ask whether or not the University is worth while. Indeed, is it not despairing to think that for years we have been trying to crush evils—to believe that we had them under foot—when suddenly there burst forth an eruption—hideous, awful and unbearable. Yes, the night has been long. The hour before dawn has been very dark. But the radiant morning of a new day will surely come.

Let us have harmony. Now is the time for every man who loves and believes in Carolina to fall into line and fight shoulder to shoulder. Let there be no friction between faculty and students. Let the relations between students and President be open and friendly. Let the classes live and work amicably together. Let publications, dramatics, music, athletics, Y. M. C. A., literary societies, student council and everything else press forward with unity of spirit in the upbuilding of a Greater University.

We do not object seriously to a fellow who can't play his part very strongly. We do not grumble if a fellow strikes the wrong note occasionally. But blast the fellow that plays out of tune! Give us harmony!

Last year a member of the Senior class was greatly interested in the boys of the community. He organized a company of Boy Scouts, accompanied the boys on pleasant rambles, gave them an ice cream supper supper, went camping with them, was never tired of working in their behalf. The boys adored him. The results of his labors were noticeable. There was less smoking, and less "cussin'," and among the boys more courtesy, intelligence and manliness. Some of the young man's companions laughed at his untir-

ing efforts in behalf of the "young scamps"; some thought he was too "kiddish"; some did not know at all of his endeavors. Last May the young man did not carry away from Chapel Hill a Phi Beta Kappa key, nor any medals, nor prizes, nor especially high commencement honors. He did carry away, however, the satisfaction of having helped a group of "unmanageable and troublesome" boys, our younger brothers and future citizens, on to higher and better things. Was not this a high honor?

There has been of late a remarkable revival of the ancient and honorable art of punning. Not only is our University life sorely beset with college wits but the world at large has also been assailed by punsters innumerable. Therefore, in this day and time, when "daffy-dils" blossom forth in printers' ink and Mutt and Jeff "get them off" continually, it is but proper that we recognize this popular art. After deliberate consideration we have decided to award a handsome prize to the one who submits to The Magazine the best pun before the next issue appears. Members of our editorial staff are excluded from this contest. A committee to judge the excellence of puns submitted is composed of the following capable gentlemen: Prof. Collier Cobb, Chairman; Messrs. Robert O. Huffman and J. Wesley McIver.

Come forth, O ye Punsters!

IN MEMORIAM

At the first Faculty meeting held in the session of 1912-1913, President Venable announced the death of Professor Thomas Hume, D. D., LL. D., Prefessor Emeritus of English Literature in this University.

At the next meeting the following resolutions were adopted by the Faculty and incorporated in the Journal:

> The Faculty of the University of North Carolina has heard with sorrow the announcement of Professor Thomas Hume's death. Although for the past few years ill health had debarred him from active service, his undiminished intellectual gifts, his sterling character, his courtesy, and his active interest in the affairs of our common life, continued as before to be an inspiration to those whose privilege it was to visit him in his home.
>
> It is difficult to state adequately the many spheres in which his influence was, until a few years ago, actively felt.
>
> As a teacher he was untiring in zeal for the development of his students; he was the founder and inspirer of the Shakspere Club; he contributed important papers to the Philological Club; to the Young Men's Christian Association he gave freely his counsel and his practical support, and finally he responded gladly, though at times, perhaps, with serious personal inconvenience, to the frequent calls to lecture in the cities of this State and of other States. As has been fitly said, he always gave his best.
>
> Dr. Hume's discourses gave evidence of good thought and of deep critical insight; they pos-

sessed also the charm of an accurate and elegant style. Even his extempore speeches produced the impression of finished form.

He was himself an untiring worker, and he had the power of stimulating others to work. The University of North Carolina values his work. It mourns the loss of such a friend and colleague, and to those who suffer most by his departure it offers its respectful sympathy.

September 13, 1912.

Charles L. Raper,
Wm. Cain,
Walter D. Toy.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, God in his clear vision has seen fit to call from our midst our friend and fellow-worker, H. E. Riggs; and

WHEREAS, He was a most faithful and loyal member of our Society, we, the members of the Dialectic Literary Society desire to record a testimonial of our appreciation of his faithful services and of the uplifting influence of his character upon our Society; therefore be it

Resolved, That while it is grievous to us for a life filled with all the promises of a bright future to be taken so young, yet we humbly bow in submission to the Divine Will.

That in the death of H. E. Riggs we feel that we have lost a most valuable member—a man faithful, sincere, loyal, earnest, one who had as his guiding impulse a strong love for the truth and for justice, one whose place among us it will be indeed impossible to fill.

That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy and endeavor to share with them their loss.

That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the record of our Society; that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased member; and that a copy be sent to the *University Magazine* with request to publish.

E. R. RANKIN,
J. Y. CALDWELL,
HORACE SISK,
Committee.

SKETCHES

THAT FAMILIAR FELLOW.

Do you know that familiar fellow? I mean the one who makes himself intimate without much encouragement on your part. He is a very fine fellow. The friendships of David and Jonathan, and of Damon and Pythias pale into insignificance beside this fellow's friendship for you. He comes into your room at all times without taking the trouble of rapping on your door. After midnight he drops in enquiring for a match and an oil lamp. Early in the morning he comes in and wakes you to inquire about some lesson, and especially about the time of day.

He has reliable knowledge of your "hard days" and never misses coming around the night before. He takes a chair, puts his feet on the table, and gently leans back. He talks about everything from a college bore to Woodrow Wilson's first term. When he meets you on the street, he greets you with a hunch in the ribs. If he is going the same way, he puts his arm on your shoulder and proceeds to make life perfect bliss. He is a good fellow. But then —it's all college life. E. M. C.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

" Watch closely, please; watch closely and see the little bottle in my left hand, quite empty you observe, and full of nothing. Keep your eye on the bottle; then note with care this flask on the table—carefully, carefully, my assistant removes the cork—carefully; yes, it's stuck, in there tight, won't come out, won't even budge; take it easy—yes—no—yes; now it's coming; that's it; now we have it; look! look! see how I gently lower the bottle in

my left hand and slowly withdraw a match from this dainty, diminutive, harmless, little match-box, keeping your eye all the while on the small bottle in my left hand. Now, just a moment, please; that match went out. Strange habit these matches have of going out—yes, out—down and out. That reminds me that the matches in Chicago went on a strike the other——. There we have it—got a match at last; well, well. Now steady, keeping your little eye on the bottle—I mean your eye on the little bottle—look, watch, see, observe! there we have—Bang!—an explosion."

No; this is not a spiel by Wizardo the great Magician; it's a lecture on first Chemistry.

THE BOOTER.

Have you ever observed the "booter?" Yes? Of course, everybody is acquainted with him more or less, for if ever anyone be, he is always an "out-and-outer." Where does he sit? On the front seat? Not regularly, but his favorite place is right there in the middle of the first row. Yes; that was he who guffawed so the other day when "Major" told us his latest joke to illustrate for us how mathematics sinks into the average student's soul. He couldn't get over it, you know,—and he couldn't get his problem either. Do you remember how he straightened up, cleared his throat, and leaned back last week on the Psychology class, when Dr. Chase, after discussing a theory of which he said nobody knew the exact truth, asked if anyone had a question to ask? Question? He had a hundred. Asking questions is his specialty. Oh, it doesn't make any great difference whether they have any meaning to them or not. On any class and at any time he can ask questions. He doesn't wince even if the professor looks at him as if he ought to be taking more Fresh-

man work. If he doesn't get to ask on class all he has—his store is illimitable—he is the first man at the rostrum after lecture, and he is in his glory then. Oh, the subtlety of his questions! Of course, he is, after all, a very good fellow; but he simply hasn't learned yet that work will often pass a course with less effort than the best of "boots."

F. W. M.

ANOTHER ONE ON ZEB.

Possibly no North Carolinian, or anyone else for that matter, would ever tire of listening with the greatest attentiveness and admiration to the tales and incidents in which Zeb Vance displayed his peculiar ability of impressing even the most dignified with his ever ready store of wit and humor.

It happened during one of his years in the University, seemingly the second. The term had just opened and, as usual, the Freshmen were objects of pastime and amusement for the Sophomores. Vance and a crowd of other Sophs had just hoisted a Freshman upon a table and were commanding him to sing a favorite selection, after which, if he did it well and showed them how mama made the bed, tucked in the quilts and rocked the baby, he was to be released. However, before the performance was over a member of the faculty, whose business it was to investigate such vaudevilles, was attracted that way by the uproar. The minute the tutor's intrusion was suspected, every one lit a rag for safety, Freshman included, for he didn't know anything else to do. Vance was pretty hard pushed and crawled under the bed, where he quietly awaited developments. The professor walked in, gave several searching glances about the room, and in a disappointed manner, remembering the familiar Bible passage, exclaimed, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." At that instant,

Vance, who had been lying low, jumped out from under the bed and, in a tone that scared the professor out of his wits, exclaimed, "But the righteous is as bold as a lion."

M. F. T. JR.

A ROMAN HEAD SAVED BY A RANK PUN.

Nero was at his bloodthirstiest. He was out of humor and his best brand of wine. Besides this, the dust of the arena the day before had tickled his catarrh until he feared the coughin' (coffin). However, he was resting in state,—in a rare state of intoxication,—surrounded by miring and admiring attendants. Some luckless page tipped a waiter full of wine and the enraged emperor seized a beer bottle, threw an in curve and sent the unfortunate youth over the Styx. Indeed, the Roman tyrant was in the imperative mood. Just at the moment when mighty Nero was wrothiest and the courtiers were trembling like an earthquake, in marched an officer with the court joker who had been caught for the thirty-fourth time purloining dainties from the culinary department. "O, mighty Nero; hail!" cried the officer. "Can't you see I'm reigning?" bellowed the green-eyed monster. "Here is a culprit," continued the officer, "caught in the act of theft." Nero smiled that famous death-sentence smile. "Let the villain extract this troublesome tack from my sandal with his teeth or else lose his head," ordered his imperial majesty. *"Maxime rex,"* plead the jester, *"non possum est."* (Not to be confused with the American "oppossum.") "Why not?" roared Nero. "Because I am not a tax collector," punned the joker. "Such a crank must live," wheezed Nero, as his corpulent weather-boarding shook with laughter.

PROF. HIEROGLYPH.

MIXED PICKLES.

There was a young African, Pete,
A great Ethiopian athlete.
When accused of the charge
That his feet were too large,
He replied, "I went down in de feet."

A young lady once had some cider,
And do you know what did betide her?
She drank and she drank
Till she filled up her tank,
And her cider was then all in-side-'er.

There was a young Freshman so jolly,
Who went on a "jag" down to Raleigh.
But the wise faculty
Caught the gay absentee;
Sent him back home to papa—O golly!

EXCHANGES

It is always customary for the Exchange editor of a college magazine to take up valuable space in the first issue outlining in tiresome detail just what the policy of that department will be. We beg to be spared this disagreeable task, and will say that we will try to be fair and offer suggestions only when absolutely necessary. With such an aim our relations should be mutual and helpful.

The Wake Forest Student comes to us this month in its usual attractive dress, with all departments well-balanced and full of interesting reading. The story "The Full Peg Pants" is amusing, while the article "A Day On the Appian Way" gives us in clear detail the story of a day spent along the old Roman road. The article "The South's Amazing Progress" treats a theme overworked in Southern college magazines, and is burdened with statistics. One of the features especially commendable is the strong editorial department, so pitiably lacking in many of our exchanges. The issue is short on poetry, but the literary quality is excellent and shows earnest effort on the part of the editors.

The University of Oklahoma Magazine contains a superabundance of interesting stories and articles and a scarcity of verse. The magazine could be made more readable if the departments were systmatically arranged and more attention paid to the physical appearance. The story "The Land of the Free" is unusually good, as is also the article "Social Life In the High School." The numerous sketches are all worth reading. The illustrations used in this issue improve the appearance very materially, and on the whole this exchange is one of the best we have received.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of several exchanges.

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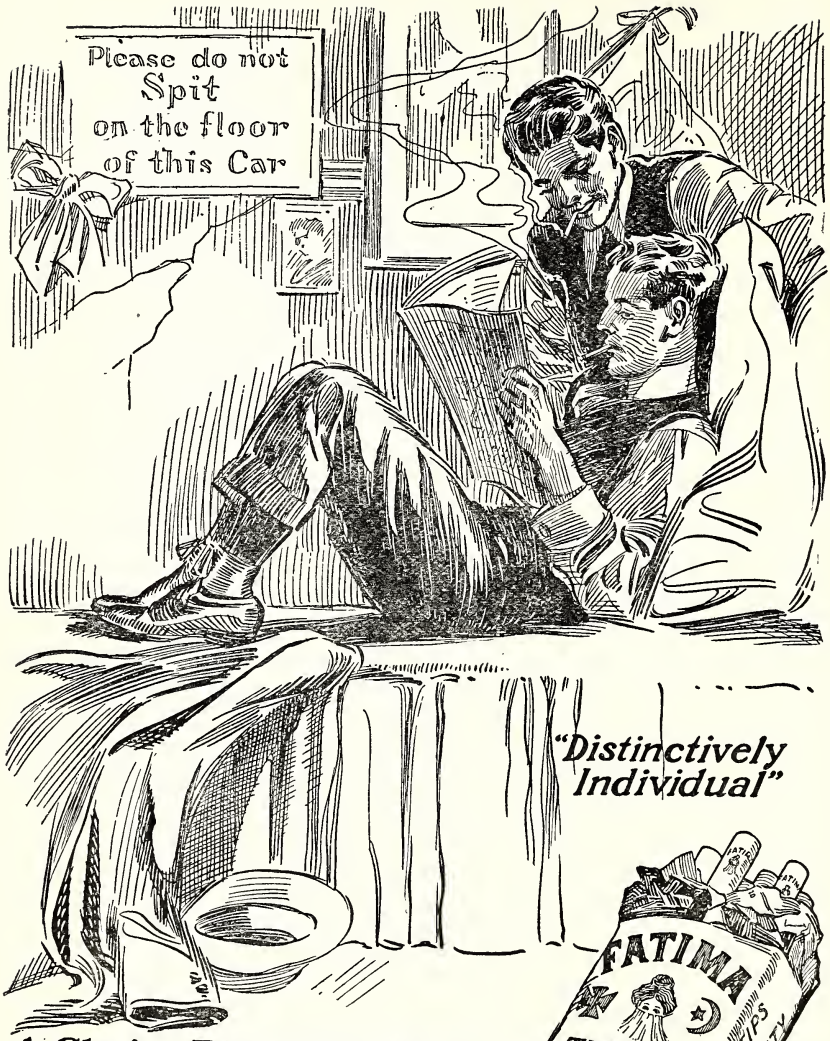

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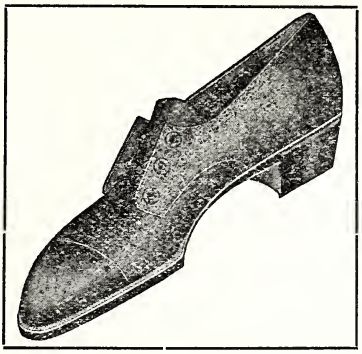

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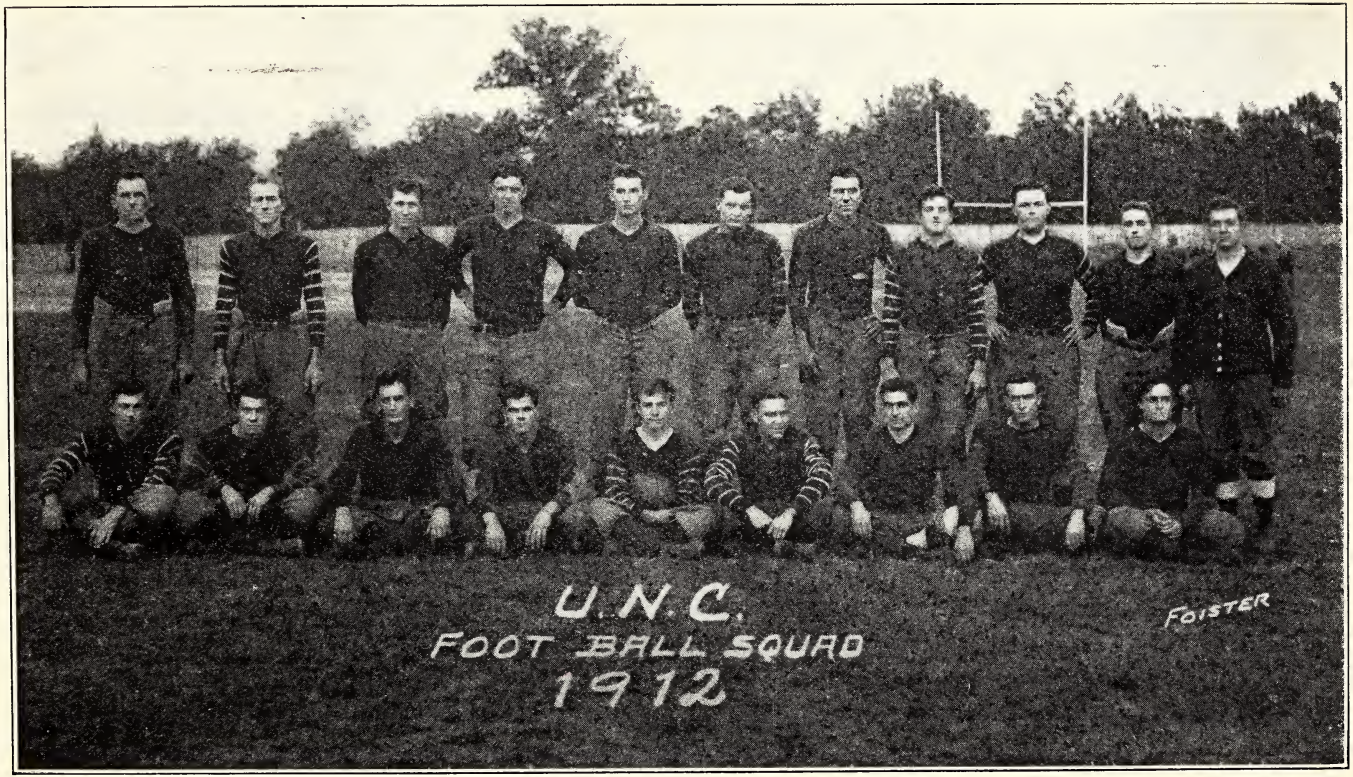
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1912
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NOVEMBER, 1912

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HUNDRED DAYS IN FORT ALEXIS

Though I am living now on free ground, under the safe protection of the Stars and Stripes, and the "Hundred Days" have long sailed away down with the tide of time, they are deeply branded in my memory and their recollection often arises from the sea of forgetfulness in the cloudy moments of my life.

Hundred Days! How swiftly do they pass in the stormy life of youth. How brightly are they tinged with hours of pleasure and joy! But the "Hundred Days" I have spent in the bowels of Fort Alexis seemed to me an eternity, and every new day brought new languishment and humiliation.

It is not a custom of Russian revolutionists, when they are favored with the opportunity to reach a land of freedom, to relate the story of their own sufferings and sacrifices on the altar of freedom. What they do tell is the sad story of the bitter fate of their people; how in the light of the twentieth century a great portion of human kind is oppressed and ravaged by an inner foe which claims to be their just government. But if it befalls to a revolutionist the misfortune to be confined within the walls of Fort Alexis, he may be excused for relating some of his own experiences, for there is greater intention to reveal to the civilized world how Russia treats people, young and old alike, that are merely in suspicion of disloyalty to her

bloody throne rather than to center attention to his own experiences.

Deep under the surface of the earth, not lighted by a single ray of the sun, are forged the arms of liberty for the Russian nation. Out of the woods are coming the sweet trills of a newer life, from mysteriously hidden places are propagated the rays of enlightenment and truth. But our great work is interrupted. Treachery is a pillar of Russia's bloody throne, and many a beautiful flower of the revolutionary garden is plucked therefrom; doomed to wither either in the wet cells of the gloomy prisons or in the icy fields of Siberia.

I was also entangled in a traitor's net. Not conceiving that the rope was drawn tighter and tighter about my neck, I continued my work in the revolutionary field; but my work for my country and people, for their needs and wishes, was to be stopped. Quite unexpectedly my house was encircled with a military force when everything was enshrouded in deep, silent sleep. With great alarm they broke into the house and I was, in a rude voice, ordered to follow them.

I shall not dwell very long upon the description of the Russian procedure in a case of political arrest. Quite an independent branch of secret police deal with political cases. It is self-understood that the secret police try to extort information from the arrested that might lead to further revelations and arrests; they particularly take great pains to persuade him to become a traitor and to enter, upon a high reward, the detective service of the secret police. Very cruel means are used to force the arrested upon the way of treachery, such that would not be sanctioned in any civilized country, on account of their mediaeval character and barbarity. To the deepest regret of the friends of Russian freedom it must be admitted that a very great number of the captured revolutionists, perceiving the gloomy prospects that are awaiting them,

are won over by the secret police for the price of their liberty and the yellow metal.

For those stubborn revolutionists who can not be persuaded by flowery promises, or frightened by the sad fate to which they may be doomed, the police process is an instrument which they think to be an effective means to cause a change in the revolutionists' determination not to sell their souls to the devil. In the great province of Poland, the greatest revolutionary center of Russia, is "Fort Alexis," to which tyranny attaches some faith.

On the low banks of the majestic river Vistula, overlooking the capital city of Warsaw, a beautiful spot most suitable for a resort of joy and pleasure in the lap of nature, is located the famous political prison, "Fort Alexis," —famous because of the thousands of martyrs which its awful abyss has swallowed and the hundreds of heroes that expired within its walls under the lashes of tyranny and barbarity.

Located on a spot where the display of nature's panorama is so beautiful, being also within an eye's view of a city where the waves of life are most stormy and impetuous, yet human cruelty has proven to transform it into a cursed spot, from which light of day is robbed and its unfortunate captives plucked from the garden of life, buried alive in a grave, and doomed to wither before their time.

Fort Alexis is built of huge stones in a perfect circle; as a result of this structure only the front parts of the cells are lighted and the back parts left constantly in shade. As the name indicates, the prison is a fortified place, the roof is covered with a thick layer of dirt; a deep, wide trench encircles it and the latter itself is encircled by a high rampart upon which cannon are mounted.

The arrested are shut up, thirty to the room, for the entire day, but fifteen minutes are allowed to remain under the blue cover of the sky during the day. The rooms

have dirt floors and only straw and a few boards make up the prisoner's bed. Two meals a day are given, six persons eating from a single wooden trough. The prisoners are actually reduced to an animal mode of living. Communication with the outer world is absolutely cut off; there is nothing in the prison to make the severe moments lighter; even reading and writing are not allowed. All the energies of the prison authorities are applied only to one end: to make life bare, trying and unbearable. The holiest human rights are trampled upon every minute by the brutal officials.

Life in Fort Alexis was harder than in the French Bastile. The daily petty repressions made life miserable; it broke both body and spirit; liberty could be bought only for the high price of a quiet conscience,—treason to the revolutionary cause.

Samuel Newman.

THE HOUR OF PEACE

The evening shades
Now softly fall,
The night birds sound
Their mournful call;
The stars come out,
The moon serene
Sheds splendor o'er
The tranquil scene.

Forth from his task
The workman comes,
A cheery tune
He gaily hums.
His cares now fade,
He finds surcease,
For 'tis the calm,
Sweet Hour of Peace.

LOWRY AXLEY.

THE VACUUM

Le Doux had just returned from the hospital where he had undergone an operation for a fractured skull, the result of a hard fall on the stone pavement of his workshop. That night we were having a pleasant conversation in spite of his recent misfortune. He joked, as usual, and talked of his latest invention, of dances, hunts, love affairs, and the fishing trip we were to take Easter.

"I hope to be well by then," said Le Doux, "but the doctors say I mustn't lie down for a week. Now, Jim, you know that's just too tough. I'm awfully tired and sleepy,—think I'll steal a march on Dr. Bion and crawl in bed tonight," he laughed.

Since I had to leave on the 8:30 train next morning, I retired rather early, urging Le Doux to sleep in his chair, as the doctor had advised.

Next morning when I awoke the sun was shining in my room. I jumped out of bed, and found I had only thirty minutes to catch my train. I dressed and hurrying to Le Doux's room, knocked, and receiving no answer, I went in. Le Doux was lying in bed wide awake. He did not look at me; he gazed at the electric light in the ceiling.

"How do you feel, Frank?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "how is your hand, your arm?"

I could not see why he should be asking me about my paralyzed arm. He had known me and my withered arm for twenty-five years.

"Didn't the doctors tell you not to lie down?" I asked good-naturedly.

"Yes."

"Well, Frank, hope you'll be well shortly. Don't lie down any more this week. It's near train time. I must hurry to get there. Be good."

"Yes."

As I hastened to the station, I wondered why he said so little—and didn't even ask me to breakfast.

Two days afterward, Le Doux wrote me that he wanted me to come to his home in about two months. He made special enquiry about my paralyzed arm. He addressed me as "Mr. Stevens." I was puzzled.

Six weeks later I received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Stevens:

"Yes, you no doubt have heard that I once studied medicine. Come to my house the 23rd and I'll cure your arm.

"Le Doux."

I had never known him to study medicine, except physiology in high school. He was doubtless trying to get a joke on me. Yet, he continued to address me as "Mr. Stevens," and signed himself "Le Doux," instead of "Frank."

On the 23rd I was going up the walk of his front yard, when I saw him collarless and hatless standing in the hallway, looking up at the ceiling. His tall, stalwart form was not as impressively large and strong-looking as usual. His face was pale and careworn.

"How is your arm, Mr. Stevens?"

"All right; you are not well yet, are you?"

"Yes. Let's go out to the shop. I have something to show you; you'd like to see it."

"What?"

"Come on," said he, seizing me by the arm, and feeling my withered hand.

We went into a lot surrounded by a high board fence, within which was his shop. When we had passed through the gate, he closed and locked it.

He took me in his large shop, where were all sorts of machinery. I noticed a gasoline engine running at full speed. It was harnessed up with belts that passed to a

pump-like apparatus. Le Doux placed me on a smooth cement square, slick as glass. I ignorantly yielded to everything to please him. He reached overhead, pulled a cord, and in an instant a great, hitherto unobserved iron case enveloped us like a diving bell. An electric light shone in the top of the hollow cylinder. Le Doux fitted a key into a slot of the iron case, he gave a turn to the right, this was followed by a tightening up and settling down of the case to the cement floor. He turned the key a second time, this resulted in the sudden rumble and jar of machinery. I watched Le Doux with close suspicion. He smiled harmlessly.

"Yes, Mr. Stevens, this will restore your arm to its normal size and condition. This machine is a vacuum, it will take away the atmospheric pressure on your arm. It will cause the blood to flow freely into the whole of your hand; it will relieve the undue pressure that paralyzes your nerves."

The air rushed out through the suction pipe in the iron ceiling. At once I felt the air grow thinner.

"Give me that key!" I shrieked at Le Doux. He smiled peacefully. A green flame played slowly within the depth of his set eyes. I tried to wrench the key from his clenched hand, but he was too much of a giant for a one-armed man. I begged him to let me out. He smiled a sickly smile. I was trembling and nervous. He gazed quietly at the suction pipe, as it did its fiendish work. The air steadily grew thinner. My blood rushed to the surface, I breathed with pain, my nose bled, my eyes bulged and ached as if they would burst from my head. Tears of blood trickled down my cheeks. My head roared and pained. Le Doux smiled, and felt of my arm. Again I fell upon him in a desperate struggle to wrest the precious key from him. His fingers were closed over it like steel rods. I fell to the floor burning and panting for the air that was not. The blood dripped fast from the end of Le

Doux's nose. His face was scarlet, his eyes projected till the bloodshot whites were horrible to look at, his mouth hung loose and open. I dropped to the floor, closed my eyes in hopeless despair, then he fell, a huddled, senseless heap across me. I reached to his open hand for the key, dragged my almost lifeless body from beneath his; with weak, trembling hand I placed the key in the vault, gave a turn to the left, the roar of machinery ceased; I gave a second turn to the left, there was an in-rush of air, and my prison suddenly shot upward.

Thank God! once more I could breathe freely, breathe *air*. I soon recovered and turned my attention to Le Doux. I noticed oozing from the wound on his head a large, black, cold looking clot of blood. Cold water quickly revived him. He sat up, looked around with wild intelligence in his eyes.

"What does all this mean, Jim? I thought we were talking last night about going fishing Easter. How did I get here?"

Geo. P. Wilson.

THE WAY OF THE WINDS

From out the sky the wind is blown,
From mountain coves there comes a moan;
The rock-ribbed cliffs give forth a groan —
The voice of mountain winds.

Upon the topmost mountain peak
The scene is barren, grim and bleak,
And fierce, forbidding tempests shriek —
The shriek of mountain winds.

The mountains howl and groan with pain
But still withstand the mighty strain,
And so protect the lowly plain
Against the mountain winds.

Beside the stream the flowers grow;
Across the fields the breezes blow,
And in their fragrance we may know
The tempered mountain winds.

Critz George.

THE RECEPTION OF THE STAMP ACT ON THE CAPE FEAR

Governor Tryon's administration in colonial North Carolina is notable for several conflicts between the people and governmental authority. One of the chief of these arose out of the passing of the Stamp Act by Parliament. This Act was passed on the twenty-second of March, 1765. This Act was an internal revenue bill, exclusively applicable to the colonies which were without direct representation in the body that enacted it. It was a self-collective revenue bill, which required a tax on every transaction requiring the use of paper. The privilege of publishing advertising in, or reading newspapers, was taxed. There was a tax on all contracts, deeds, bills of sale, bonds, notes, on all papers of a business or legal nature, and on even such things as college diplomas. It was a tax on the liberty of the people.

This tax had been anticipated for some time, and its passage was the signal for a stormy outbreak throughout practically all of the American colonies. This trouble was expected from the northern colonies, but very little trouble was anticipated from the southern colonies. As a matter of fact, North Carolina led all the colonies in the opposition to the Act; for, on the banks of the Cape Fear River occurred the first and only open, armed resistance to an armed body which was trying to force the Stamp Act upon the people.

Before considering this treasonable scene — for treason it was — we must first consider the events leading up to it. Tryon qualified as governor on April 3, 1765—two weeks after the passage of the Stamp Act. One of his first steps was to ascertain the attitude of the Assembly. He asked John Ashe, Speaker of the Assembly, what steps the Assembly would take in regard to the Act. Ashe replied

that the Act "would be resisted to blood and death." Knowing this to be true, and wishing to avoid trouble as long as possible, Tryon prorogued the Assembly to meet in Newbern on November 30, and again prorogued it to meet on March 12, 1766. This action of the governor prevented North Carolina from sending delegates to the colonial stamp congress. Therefore the colony did nothing toward the Act in union with the other colonies.

However, the people were not idle. Throughout the summer of 1765 public demonstrations were made in various parts of the colony. At Wilmington especially there were vigorous demonstrations made against the Act. Crowds from the surrounding counties joined in parades through the streets and drank healths to "Liberty, Property, and no Stamp Duty." Effigies of the promoters of the bill were publicly burned. An effigy of Liberty was carried partly through a funeral ceremony, and was then taken up and fixed in a public place, as if the people believed that "Liberty still lived." On November 16, under the lead of Colonel Ashe and other prominent men, the people went to Governor Tryon's house and, through threats, they made William Houston, the officially appointed Stamp Master, leave the protection and go with them to the Court House. In the Court House, Houston took an oath that he would never receive any stamped paper from Europe, that he would never officiate, directly or indirectly, as stamp distributor in North Carolina, and that he was taking this oath of his own free will and accord. Shortly after this action, the people compelled Andrew Stewart, the town printer, to publish the Cape Fear *Gazette* on unstamped paper.

On account of these public demonstrations Tryon had become greatly alarmed. He consulted with the merchants of Wilmington and promised that, provided they would not resist the Stamp Act, he would try to get North Carolina exempted from its enforcement, and that he himself

would pay those stamp duties from which he received any commission. But this did not go with the people. Their next step was to be even more radical than those already taken. Armed resistance was to be made to the Act.

On November 28, 1765, the sloop of war *Diligence,* Captain Phipps commander, came into port at Brunswick—the residence of the governor—with a cargo of the detested stamps. Men from all the surrounding country armed themselves and gathered at Brunswick. There, under the lead of General Hugh Waddell and John Ashe, these men declared that they would forcibly resist any attempt to land the stamps. Here was action, indeed! The *Diligence* was armed with twenty guns and could have well presented force against force, but Captain Phipps decided that the armed citizens appeared too resolute. The stamps were not landed. Ten years before the Revolution North Carolina had set an example to all the American colonies.

In his December report to the home government, Tryon made no mention of this occurrence. He reported the compulsory resignation of the Stamp Master, and stated that, as there was no Stamp Distributor to whom the stamps could be delivered, he had caused the stamps to be kept on board the *Diligence.* In January he added that the stamps were still on board. Tryon's action at this time was admirable. He was anxious to gain the goodwill of the people of the province, and at the same time he was deeply humiliated at the action of the people. Therefore his actions and his reports were of a conciliatory nature. This has given rise to the belief that he secretly sympathized with the people in opposition to the Stamp Act. However that may be, as a loyal servant of the Crown, he did everything in his power to smooth matters over.

In February, 1766, another lively conflict between the people and royal authority took place. The *Diligence* was still immediately off Brunswick, and with it was the sloop

of war *Viper,* Captain Lobb. Two merchant ships, the *Dobbs* and the *Patience,* arrived at the port with unstamped clearance papers. Collector of the Port William Dry took the papers to Captain Lobb. The latter immediately declared the ships outlaws and in the name of the King he seized them—despite the fact that their captains declared that they had been unable to get stamps at the ports they had just left. The merchant vessel *Ruby* was also seized. Proceedings were instituted in the admiralty court and Dry submitted these questions to the Solicitor: first, whether failure to obtain clearances on unstamped paper justified the seizure; second, whether judgment ought to be given against the vessels "upon proof being made that it was impossible to obtain stamped clearances;" third, whether the proceedings should be instituted in the admiralty court at Halifax rather than at Cape Fear. When these questions were all affirmatively answered by the Solicitor, the anger of the people burst out. The townsmen of Wilmington refused food for two days to the crews of the vessels. Dry was warned against obeying the course advised by the Solicitor. A band of armed men broke open Dry's desk and seized the papers of the merchant vessels. An armed association of men pledged themselves to fight the Stamp Act and marched to Brunswick. On the evening of February 19, these armed men surrounded Tryon's house and demanded Captain Lobb of the governor. Tryon, with his usual bravery and loyalty to his trust, refused to answer the people and declined to accept the guard which Cornelius Harnett offered him. On the morning of the twentieth, a committee went aboard the *Viper* and demanded the release of the *Ruby* and the *Patience,* the *Dobbs* having been already released on proper security being given. The committee gave Lobb until the afternoon to decide upon his course. Captain Lobb then hastily summoned Tryon, Dry, and other officials, and, after some discussion, he declared his deter-

mination to release the *Ruby* and hold the *Patience*. This satisfied the governor, who believed in conciliation and compromise. The people, however, still demanded the release of both vessels. Lobb gave in to them without even notifying Tryon.

The governor was humiliated at this action and was passionately aroused by Lobb's surrender. However, the people were not yet through. There was yet one man in the province who could with royal authority sell stamps. This man, Comptroller Pennington, was notified that he was the next man to be dealt with. On February 20, Pennington went to Tryon and asked for protection. The governor readily promised to shield him in so far as his power and authority could go. Early on the twenty-first, Colonel James Moore was sent to demand the custody of Pennington. Tryon refused to allow the comptroller to be taken off. A short while later, according to Tryon's report, from four to five hundred armed men approached the governor's house. A detachment of these men, under lead of Cornelius Harnett, then held an interview with Tryon which may be regarded as the climax of the Stamp Act trouble in North Carolina. Royal authority was well represented by Tryon; the people's authority was better represented by Cornelius Harnett. These two strong men represented the entire trouble.

Harnett demanded Pennington. Tryon absolutely refused to give him up. The comptroller himself lost his nerve so completely that he said he would go with Harnett, but that he would resign his office before he would take any oath contrary to his duty. Tryon disgustedly said that he (Pennington) had better resign immediately. This the comptroller did. Then he was taken to the town and, together with many other officials, he took oath that he would never execute the Stamp Act until the people of the province desired him to.

This action ended the excitement. The people of the

province, under the lead of such men as Cornelius Harnett, Hugh Waddell, John Ashe, and other men of strong character, had won in every respect. They had made the Stamp Distributor, the Comptroller, the court officials, and the other governmental representatives swear that they would not enforce the Stamp Act in North Carolina; they had forcibly prevented landing of the stamps; they had forced the surrender of merchant vessels which had been seized through attempted enforcement of the Stamp Act; they had united in a spirit of bravery and loyalty to freedom. Throughout the whole proceedings they had behaved in an orderly, non-riotous, but fearless manner.

The matter has not gone down in history as a great event for two reasons: first, negligence of North Carolinians has hindered historical recording of such events (though such North Carolinians as Connor and Waddell—from whose works the substance of this article has been borrowed—have now set the facts before the people); second, the results of these actions were not of sufficient importance to be recorded as events of national significance. However, the matter was of great importance in one respect, as Waddell points out. While no immediate results were produced, nevertheless, these acts of the people were steps toward the mighty conflict of ten years later. They prepared the people for the "spirit of the Revolution." They show clearly the brave, fearless, and unconquerable love of the people of North Carolina for liberty and freedom.

E. H. Alderman.

DINNER WITH DOCTOR JOHNSON

There was a heavy crash heard at the front door of Doctor Johnson's house, which was followed by another, evincing that the knocker would not strenuously object to tearing the door down. At this last knock there was heard a heavy, rumbling sound from the back of the house, which gradually increased, then stopped for a moment while the body was detained by some chairs, then the body finally reached the door and put in its appearance as Dr. Johnson.

"Welcome, welcome, Friend Boswell to our Elysian abodes. Why have the vicissitudes of life so interrupted our peaceful convocations?" This greeting was addressed to a small, lop-sided figure, who was no less than Boswell himself.

After many civilities, in which Dr. Johnson was able to traverse the dictionary successfully, Boswell was led into the dining room. There he was confronted by a lady, who was built rather on the style of a barrel, and dressed in a very startling red dress on which a beautiful hunting scene was graphically depicted. He instantly grasped the hand of Mrs. Johnson, for it was no other, and was about to make some remarks concerning the weather, but the Doctor thought it unnecessary just at that time and shoved him into a low, rickety chair, which seemed very willing to give way.

Then followed dinner. Upon a table-cloth, upon which some artist had expended all his talent in a lovely sunset scene, was placed an enormous oval dish filled with a great round of meat. On one side of this was a huge platter of biscuits of a rather doubtful quality. In the center of the table was an enormous bowl filled with steaming hot soup, the name of which nobody could ever tell, so it will have to go as an excellent brand of Johnsonian soup.

Boswell's eyes had been serenely looking over these dain-

ties of the gods when a hearty slap on the back brought him back to earth. Then Doctor Johnson, out of respect for his friend's feelings, mumbled through a very short eulogy over the meat, soup and biscuits.

"Now, fall to, friend, and eat heartily," said Johnson, who, acting himself, on the initiative, swallowed a huge hunk of beef and tried to block up his food entrance with a large biscuit. The last, however, was unsuccessful, and Doc, in a great rage, hurled it at a lovely screen, which was one of Mrs. Johnson's exquisite selections. The screen went down in short order, for nothing could stand against Mrs. Johnson's massive biscuits. Meanwhile the dinner was leaving the table with amazing rapidity.

"Doc," said Boswell, who at the same time let his eye roam over the largest biscuit on the plate preparatory to its removal, "what tune have the planets been playing of late?"

"Planets — tune," mumbled Doc, who was engaged with a large piece of half-cooked dough on which a pound or so of meat was tastefully arranged, "unknown—undecided—indefinite—very. Possibly —'Roast Beef of Old England'— probably — will eat — till Judgment Day— rapturous harmony—excellent."

This marvelously indefinite speech was mumbled while biscuits and beef were moving off on wings of the occasion. Then silence of voice followed for awhile, but noise was not lacking, for the Doctor had a pleasing way of bringing eatables and his mouth together with a sound which was not altogether unlike thunder.

"Doc," said Boswell, does France have the same moon that we have?"

"Why, man," stormed the Doctor, "is your cerebrum translucent, or are your intellectual faculties dulled by the present prodigal display of victuals?"

"I won't venture any remarks on the subject," said Boswell, who at the same time, with extraordinary polite-

ness, balanced a large biscuit on the palm of his hand, and not without some degree of grace, tossed it to Mrs. Johnson as if it were a shot.

Again silence reigned, and eatables were fast disappearing. Doc had some slight trouble in adjusting two biscuits in his mouth at the same time warily stealing a third from Boswell's plate, which was the last one on the table.

"My friend," said Johnson in a thundering voice, "we have appeased the rage of hunger. Now to our good *lesque-braugh.*"

This delightful beverage was soon provided and as soon as each had drunk a quart to the other's health, they parted for the evening, Johnson going to revise the dictionary and Boswell to write up an account of the brilliant evening.

T. H. Anderson.

TO CAROLINA

Come all you Carolina men
From eastern slope and western hill,
Come give a cheer and drink a health,
And let your hearts with rapture fill.

Then here's to the white,
And here's to the blue,
Here's to U. N. C.;
May never fairer
Nor ever dearer
Be to us than thee.

In the pathway that we travel
Thou art to us, O Mother dear,
A loving guide, a strength'ning hope,
A conqueror to every fear.

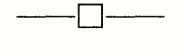
Though storms may rise and shadows fall,
Though victory come or dire defeat,
We love thee still, and look to thee
To guide our weak and falt'ring feet.

Fling to the breeze the white and blue
Emblem of faith and purity;
Our loves, our hopes, O Mother dear,
Unto the end are all with thee.

Lowry Axley.

AROUND THE WELL

Dramatics have been an essential part of University activities, dramatics will again be an essential part, an even more essential part in the near future. Recently a move, backed by a few men who have realized in themselves the benefit of dramatic work, was set on foot to organize a Greater University Dramatic Club. The success of this movement is already evinced. An entirely new organization has been created. Over a hundred students have become members. The faculty committee of coaches and assistant coaches have begun work. The organization is preparing to give several amateur and field nights, and everything points to a greater developing of the club and the successful fulfilling of its purposes. A new system of coaching and selecting players, similar to the Harvard system, has been introduced. A modern comedy, "What Happened to Jones," alive with repartee and wit, has been selected and will be presented this fall. No intellectual pursuit can give more real pleasure to the average student than this form of activity, and the University student has only to try in order to realize both the benefit and pleasure of dramatic work. JOHN BUSBY.



We are striving for perfect social health. The social health of our community is more solid now than at any previous time during the writer's sojourn in it. Yet we must evolve further if we would have perfect social health. The whole composed of systematized, well-balanced units may be a forward step.

The unit system of our student body is chaotic. Rough analysis gives N8 F1, non-fraternity and fraternity at a proportion of 8 to 1. We accept N8 and F1 as true ele-

ments. Are we right? Partially. Put the microscope on N8 and F1 separately.

Each contains small groups all alive, all envious. Men thrown together in groups naturally become clannish. But nature has run wild. The wrong sort of clannishness exists.

The members of the classes should feel closer to each other. Some men stay here four years without knowing the *names of* their class-mates. Many men never KNOW their class-mates. The class is incidental; the faction primary. The reverse of such a statement should be true.

Let the class be the clan; the faction incidental. Bound by a common tie the parts of F1 would lose their unfriendly feeling toward each other; the elements of N8 would blend together more harmoniously; further, it would mould the divisions N8 and F1, so erroneously termed incongruous, into a brotherhood close, loyal, and lasting.

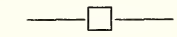
Now, can this be attained?

Let the classes room by themselves. Let the classes be the units of which the whole is made. Let the freshmen room in one group of dormitories with half the seniors; let the sophomores take another group with the other seniors; and in its junior year, by living together, let the members of a class further develop their love for each other and create a feeling of responsibility for the rest of the community.

Such a plan would have to be sanctioned by the faculty. They are awful hard folks to deal with—some say. I don't believe it.

Try the class as a unit.

R. J. SEKOTS RETLAW.



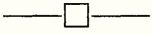
Since 1897 there has existed at the University an organ-

ization termed the Press Association. Its membership constitutes correspondents of weekly, semi-weekly, and daily newspapers. The maintenance of the Association is made possible by the University itself, and the efforts of the organization find a ready helper in the authorities of the institution. Perhaps, the reasons for the maintenance of such an organization are threefold. In the first instance, by gathering up the current news of the campus and transmitting it to the press of the state, through members of the Association, the University is thereby richly rewarded; secondly, the members of the Association by their endeavors along journalistic lines are exacting a harvest of benefits that are not to be lightly weighed. By their activities and duties in the Association they rub up against the great newspaper game. It is true, however, that many of the members of the Association will never develop into the full-fledged newspaper man that is proverbially said to be predestined to travel in the road that leads to either of three destinations: namely, the bughouse, the boozehouse and sometimes the poorhouse. But the technical training, the practice of writing for the press, and the whetting of the intellect for keener observation, are alone more than worth the efforts expended by the members of the Press Association. The third, and last purpose, evidenced in the existence of the Press Association is the free service it renders the weekly press of the State by collecting the news that happens at the State University, along with the information of the activities of the students of each paper's respective locality. Parents back home are told publicly of the strides and achievements of their ambitious sons in a great college community.

With full faith in the realization of these objects during the present college year, the Press Association, sixty members strong, enters upon its sixteenth year of existence, begging the co-operation of each and every member of the

organization. Once working as a unified machine, it will be a potent factor in the life of both institution and State.

S. R. Winters.



A few weeks ago there was pulled off in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. a very interesting and enjoyable little affair, which has since been known as the Senior Smoker. Very few of us outside of those present know the real significance of this meeting. I am sure that all who were present were favorably impressed, not only with the proposals and discussions, but, above all, with the good fellowship that prevailed. It reminded one of the coffee house meetings of the sixteenth century as described by Steele and Addison, where the men of the community gathered together in the best of spirits to exchange thoughts and views on topics of the day.

It was rumored previously that the remaining class officers would be chosen at this meeting. "Mitch" Ingram, John Busby, Sam Bivens, Lowry Axley, Ed Bagwell, Lee Wiggins, and several others were on hand with a full supply of campaign cigars and refreshments. The election passed off smoothly. All candidates, whether defeated or elected, took the results good naturedly and were soon smoking and eating together as if nothing had happened.

After the election came the important part of the program; in fact, the real purpose of the meeting was reached, Prof. Graham led the discussion and the whole class joined in, and, in an informal way, discussed some of the problems that are before us this year. All agreed that one of the great needs of the University is some means by which to bring the different departments of the University life in closer contact. Several timely and interesting suggestions were made but nothing definite was agreed upon, as no detailed plan had been thought out. Both faculty and

students are still working on this problem and it is one that needs the thought of every student.

Every one here familiar with the spirit of campus life knows that our social life is not what it could be. By social life we do not mean what the word social usually conveys, and it would probably be better to say instead that there is a lack of good fellowship in our campus life. This, to a great extent, is true in the relations of students with students and to some degree with students and faculty. The effort now on foot is to try to bring about more satisfactory relations than those existing at present.

One of the things, no doubt, that will be in the way of this movement is the partisan spirit that exists in some of our organizations. We have fraternity men, non-fraternity men, the two literary societies, and the different classes, which are, to some degree, units within the University, which tend to produce a factional spirit, causing us to forget that our problems concern us all. We believe that this factional feeling is passing away and if every man here will do his part, it can be done. Co-operation is one of the things most needed just now, and one of the best means to bring it about is to develop an atmosphere in our campus life where unity of feeling and good fellowship prevails. And one of the ways to accomplish this is to have more smokers, where we can mingle together in a friendly manner and express our sentiments. We know Carolina is not half as bad a place as some think it is, and it is up to us to show that it is just as good a place as we believe it is.

W. G. Harry.

MAIL AND FEMALE

Gee—man—ee—
It seems to me
  That a day is like a year,
After the rattle and din
When the mail comes in
  An' I find I didn't hear.

A lump in the throat,
A peculiar note
  That sounds in my voice most queer
As I stand an' wait
When the mail is late—
  An' I find I didn't hear.

Morose an' sad,
An' feelin' bad
  When the day is rainy an' blue;
Life ain't much
When days are such,
  An' I don't hear from you.

But Holy Smoke!
I'm the happy bloke
  Who dances in childish glee
When the evenin' mail
Never does fail
  To bring your love to me.

J. J.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

PROBABLY

Circumstances connected with the decline and fall of Greece, Rome and the Republican party seem very clear to us. We have not yet, however, settled to our satisfaction the decline of *The University of North Carolina Magazine.* We have been told time and time again that it is not what it once was. We have heard sighs of longing for the good old days when *The Magazine* was what it ought to be. In rummaging around in the time-and-foot-worn desk of the editorial department, among the fossiliferous mementos of a previous generation of editors, however, we found a probable explanation of the momentous question at hand. A flaring placard announced in bold type that one hundred and fifty dollars ($150.00) would be awarded in prizes for work done on *The Magazine* during that year.

AROUND THE WELL

Your attention, please, to this department of *The Magazine.* It is our desire to devote this section to a clear and informal expression of student sentiment. We invite you to state

your views upon any subject in which you are interested with the ease and frankness that you would employ in conversation around the well on the front lawn of the South Building. There may be some pet idea that you have fondled and caressed. There may be some grievance which harasses you. There may be some suggestion which will revolutionize the world. Give us your thoughts about what interests you.

THE SHORT STORY MEDAL

Our familiar friend, the University catalogue, contains in its wide range of information this paragraph, which is usually overlooked:

"THE HUNTER LEE HARRIS MEMORIAL. (Established in 1903.) Dr. Charles Wyche, of St. Louis, offers annually, in memory of Hunter Lee Harris, of the Class of 1893, a gold medal for the best original story by any student in the University."

Now it is a known fact that very few men here write stories for mere amusement. There must usually be a requirement or an inducement. Classes in English Composition often furnish the requirement, while the glory of publication sometimes furnishes the inducement. We would call the attention of our readers to the Hunter Lee Harris medal as a special inducement and a reward worthy of your efforts. Moral: Hand in short stories to *The University Magazine.*

OPEN YOUR EYES

Chapel Hill affords peculiar advantages to those seeking an education. By Chapel Hill we mean the town itself and its immediate surroundings. This section of country has already been recognized as Nature's own Geological Laboratory.

The many past events of historical interest present themselves with the charm of tradition. The sylvan dales, and murmuring rivulets call forth esthetic sweetness to the poet's fancy. All these are advantages furnished by the modest, unassuming, and oft disparaged home of the University. Yet these are not all of the advantages. Although far removed from the crowded cities and scenes of busy industry, still there is offered to serious-minded students opportunity of much significance. Let us glance at three which are of vital importance to national welfare, especially of the Southland. These are the problems of rural community life, the cotton-mill settlement, and the negro problem. As the University is in a rural community, there is an excellent opportunity for a study of country life, its problems and their remedies. Within the limits of our community is a typical cotton-mill settlement presenting difficulties to be solved. Besides this, Chapel Hill has been apportioned an ample supply of members of the colored race, and the negro problem solved in this town will contribute largely toward a universal solution. All these are advantages which Chapel Hill lays at the door of the University.

RAY! RAY! FOR A. & M.

Some years ago a journey to Raleigh was considered nothing less than a trip into the enemy's country. Likewise, the students of A. & M. looked with ill favor upon Chapel Hillians. Athletic relations between the University and A. & M. were discontinued. The students of the two institutions were seriously at variance. This feeling of enmity and suspicion has been extant until a late date, but for a long time a closer and more friendly relationship has been growing. The students themselves realize that each institution has its good qualities of which it may rightfully be proud. Last month a representative company of Carolina

students attended the Carolina-V. P. I. game at Raleigh. To express their good will toward A. & M., they joined in several rousing cheers for that institution. With equal alacrity and friendliness the West Raleigh students responded with yells for Carolina. This seems to express a readjustment of friendly relationship which has been gradually forming and gives general satisfaction. We join heartily in a big " RAY! RAY!" for A. & M. and Carolina.

A DIGRESSION

Lord Chesterfield always impressed us as *the* gentleman of culture and refinement. He was an example of politeness, urbanity, suavity, grace, dignity, courtesy, and gentility commingled with gravity, decorum and propriety. Years ago when some one appeared unusually polite, courteous or cultured, we were told that he was a Chesterfield. In fact, the first view we ever obtained of this gentleman was on the label of a very select brand of pepper-sauce, upon which he was depicted in evening dress with a distinctively individual cigar and a dignified countenance. However, the twentieth century does not hesitate at a revolution. A large tobacco concern has conferred the distinguished name of " Chesterfield " upon a brand of cheap cigarettes. But they did not stop here with their profanity. Presumably to encourage the sale of the "five a pack" weeds, small buttons were attached to the packages bearing inscriptions which would doubtless take with the trade. Now Lord Chesterfield might not have objected to the act itself, but we are reasonably sure that it would have been very mortifying for him to discover that his name, a name which stands for culture and refinement, is linked with cheap cigarettes and such stupid attempts at wit as " I'm the guy that put the key in whiskey," and " I'm the guy that put the ticks in politics." It seems to us about

as inappropriate as to have the Father of our Country advertising breakfast food or to hear the inspiring selection "Everybody's Doin' It" sung in the parlors of homes of culture and refinement.

THAT PUN

True to the statement in the last issue, the Pun Contest was pulled off. The punkiest one, which was, of course, the best one, is this:

"Who put the candy in candidate?"
"Why, Taft(y) (Taffy), of course."
The prize will be awarded in due season.

PROFESSOR HIEROGLYPH COMES BACK

Respected Editor: It is quite evident to me that some contributions to our periodical are not appreciated. As you know, my purpose in writing is to present to intelligent and cultured people the fruits of my research in the depths of antiquity. Accordingly, I submitted to your honored board of editors a brief selection from my historical collection of "Historical Perambulations." What happened? I looked in vain through the first pages of the October issue, where the leading article usually appears, but failed to find my article occupying the initial pages. Undaunted I continued my search and glanced over the stories, verse and what I suppose was intended for editorial effusion, but still found no trace of my contribution. Evidently the contribution reached the printers too late for publication, thought I. But no; indignation and humiliation filled me when I discovered to my surprise that a chosen selection from my historical treatise was tagged on as a final appendage to the Sketch Department.

Is this the proper way to treat your contributors? It is no wonder that you have to glean the barren fields of literature for material to fill the skimpy pages of your flimsy publication when you treat articles of merit with such apparent indifference.

Moreover, I would have you understand the utter insignificance of a college publication, especially your own. Dante's "Inferno" is incomplete, for it does not include in its purgatorial punishments any required readings from a college magazine. Indeed, it is a sad sight to see paper and printer's ink wasted in such a manner.

And then to think that you did not seem to take the article seriously; that you even alluded facetiously in an editorial way to puns. I beg to inform you that I know whereof I write. Puns of the ancients are known to me

as well as criticisms and references on the subject by such writers as Addison, Lamb, Shakespeare and George Ade. Of a truth, my education has not been neglected. I am an alumnus of the famous Frog Hollow Academy, and have studied and travelled extensively, and have as a personal friend the Professor of History in one of the leading state high schools. Some day I hope to visit the renowned and flourishing school at Chapel Hill. I trust this modest reference to my educational training will convince you of my competency.

My disappointment at your seeming ingratitude, however, has been alleviated, and I bear you no malice. On the other hand, I wish to aid you, so with these words of monition and encouragement I enclose you a second article entitled:

A Cocoon of Consequence.

Numbers of great men have profited by the close observance of nature's diminutive and common-place creatures. Robert Bruce learned a great lesson from a spider; Solomon observed carefully and lauded the industrious ant; Grover Cleveland fished extensively and successfully with angle-worms. So, likewise, profited a son of history whose name does not adorn the blazing pages of modern literature because he was born in Africa, therefore doomed to waste his illustrious sweetness on the desert air. His rare and euphonious appellation was Krangabyona Twajomighamkpj, which in our language would be Thomas Jones. Since the hero is now deceased he will not object to an abbreviation, so we will call him Twaj. Twaj was a warrior; a greasy, black, shining, handsome, ring-nosed African military champion. He was not a chief but his beauty and brains gave him superiority over his contemporaries. The exceptional distinguishing feature of his existence that elevated him above his comrades

was a deep study of nature. He observed how leaves fall, fish swim, and bees sting. In fact, it was this knowledge of nature that marked him for a glorious destiny. One day while resting from the toils of battle, Twaj discovered a modest little worm spinning himself into a cocoon. Like other great observers of nature's diminutive creatures, Twaj determined to make use of this lesson. That night, therefore, when his tired companions retired and the birds, beasts and mosquitoes of the neighboring jungle accompanied them with nocturnal harmony, Twaj, following the example of the little chrysalis, rolled himself up in his light covering of forest leaves and departed for an extensive journey to slumberland. After a goodly sleep Twaj, the human chrysalis, issued forth from his leafy cocoon and sought his companions. He sought in vain. While Twaj had been sleeping peacefully his comrades had journeyed into battle, attacked a tribe stronger than themselves and had all found a dark grave in the jungle. Thus Twaj, by observing one of nature's humble creatures, had been saved and was allowed the glory and honor of being the sole survivor of his tribe, besides being granted opportunities at many a good feast thereafter for whetting his teeth on rhinoceros liver and ostrich drum-stick.

PROF. HIEROGLYPH.

SKETCHES

THE LABOR QUESTION.

He got on the train at University, with head and shoulders thrown proudly back, walked through the crowded car in search of a seat. His round, ruddy face wore a look of impatience which spoke very plainly to a few knowing ones of the vast amount of knowledge stored up under his shock of coarse black hair. He had just graduated at the University.

The only seat in the car which was not already occupied by two or more passengers was one in which sat a rather tired-looking girl, dressed in her best, and evidently starting out on her two weeks' summer vacation. She made room for him when he asked if he might share her seat. He sat down beside her and they began a miscellaneous conversation. Presently he asked her where she was from.

"I'm from Durham," she answered. "Where are you from?"

"Chapel Hill," he replied, and she questioned again,

"Which cotton mill do you work in?"

W. B. C.

THE OTHER ESSENTIAL.

Buster, Commons' big St. Bernard, lay in the sunshine on the little wood porch of Smith's Hall meditating. Now by all the laws pertaining to canine felicity Buster should have been blissfully satisfied. He had a prosperous stomach, was lying in the dry warmth of the spring sunshine, and had nothing to do except to dream dog dreams. But for some reason or other he was not in that seventh heaven of dog happiness. There was evidently something lacking;

for some problem was occupying his mind. The very expression of his face showed that he was engaged in deciding some weighty issue.

Finally, having obviously reached a conclusion, Buster set his jaws firmly, arose, marched calmly down the steps, and walked fifteen feet to some warm sand. Arrived there he looked serenely around, took a turn and a half, sat down, and lazily scratched his neck. Then with a sigh of perfect contentment he stretched his fore legs out, gradually sank down, nosed the soft sand, closed one eye, and dozed. G. C.

CRACKER CONTENTMENT.

He was a little fellow, a very little fellow. He wore a dark denim suit, his shirt and knickerbockers separated by a loosely hung black belt. His stubby, short legs showed just a bit of dust-covered stocking, and ended in a pair of pigmy shoes. A few tangled locks peeped out from under the white cap which was turned down around his neck and over his forehead. In one hand he held a yellow sack. He was solicitous for that sack, for he clasped it tenderly but firmly to his side. In the other hand he held a cracker. As he toddled past, he took a bite of his treasure, and then looked up. His blue eyes were full of satisfaction; his mouth was full of cracker. His cheeks were sprinkled with crumbs almost as thickly as with freckles. He was pleased with himself and with the world. With the air of one who owns the universe and has all that heart can desire, he opened his sack, drew out another cracker, and toddled on. E. H. ALDERMAN.

ET TU, BRUTE!

Into the night she has gone! Broken in body and torn with bitter anguish at man's cruelty, she dragged herself

away; and now her once proud spirit floats in that Land of Disembodied Egoes for whom there is no rest.

Bedecked she came into the South Building, marching in proud array,—she of the feline family, by men called a cat. Whence she came no one knows; what her lineage was no one could find out; but all were glad to know that H. H. Henry at last had an assistant mascot. The freedom of the rooms was hers. She was toasted, wined and dined, and soon thereafter the euphonious cognomen of Beelzebub Cleopatra was applied to her with befitting dignity. She had no thought of the morrow, it seemed, and sweet contentment filled her bosom and soothed her luxury-loving soul. Her motto seemed to be: "Eat, Drink and Be Merry! for tomorrow ye grow old."

But a sudden change was noticed. Her spirits drooped, a restless longing seized her, and a spirit in her feet led her —who knows where. Perhaps it was an adventure she smelt from afar; perhaps a secret love she nursed; or she might have eloped with a faithless lover. The cause of her departure will never be known. But she left. That is known. And sadness filled the hearts of her erstwhile companions, for had not our faithful Beelzebub Cleopatra left us without even the customary note left on the dresser? Why should we not weep?

Like all sorrows, however, Time had almost dimmed the remembrance of her, when one day, lo! she re-appeared, a mere shadow of her former self, dragging one leg, her side crushed in, and her tail broken in twain. Such a spectacle! And yet that inexpressibly mysterious pathos in her eyes seemed to say: "Veni! vidi! vici!" Whining as if suffering from some unearthly pain, she hopped into the room begging piteously for food and water. All were bowed in grief at her suffering, and willing hands quickly secured her meat and drink. After eating and drinking

her fill, sadly she laid herself down on a coat in the corner, and, as if wearied of this world, with its sorrows, sufferings and temptations, she quickly closed her eyes in sleep.

No one noticed her for some time, though she had been popular once, until a few hours later. Then she was found to have departed forever this vale of tears, and her body lay stiff and cold in death.

Thus the Grim Reaper touched our friend, and she slept. Tonight she sleeps in an unmarked grave, while gentle winds croon weirdly among the branches over her eternal resting place.

Such was the brief, if not meteoric, career of Beelzebub Cleopatra, the South Building cat!

WM. SPEIGHT BEAM.

ÆSTHETICS.

This past summer I was talking to a girl. Good looking? She was not! Her face didn't look much prettier than the side of a barn, and a Chapel Hill barn at that!

Well, as I was saying, I was talking to her, and one of the remarks that I happened to make was that an ugly fellow always has a good looking girl.

"I believe that is a fact," she said. "Why, one of the ugliest boys you ever saw in your life has been coming to see me a whole lot lately and I like him real well. Nobody can see how I can stand his looks, much less like him, but I certainly do like him."

I smiled inwardly.

You may say it's mean of me to be telling this, but I don't think so, for I am giving the girl a good opportunity for revenge. If she finds out I told, she can, and most likely will say:

"He's that ugly boy."

W. B. C.

MILTONIC FIRST ENGLISH.

It was my second night in Chapel Hill. During the day I had eaten a rather miscellaneous assortment of edibles and had passed through several other ordeals. It was nothing unusual, then, that I should have bad dreams. I dreamt that I was in Hades; it was Chapel Hell.

First, there was a long trip in company with some fellow-mortals who were likewise doomed. At short intervals the train, which had taken the place of the ferry across the Styx, on account of the crowds, would stop to pick up several sophomore demons who had already served one term in the underworld. These demons took especial delight in extolling the horrors of the Stygian depths for our benefit.

Finally, we arrived at the first station of Hades, namely Venable Station. Here I saw great hordes of demons crowding around on every side, all bent on going further into the depths. One demon, who had already passed two years in Hades, offered to guide me through the labyrinth and I followed him gladly. He led me to a place reeking with fried fish and swarming with imps and demons, where he commanded me to "feed my face." Afraid to disobey I followed his instructions, and then he led me to a cell where he said I was to stay during the hours of darkness if I wanted to avoid dire torture at the hands of the sophomore demons. I spent the night there in comparative comfort.

The next morning I was forced to go to the Castle of Pandemonium, called the Alumni Building, where I went before his majesty, Satan, then before his Chief of Staff, Beelzebub, and several others high in authority in this particular region. There I was required to contract to endure the tortures for nine months. The Arch Fiend cast glowering scowls upon me in order to make me feel the insignificance of my position as a mere imp. They

gave me instructions as to my duties in the infernal regions and sent me away.

After becoming accustomed to the surroundings and after making the acquaintance of some of the imps, my fear of Hades wore off and I began to look forward to my term of imprisonment with pleasure.

J. G. COWAN.

ACH! DER UNFLEISSIGE MENSCH.

The other day I went into Adam's to buy a book, a German 2B book. I was hoping like the mischief that it wouldn't be as hard as the last one, which it was—"but that's another story," as Rudyard Kipling says.

As I was going to say, I went into Adam's to buy a book. For some unknown reason, Dallas was out; but Adam was there, as usual, sitting at his desk and gnawing on the smaller end of a cigar.

"Doc," I said to him, "I'd like to get one of those new 2B German books."

"Have I got any of them?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, where are they?" he came back.

I looked over the piles of books behind the counter until my eyes rested on a book with *Zwischen Himmel und Erde* printed across the back.

"Here they are," I called out to him.

"What's the price of 'em?" was his next.

"Forty cents," I replied, and handed him the change.

W. B. C.

SWEARING OR LYING?

It was on a warm, spring Sunday afternoon. The place was one of a number of schoolhouses which surround

Chapel Hill. "Rev." Parshley was exhorting the twenty or thirty pupils of the rural Sunday School on the subject of "Swearing." In a droning voice, he told his audience that swearing was a bad thing, and should not be indulged in by little boys and little girls. But the Young Americans present were not hearkening to his words. The little room was stuffy, and they preferred to nudge each other, to look out of the window and to dream of the barefoot days of summer that were fast approaching. But presently "Rev." perceived this inattention and acted as the occasion seemed to demand. He warmed up to his subject. In strident tones he began to denounce profanity as the baleful habit to which all little boys and girls were addicted. At the loud tones and bone-penetrating voice the youthful pupils could no longer fail to pay attention. They began to look frightened. "Rev." continued his strident-toned exhortation. Their eyes grew rounder and rounder; forced interest gleamed on their faces. They quaked. Suddenly, one little moon-faced urchin, sitting directly under the speaker's glance, could stand it no longer. With naked terror in his voice, he yelled out: "Lordy, Mister, I ain't never sweared!"

E. R. R.

POST TOASTIES.

There was a fair young Co-Ed,
Who was seriously taking Med.
When she first saw a stiff
She gave only one sniff
And back to her home she sped.

There was an old geezer named Kluttz
Who sold books, hosiery and nuts.
His prices were so low,
Students always had dough—
All who believe this sho' are Mutts.

There was a young student so thin,
Nothing but bones, hair and skin.
To get fat he did start,
Tried gooche a la carte,
Now mourning adorns all his kin.

NICK POST.

EXCHANGES

If you have ever held the idea that a college publication is nothing more than a re-hashed, warmed-over collection of material selected from popular magazines, an examination of a typical college magazine will radically change that idea. College journalism is in a distinct class by itself, and every year will mark a change and an improvement in this inviting field of college activity. However crude and poor may be the production, there is some peculiar charm about the finished product that causes one to read and enjoy it, despite the fact that the reader is aware of its shortcomings. The college magazine is an expression of the ideals; it is the reflector of thought and action, of the campus and student body, and when a magazine seeks to fill these requirements, it is reaching its real purpose.

The greatest fault that can be found with college magazines, as we see it, is the total lack of good, strong, short stories. It is not inaccurate to say that the aim of the average short story writer in a college magazine is either to amuse or to teach some great moral lesson which has been harped on by the sages of the centuries. Let us find a new theme; let us write about typical college experiences and problems,—the football game, and anything that touches our everyday life. When such stories are written and told in an interesting, gripping sort of way, there will be fewer Poes and more O. Henry's in college literature.

Apropos the lack of good stories, the current number of the *Mercerian* comes as a blessed relief. This issue contains four short stories refreshingly new and vivid. "A Diverted Tragedy" is the best of the four, while the merits of "The Deacon's Trial" rests in the ability of the author to depict the vagaries of negro character, a difficult task. There is no real verse in this issue and too much space is given over

to the different departments. The "By The Way" department is merely a digest of humor appearing in current periodicals and has no place in a college magazine. The only redeeming feature, we think, is the short stories.

The University of Texas Magazine has a distinctively literary appearance and a perusal of its contents does not change the first impressions. "En Passant" is the only piece of verse worth mention, while "Marie" is a touching little story. The article "East Aurora" gives us a glimpse of Fra Hubbard's community and is well written. This issue contains a one-act drama, "English I," quite a new thing in college magazines and a worthy attempt. On a whole, however, the literary tone is not quite up to the standard demanded of a college the size of the University of Texas.

The Converse Concept is one of the best exchanges that comes to our desk. There is an air of romance and reality so mixed that the combination pleases. "Verbomania" is an article treating a disease which most of us is afflicted with; "Were-Wolf" is the romance of a brave knight and a fair princess, a theme we never tire of and a youthful fancy we never outgrow. The poetry of this issue is choice and shows decided talent. We shall await with genuine pleasure the future numbers of *The Concept.*

The Black and Gold is a neat little magazine issued by the students of The Winston High School. College men should do all in their power to encourage literary work in the high schools, for if any improvement is to be made in college journalism it must find its origin in those schools from which material is drawn. Such effort is to be commended.

We welcome the receipt of many new exchanges this month, and are glad to notice a large number of the "old friends" have returned.

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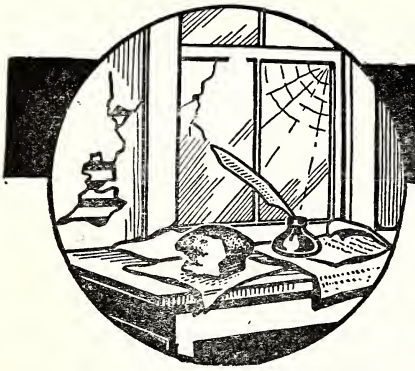

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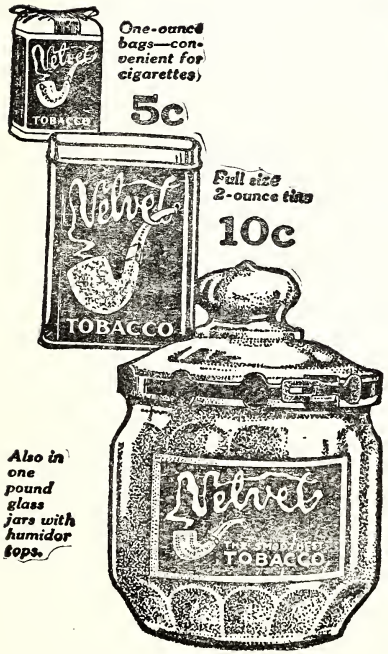

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THE RESUSCITATION OF A DYING LANGUAGE*

We English people born of so-called Anglo-Saxon parentage not infrequently lack imagination. Ensconced behind the smug satisfaction that our mother tongue is the most perfect medium of communication the world has ever known and that its position is as well assured as that of Gibraltar, we are liable to regard the disappearance of an alien language before the deadly advance of English as a mere accident in the progress of civilization, the removal of one more obstacle in the pathway of our much lauded modern "efficiency"; but we are still more liable to forget the other side — the poignant tragedy, the bitter shame, of a people whose speech, once the instrument of scholars, saints, warriors, and kings, has for generations shown signs of incipient decay, and had but yesterday degenerated into a rude dialect spoken by few and cherished by fewer. Such has been the fate of the once great Irish language; and had it not been for the energy and linguistic patriotism of those who, desiring their tongues as well as their hearts to be Celtic, began the revival of their beloved Gaelic, Irish would to-day be practically unknown as a spoken language except to a few peasants and fisher-

*For much of the information contained in this paper I am indebted to Mary Hayden's *Facts About the Irish Language* (Dublin, 1910), and to other pamphlets issued by the Gaelic League.

men along the western coast of Ireland and on the neighboring islands.

If we are to approach the subject of the Celtic Revival sympathetically, or even dispassionately, we must first rid our minds of several misapprehensions regarding the Irish character and language. The Celt of history was an infinitely nobler figure than the miserable caricature who so often represents the Irishman on the boards of our cheap theatres; and his language, in richness and flexibility of vocabulary and syntax, far outstripped the now triumphant English. Moreover, Irish is not and never has been a broken-down dialect of English, though only a short time since some presumably intelligent persons inquired whether a certain prominent Celtic scholar was not investigating the speech of Irish serving-maids!

Irish (called by the natives Gaelic), forms one branch of the great Celtic family, to which also belong Breton, Cornish, Welsh, Manx, and the older language of the Highlands of Scotland. Long before Julius Cæsar led his conquering legions across the plains of Gaul and into the dark forests of Germany, the Celts inhabited a vast territory; their language in its various dialects was spoken "from Galatia in Asia Minor over Central and Western Europe to Cape Finisterre in Spain." The inhabitants of Britain, of whom Cæsar tells us in the fourth and fifth books of his *Gallic War,* were also Celts, and Celtic was spoken by the ancient dwellers in Ireland. As time went on, the Celts of Europe and the British Isles were absorbed by later conquerors or were driven further and further westward, until there now remain a mere handful (perhaps 3,000,000 souls)— the so-called "Celtic Fringe"— scattered along the shores of the Western Ocean, in Brittany, Wales, the Isle of Man, the Highlands of Scotland, and Ireland.

Ancient Ireland possessed the oldest and richest of Western European literatures. The Roman legions never set foot on her soil, and her native customs and traditions

escaped the transforming influence of Latin culture. Long after the Britons and Gauls had adopted the civilization of their Roman conquerors, the Irish retained their own primitive tribal system, their picturesque, though barbaric, mode of life, and to a large extent their pagan religion. Early in the fifth century (about the time of the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain), Christianity was introduced into the island, and later flourished so abundantly that Ireland came to be known as the "Island of the Saints." With Christianity came learning; from the eighth to the tenth century Ireland was the schoolmistress of Europe, and to her great monastic schools flocked students from Britain and the Continent. The Irish monks, inspired by that national pride which still characterizes the people of Erin, wrote down a large amount of their national literature — religious and secular poems, epic stories of gods and heroes, and romantic tales of golden-haired fairy princesses who loved chosen mortals and lured them away to *Tir na n-Og,* the Celtic paradise of eternal sunshine and everlasting youth. Through the vicissitudes of internal war, the vandalism of Danish or Norman invaders, and the carelessness of the Irish themselves, much of this literature has perished, but enough has remained to prove beyond a doubt that early Irish prose and verse, though often formless and conventional, contained many "purple passages" which for beauty of phraseology and delicacy of conception are surpassed in few early literatures.

Late in the twelfth century the English invaded Ireland, but though they subdued the land, they could not so easily conquer the ancient tongue. "Until the latter part of the seventeenth century Irish was practically the only language spoken in three-fourths of the island, and even in the remaining fourth was generally understood." "Though in the eighteenth century the language began from various causes to decay, the returns of 1801 showed

4,000,000 Irish speakers out of a total population of 5,200,000." Owing, however, to the Penal Laws, which forbade any Catholic to open or teach a school, Irish speakers, except where they received clandestine instruction from "hedge schoolmasters," were unable to read or write their native tongue. In 1831, the English system of "National Schools" was introduced, and children generally throughout the island were forced to learn the language of the hated *Sasanach* (Saxon). These and other causes, combined with the increasing number of Englishmen in the country and the necessary use of their tongue in larger commercial transactions, rendered the speedy disappearance of spoken Irish seemingly inevitable. By 1861 the number of native speakers had been reduced to 1,500,000; and according to the census of 1901, Gaelic was used by only 641,142 persons.

Such results could not but fill all well-wishers of the Irish language with consternation. "Shall we," said a distinguished Irishman, "a nation so ancient, a nation with such a luminous intellectual past, be content with a mushroom history? Shall we be content to stand forth, before the world's gaze, as a people of yesterday? Shall we cut ourselves adrift from our Gaelic past, with its wealth of tradition, of proud memories, of glorious literature — blot out centuries of our history, and appear before the world as a people whose history had its beginnings a century or two ago? Shall the men, the happenings, the movements, the tendencies, the thoughts, the developments — literary, social, political and otherwise — of the recent past, be everything for us,—the 'be all and the end all' of the nation's care, solicitude and interest,—and the men, the doings, the thought, the tendencies, the developments of our venerable Gaelic past count for nothing? . . . The summing up is—shall we continue, shall we perpetuate the national life of the past? or shall we begin our existence as a people over again, setting before us ideals

different from those that inspired our ancestors, and following lines other than those of the vanished centuries? Such, in my judgment, is the issue involved in the fate of our ancestral speech." However passionate this language may seem, it voices the feelings of many who believe that Irish national identity is dependent upon the perpetuation of the Irish language.

In 1877 was founded "The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language," an organization whose name explains its purpose. Not, however, till sixteen years later did the Gaelic Revival produce any very tangible results. In July, 1893, a number of Gaelic scholars met in Dublin, and under the leadership of Dr. Douglas Hyde, organized "The Gaelic League." This society is of an entirely non-sectarian character, and has for its objects:

(1) "The preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland, and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue.

(2) "The study and publication of existing Irish literature, and the cultivation of a modern literature in Irish.

(3) "The support of Irish industries."

The newly organized Gaelic League, undismayed by the seemingly impossible task of restoring Irish to its place as a national language, began its work in Dublin, the chief centre of British influence in the island and to all intents an English city. Here the first meetings were held and the first classes taught, but soon the work was carried into the districts where Irish was still spoken, and it has been vigorously prosecuted until the present time. In 1902 there were 227 affiliated branches of the Gaelic League; in 1909 there were 671 branches in Ireland, and more than 60 in other countries. The affairs of the League are now administered from a large central office

in Dublin, and each year there is held an *Ard-Feis,* or congress, to review the progress of the work and form plans for the future.

Through the efforts of The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language the English Board of National Education had been induced to permit the teaching of Gaelic as an "extra subject" in the National Schools (the state primary schools of Ireland), but the conditions were such that few took advantage of the opportunity. Under the influence of The Gaelic League the number of students taking Irish increased until, "in the school-year 1908-1909 the language was taught in 1,507 National Schools as an "extra subject," and 174 others (all in Irish-speaking districts) the Bilingual Programme was in force; that is to say, Irish as well as English was used as a medium of instruction in teaching other subjects. The number of pupils who 'passed' the Inspectors in Irish was 46,006. These, it must be remembered, were all pupils in the 'Upper Standards'; the younger children are not presented in the subject." In 1909, out of 11,383 children examined by the Board of Intermediate Education, nearly 6,000 "presented" Irish.

"Perhaps . . . the most notable gain of all has been the change of spirit among the people with regard to their language. Hundreds, who a few years ago were ashamed to acknowledge that they knew Irish at all and spoke broken English in preference whenever they found an opportunity, now boast of their 'fine Gaelic,' look down on the Anglicized districts, and engage eagerly in disputes on nice points of grammar and dialect." Stanley Lane-Poole, in an article recently contributed to *The Fortnightly Review,* writes: "Gaelic is taught in thousands of elementary schools, and will be taught in all, for the Roman Catholic clergy have taken it under their wing. The Gaelic League is everywhere, and on 'Language Day' in Dublin, when the disciples of the Irish tongue march in

their thousands with Gaelic banners and strange devices, the main streets at some points are almost impassable. Gaelic is being made a test for local appointments, and very soon the man who does not know Irish will have a poor chance of any office in the gift of the local councils and boards of guardians in many, if not most, parts of Ireland."

But the Gaelic movement has not been confined to the teaching of spoken Irish to adults in the Gaelic League classes and to children in the National Schools. There has recently been established in Dublin a new National University, which numbers among its faculty competent professors of Irish philology, history, and archaeology, and which requires Irish for entrance!

"The Language Movement goes hand in hand with the Industrial Revival . . . Shops that once advertised London wares now label articles in the windows 'Irish Manufacture,' and show customers the Registered Irish Trade Mark — the collar with its inscription *'Déanta i nEirinn'* (made in Ireland)—stamped on their goods. Small industries have sprung up everywhere; old ones have developed and increased their trade."

In the brief survey attempted in this paper much has of necessity been omitted. No reference has been made to the brilliant company of scholars whose labors have restored to the world so many treasures of Ireland's early literature; no tribute has been paid to the "Irish Texts Society," which, though organized so recently as 1898, has already issued eleven volumes of Irish prose and verse, and which numbers among its members hundreds of Philocelts on both sides of the Atlantic. Enough has, however, been said to show that, whether the Gaelic Revival succeed or fail, its leaders are keenly alive to the dangers which have long threatened their native tongue, and that, rightly or wrongly, they are acting on the belief that "a people without a language of its own, is only half a nation."

T. P. Cross.

REALIZATION

O'er winding way a traveler went,
Bedecked with dust, and weary;
Though weak of flesh and tired of limb,
His heart was light and cheery.

The steep ascent held him no fear,
Nor stony path around him;
But slow he toiled till at the top,
He stood while Vict'ry crowned him.

Lowry Axley.

PAOLO

The last rays of the evening sun lighted up a bare, desolate room of an old Italian monastery. A young man, about twenty, was seated there in a hard, straight chair, reading. He seemed in perfect harmony with the room, for his face wore an expression of utter gloom. As the sunbeams shone full in his eyes, he closed his book. Heaving a heavy sigh, he rose and wandered over to the window.

He looked out and, almost unconsciously, began to muse on the picturesque beauty of the old monastery grounds. How grand and suggestive of their Maker they seemed! But why did Paolo turn and wipe away a tear? He was lonely. For six long years he had lived in this monastery with the monks; and for six long years his life had been the same old grind, utterly devoid of pleasure. He was young, and he longed for life — life in all its fullness. He longed for somebody to feel a real interest in him, to care about him, to love him. How he missed his mother! She had cared. She had caressed him when he failed, had praised him when he succeeded, and had loved him through it all. He shuddered as he thought of his lonely life in the monastery since her death. The monks seemed cold and unlike the real and the human; and he had secluded himself from them, living entirely within himself. And that life was a very unhappy one.

Suddenly his musings ended, for he heard the soft approach of footsteps. They paused before his door, and he heard a knock. His low words "Come in," were greeted by a cheery voice.

"Ah; you're alone again, Paolo! Why don't you go out more and enjoy the blessings God has given you?" said Giovani.

"I do enjoy them, answered Paolo, but I tire of them. I long for something — I know not what." And his voice almost broke as his great lonliness swept over and seemed

to engulf him. "My longings may be worldly, but I do so desire to — love."

"They are not worldly, my boy," murmured Giovani softly. "They are only human. I, too, was once a boy and felt that my life lacked something. But I soon learned." He paused, seeming to have forgotten his surroundings. Suddenly arousing himself he continued, "I paid a terrible price learning."

"Oh, do tell me about it," quickly responded Paolo.

"I will, my boy, and may God keep from you so terrible a lesson as I experienced. I never knew a parent's love," began Giovani. "My mother died at my birth; and my father was killed in the war, when I was nine years old. At his death I went to live with my uncle, near Florence. There I grew up with my aunt's cousin, Gabrielle. At Gabrielle's sixteenth birthday she was sent to a Florentine convent to complete her education. During her absence I began to love retirement. I excluded myself from my fellow beings and tried to feel that I was happy in my books alone. But always I felt that something was wanting.

"After four years Gabrielle returned. Never shall I forget my astonishment on beholding her again. Instead of the laughing girl of sixteen, I beheld a woman, and she was beautiful. Day by day, as our renewed acquaintance increased, I began to see how really beautiful she was. Her great magnanimous spirit seemed to unfold, and I saw her soul. Her every thought, word, and deed were actuated by impulses of love for her fellow being. To be brief, my friendship changed to love, which was returned.

"One beautiful night, such as only Italian nights are, we were out rowing on a little lake near our villa. Gabrielle was talking very earnestly of some poor little child of the slums of Florence. As she spoke of the child's dark, narrow life, her being seemed to overflow with love and sympathy for all humanity whom she was unable to

relieve. Inspired by the brilliant moonlight and beautiful scenery that surrounded us, I told her of my love. The moments that followed are too sacred to mention. But suddenly we became aware of an approaching storm. Rising banks of clouds had already obscured the moon. The angry muttering of thunder and mournful sighing of the trees told us that it was very near. We hastened to a neighboring cave and sought shelter. Hardly were we within before a heavy storm began to rage. The rain poured in torrents. Vivid flashings of lightning and heavy peals of thunder came every instant. We observed an awed silence. The darkness was intense. The air was filled with flying boughs that intensified the noise. Then with a bound the storm came on with a roar that surpassed all its former fury. Suddenly came a blinding flash of lightning—the next a crash — and I fell to the earth. As soon as I was able, I arose and called Gabrielle; but the storm rendered my words inaudible. I tried to find her but was unable. I groped wildly about. I stumbled ——. It was Gabrielle at my feet. Calling her wildly, I tried to awaken her. Then I realized the truth. My God! She was dead! The remainder is a blank.

"My life was ruined. I had loved only her. The days and months that followed made my great sorrow and lonliness increase. But after I had suffered the first great pangs of sorrow I was able to meditate more quietly. And it was then that I realized the great truth — I could only be happy on earth by ministering to the needs of others. Gabrielle's death had awakened me, and her noble example had its result. But the cost was great, almost too great." His last words died in a whisper. He softly arose and departed.

Paolo sat buried in thought long after Giovani had left him. A thousand inner voices seemed to struggle for a hearing. The old monk's story had awakened him, also, to the great truth of happiness. It had touched an inner

chord, and it responded. To be loved he must give love.

The sun had set and darkness covered all. Slowly the moon arose and flooded the earth with its silvery beams. They sought this old monastery room, and they too shone on the countenance of Paolo. *Now* it glowed with a newborn light. He was happy. C. A. BOSEMAN.

WHY?

Your ship sails out on a billow of foam
With her sails full set and free,
Freighted with dreams of a life well spent
And the hope of a day to be.

But Fate sits up in the rigging there,
With a fiendish laugh and a cynic sneer,
And your heart beats wild with a nameless fear,
But you, blind fool, sail on.

Your ship comes back with her sails all rent,
No deck lights gleam away,—
Where are the joys of love and of gold?
Where are the dreams of the Yesterday?

And Fate still sits in the rigging there
With a finger of scorn and a careless jeer,
In your languid eyes there starts a tear,
But you, blind fool, hope on.

Oh, why do we dream of a sunset land,
Of a haven under the hill?
When love and dreams are of gossamer wrought
And Fate will have her will?

Life is a season of sighs, a tear,
A challenge from Fate, a stinging leer;
Hope builds the castles for Time to tear,
But we, blind fools, dream on.

ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

THE SALEM BAND

In the various realms of so-called college activities, it is interesting to trace the source of the material that goes to make up the teams, boards, or clubs. The University draws much of this material from other organizations, as athletes from preparatory schools, debaters from the high schools and the like. One of the most successful of these departments, namely, the Musical Association, has drawn much material, especially in past years, from a particular source. This is a musical organization known as the Salem Band.

Several years ago the students from the elder portion of the twin city of Winston-Salem maintained a supremacy in the Musical Association in an unbroken succession, handing down the reign each session from one Salemite to another until decrease in attendance broke the dynasty. The number of musicians from this source attracted attention. So much so, in fact, that any man from Salem who couldn't play a musical instrument was considered a freak, while all the freshmen tooters, as a matter of honor, were spared by all blacking crowds. The common opinion in Chapel Hill was that Salem was a veritable musical flower garden and that the babies there were born, not with gold spoons in their mouths, but with brass horns to their lips.

The history of the organization that has sent so many of the musically inclined to this college is noteworthy. It is inseparably linked with the history of Winston-Salem itself. In 1753 a handful of German settlers from Pennsylvania located near the present site of Winston-Salem. In 1766 more of these same people founded the town of Salem. This date also marks the beginning of the Salem Band, for the settlers were of the Moravian denomination, very religious and with the German love of music, consequently at the very beginning of the settlement they

formed a church band to furnish music for the church services.

At first the instruments of the band were crude, in some cases home-made. One of the earliest records of one of the German settlers was that he made a bassoon from a hollow tree which he had cut. As time went on, however, better instruments were procured; many of them were imported from Europe. The band, fully equipped, was known as the Trombone Choir of the Moravian Church, for practically all of the instruments, including even the cornets, were patterned after the slide trombone.

In 1791, George Washington visited North Carolina and spent some time at Salem. Here he was greeted by stirring strains from the Salem Band, which played with all patriotic pride and fervor the two selections so popular just after the Revolution, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and the march, "Great Washington."

The great crisis, the Civil War, found the Band still in existence, well-equipped and ready for that momentous struggle. It was with pride, indeed, that the little town of Salem sent two bands marching off to war. These followed the Confederate flag through the greater portion of the war and returned with thinned ranks. Many are the tales of danger and adventure that were brought back. For instance, a perforated music book in the museum of the Wachovia Historical Society tells of how a weary band man was arranging his music for a pillow when a bullet pierced the music book. Thus in war as well as peace the Band has taken a prominent part in public life.

Before the University could boast of a band of her own, musicians were engaged from elsewhere to furnish music on special occasions. In 1872, therefore, the Salem Band paid a visit to Chapel Hill and furnished music for commencement exercises. The little gallery in Gerrard Hall was used as a band stand and several members, obeying their youthful inclinations, inscribed their names on the

walls, little thinking that their sons would some day attend chapel in that same hall. The reputation of the band was State wide, and their service was employed here for a number of years thereafter.

Thus year after year the Band has existed from the founding of Salem to the present date. Its perpetuation is due to the fact that it was and is primarily a church band and the church has made use of it for various services and celebrations throughout the years. The Germanic love of music and tendency to cling to the old customs, for which the people of the community were noted, have preserved some peculiar, yet beautiful forms. Whenever a member of the church dies, the band announces the death from the church steeple by playing three of the old, solemn chorals. The band always takes part in the burial services. All festival days, such as Christmas, Easter, and anniversaries are announced by the Band. Every year the new year is ushered in by music from the Band. So, in many ways, the old German forms and customs have come down to the present and are largely responsible for the survival and continuance of the Trombone Choir.

But all the music is not in connection with the church. The lively young band boys as well as the older ones enjoy the combination of band music with baseball games, political celebrations, and other features of our American life. Concerts are frequently rendered and lovers of the classical as well as of ragtime share in the enjoyment.

The question is asked, How is the Band kept in continuous existence? The reason is that each new generation of youngsters, through natural love of music, effects of environment, or kind compulsion of their elders, generally organize into a fresh company to relieve the older players as they retire. For example, one company was started in 1905, the next in 1911. This last Band was organized with forty members between the ages of ten and eighteen,

and they are now controlling Band affairs in Salem with all their youthful pride and enthusiasm.

Much credit is due the Band directors, especially Mr. B. J. Pfohl, who has charge at present and who for the past fifteen years has spent much time conducting the juvenile aspirants along the arduous path of training for band work. It is mainly through his efforts that the organization has been maintained of late years with continued progress so that at Easter time there may gather to take part in the annual festival a band of eighty pieces, the existing portion of a band that for one hundred and fifty years has played a continuous part in the history of a community. DOUGLAS RIGHTS.

THOUGHTS OF THEE

When Twilight steals from out the dark'ning vale,
And sable Night enfolds both land and sea,
'Tis then my thoughts go wand'ring, wand'ring far,
To spend awhile with thee.

They bring, beloved, to thine altars fair
The humblest homage ever man may pay,
From one who loves thee, goddess fair,
And worships thee for aye.

Would that they might forever linger there,
And by their presence at thy holy shrine
Make me to be as thou, O pure of heart;
Make thy thoughts to be mine.

But now farewell, thou ruler of my heart,
Would that we might unparted ever be.
But 'tis not so; and I content must live
With thoughts, fair one, of thee.

D. H. Killeffer.

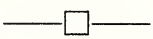
AROUND THE WELL

Probably all of us remember well the days when first we tackled the vagaries, the idiosyncrasies and the other terrible inconsistencies of the English Spelling Book. We were chagrined when Mary (or whatever her name was then) went above us because we spelled "sugar" with an "h" and insisted on putting two "e's" in "separate." Later on when we began to write compositions, we had the thought and the idea full-formed, ready to put on paper, but somehow or other the pesky letters failed to line up in their correct position. An "i" or an "e" were always getting in the wrong berth, and had to be ousted. We searched our brain, and the ceiling too, for a solution of these problems: "Does "i" follow "e" in "achieve" or *vice versa?* Are there two "l's" in "parallel," and if so where, in the name of accuracy, do they come? How in the world do you spell "embargo"—with an "i" or an "e"? Here we reach the reckless stage and put down whatever we think is correct, and which the instructor later shows us is absolutely wrong. Yes, those were trying days, and traces of this habit of not spelling correctly can be found in most of us today, although we are too educated now to admit it. English as it is spelt is about as difficult a task as English as it is writ.

Why not have a good old-fashioned spelling bee? While we are developing the social side at our smokers and the like, why not add a practical feature and let every man who has forgotten how to spell learn all over again? It is astonishing to know the number of college men who can't spell pure Anglo-Saxon, "United States" words—words that are used in everyday conversation, and words which denote the depth and degree of culture. The mere dropping of an "s" in a word like "misspell" may cost one a responsible position, and it is certainly not befitting college men to make such errors. Let two leaders choose

sides—we haven't forgotten how—and the man who sits down first needn't feel bad for it's a safe bet that he will soon have plenty of company.

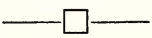
ARNOLD A. MCKAY.



Recently, the various parts of the University have undertaken to show their interest in the various parts of the State in constructive ways. The literary societies of the University took up this extension idea at the beginning of this year, and are now engaged in an active campaign to stimulate an interest in debating in every secondary school in the State. A plan for a union of the high schools for participation in a State-wide debate was submitted to the schools in October. The plan has been responded to admirably; eighty-nine schools have entered the union up to the time of this writing and forty-eight have been definitely arranged in groups for debating. The triangular debates throughout the State will be held Feb. 21, and the final contest here for the "Aycock Memorial Cup," which the Tau Kappa Alpha gives to the school winning out finally, will be held two weeks later—March 7. The subject to be discussed by the members of the union is the "Woman Suffrage for North Carolina" question. Material on this subject has been printed in pamphlet form, and mailed not only to the schools which are members of the union but to all the high schools of the State.

From every department of our University there should go to some side of the State's life as a direct influence, an influence that will not stop with promising, but will do. The literary societies feel that their special work along this line lies in trying to help the high school students become better speakers and better thinkers.

E. R. RANKIN.

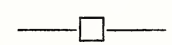


" Hell " and " the devil " are overworked similes. They

are the standards in the minds of some refined gentlemen by which all qualities are measured. Be the similitude ever so incongruous, there are no other likenesses under heaven that so vividly portray the imagery of their conceptions. Everything is "like hell" or the "devil"; and with no consideration for the likes and dislikes of their neighbor they persist in painting their weird and gruesome word pictures, sometimes to his nauseating disgust. The products of their forked tongues they place alongside his majesty with forked tail and note the likeness. The ideas in their ardent minds take shape and they belch them forth in sulphuric gasses that contaminate the atmosphere of the University. If it is cold weather "it is cold as hell;" if they are pretty busy they are "working like the devil," *ad infinitum*.

Strange to say, however hackneyed these phrases are, they sometimes pass muster with a professor and the editors of the University publications, and they are given to the public as embellishments of our literature—an adornment, I fear, that cannot be appreciated by all who read these publications. There are many citizens out in the State whose tastes are not cultivated to such a high degree of refinement. When our boys went against Virginia they were going "to fight like hell." Judging from the results, it would seem that "hell" would not stand any show against Virginia. I would suggest that, in order to add strength to our sentences, we seek a figure of speech more original and less common.

E. J. PERRY.



I imagine that each member of our University community has asked himself the question, "What can we do to make our next football season more creditable than the one just passed?" and has thought first of one plan and then of another to bring about this desired result. In thinking over this question it has occurred to me that the

solution of the problem lies largely in the hands of the football players who are now in the University and will be here again next year. By this I mean not merely the men who played on the 'Varsity this year but every man who played football at all, whether class, scrub, or 'Varsity, and every man who ever tried to make one of these teams.

But how can these men go about making our next football season a successful one? Each man can determine that he will go one step higher in football next year than he did this year. He can not only determine to do this, but he can also get to work and make this determination amount to something. Each man who was a substitute on his class team this year can determine that he will have a regular place on the team next year, and can get to work to accomplish this. Each man who held down a regular position on his class team this year can determine that he will beat somebody out for a position on next year's scrub team, and begin doing it at once. Each man who played on the scrubs this year can determine that he will be a 'Varsity man next year, and can begin working in that direction at once. Each man who made the 'Varsity this year can determine that somebody will have to hustle to keep his position on the All South Atlantic team next year, and get busy at once towards making that man hustle.

These men might ask what they can do now to make themselves better football players next fall. There is one thing they can do, which a lot of them have not been doing since Thanksgiving, and that is they can stop smoking cigarettes. A football player needs wind, and a whole lot of wind, much more than he can get by working hard for two or three months in the fall. He must work for wind all the year 'round if he wishes to be the best player he is capable of being. Suppose a distance runner on our track team waited until the first of March to begin training, and smoked cigarettes in the meantime. Do you think he

would win races for Carolina? No. He wouldn't have the wind. He starts working in September for a race he expects to run in May. This has made our distance runners the best in the South. Suppose our football players began working in January for a game they expect to play in November. Wouldn't they, in a few years time, be the best football players in the South?

Another thing that this year's football men can do to make themselves better players next fall is to continue to take regular exercise. There are other teams for them to try for—basketball, baseball, track, tennis, and gymnasium —and all who haven't the time to try for any of these teams can take cross-country runs, work in the gymnasium, play tennis, or even take long walks regularly, can do anything to keep themselves in the best possible physical condition all the time. Much more than any of this can be done by some one man, or by several men.

One of the greatest needs of the University football teams for the past several years has been a champion punter and drop-kicker. A man who could punt ten yards further than the kicker of the opposing team every time, and who could be counted on to score by a drop-kick from the thirty- or forty-yard line on even half of his attempts, would do more towards putting our team in the class in which it ought to be than any one thing I can think of. You might answer, "Yes, that's true; but where can we get such a man?" I believe there is such a man among the material we have here in college this year. If some one man will determine that he will be the best punter or drop-kicker in the South, or that he will be the best at both drop-kicking and punting, and will never let a day pass without working towards that end; if he will carry a ball with him when he goes home for the summer, and will practice kicking every day during the summer, as well as every day this winter and spring, we will have the champion kicker of the South. The members of our team

would rally around such a man, knowing that they could win if they played their best, and not feeling, as they appeared to have felt this year, that no matter how hard they played they could not win. Why can't someone do this? The personal glory he would get would more than repay him for the hard work he would have to do, and, besides this, he would be doing it for the University.

Wm. Battle Cobb.

THE MYSTERY

Two little acorns from an oak
By winds had been brought low.
"Cheer up!" cried one with hopeful smile,
"Tall oaks from acorns grow."

"That may be so," sighed number two,
"But of all those that fall,
For each little acron that makes an oak
Scores make nothing at all."

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies
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EDITORIALS

Another wave of time has kissed the shore of eternity. This revolving terrestrial globe has heaved a sigh and passed another milestone on its continuous journey. Tumultuous mortals have proclaimed the arrival of a new year. True enough it is. A happy new year has dawned, as innocent and inviting as an unwritten page. And how pleasant to be reminded that a new year, the plastic future, full of hope and untold possibilities, lies just ahead. No wonder that humanity looks up, smiles and thinks of new year's resolutions.

Our hopes are manifold; our resolutions few. We hope for the best in everything worth while. The untried future is encircled by an optimistic halo. We intend, however, to exert our efforts in publishing a college magazine that will interest our readers and reflect credit upon the University. If our students are capable of placing *The Magazine* on a high standard of literary excellence, we will either attain this or become marytrs in the attempt.

The Magazine is but a reflection of the Department of

English. If the instructors of English composition are successful in training their pupils to think clearly and write in good form with adequate expression on such subjects as concern student interests, *The Magazine* should not suffer. From five thousand themes each year there should not be a dearth of material. The themes that meet with the approval of our English Deparment should not be unfit for publication.

The world welcomes the original man. The college world especially gives him a royal greeting. Hail to the man with original ideas! He is admired. He is imitated in secret. He follows his own course rather than the beaten track of the crowd. He rouses doubt in the hearts of many who stand afar and shake their heads. He is particularly preeminent in literary circles. He is a star in First English, verily a comet, for he writes on such themes as "The Diary of a Prune," rather than "The Crowd Around the Post Office at Mail Time." He abhors hackneyed expressions. He rejoices not only in something new but also in a variation of the old. Above all, he is himself.

O younger brothers of the Freshman Class, hear ye a fable!

Once upon a time there was a youth, an intelligent, vigorous and ambitious young Tar Heel, consequently he came to Carolina. He was a husky lad and stayed on the football squad two weeks, but became discouraged and dropped football because he didn't think he could make the team his first year. He had won several debates at high school, but of course thought he could not make good at college. He flirted with the pen occasionally and his literary productions were creditable, but he knew he could not write, so was content with fair grades and let publica-

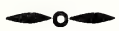
tions alone. Four years sped by. He was a Senior. Now don't think that something dreadful happened to him. He did pass his work. He did graduate. He did procure a position teaching. But on the other hand, he never made a team and Carolina was beaten. He never made a debate and his literary society was defeated. He never became editor of *The Magazine* and the publication suffered.

Can you draw a moral?

College men are usually well dressed. The results of higher education appear even in wearing apparel. Indeed, it is in a large degree a distinguishing feature of college men to present themselves neat, clean and attractive. Of course, just as in politics or tea parties, there are exceptions. A closer observation, however, reveals a certain negligence in dress sometimes unobserved by the most scrupulous and careful, nevertheless astonishing. This is carelessness with respect to verbal attire, the clothing of thought with words. Even though surrounded by an atmosphere of scholarship and culture, the inhabitants of the college world disport themselves in garments scanty and ill-suited to their surroundings. Careful dressers in broad cloth and woollen display a pitiable conversational wardrobe. Scorners of rundown heels and threadbare trousers clothe their thoughts in overworked expressions. Those who look with contempt on gaudy styles or misfits employ equally as inappropriate vocal expressions. Those who detest grease-spotted coats and soiled collars sally forth gaily with a dirty or smutty vocabulary. The same individuals who pride themselves on personal appearance allow their thoughts to run around in tattered conversational attire, like ragged children in a back alley. College men, of course, are not the only ones affected. However, they should be the most careful.

There is some superflous tar that sticks to the heels of

the down homers. This affection is known by a variety of names from *Tarheelia* to hookworm. In reality it is Carolina Self-Satisfaction. Buncombe's breezes ring down the valleys with a "Ho! for Carolina;" the waves of Wrightsville answer with "The Old North State Forever;" the fiery tongued orator perched on a cotton bale waxes eloquent about our home of brave women and fair men; even the chappie from the hill of knowledge hums tunefully, "Carolina Priceless Gem." Carolinians forget that there are other states in the Union, that there is a great world outside. They are satisfied with their schools; their plowing; their mode of living; their towns; their goods from the North. They are self-satisfied. This self-satisfaction is often a bar to progress. Tar Heels are too satisfied with themselves to learn from others, consequently do not appreciate the fact that the Old North State is the greatest spot on the globe after all.



The editor spent Christmas in Florida. Yes, to be sure, you will say he is conceited, egotistical, vainglorious and wants everybody to know of his travels. Too personal, don't you know. However, out of modesty, he will not mention his trips to London, Yokohoma, the Moon, and Wilkesboro, N. C. But the point we are trying to get at is this: there is a relationship between unpretentious Chapel Hill and the flowery summer land of America. To begin with, President Taft and two members of U. N. C., 1913, struck Jacksonville the same day. One of the first remarks heard upon arrival was a football lamentation from a native sympathetic alumnus. Further down in the state where alligators blink and oranges are sold by the peck, a recent graduate has charge of public instruction of the live little city of Sanford and at the station several students and prospective ones waved a greeting. Carolina pennants grace several homes in Tampa. Three homes in

the picturesquely tropical city of Bradentown were found to be represented at the Hill. A glance at a Live Oak paper revealed the intelligence that young Mr. Soandso, a student at U. N. C., had returned for the holidays. These evidences, not to speak of numerous charming feminine testimonials regarding those perfectly delightful Chapel Hill boys, were gathered on a brief and enjoyable visit.

REFLECTIONS OF A RHEUMATIC

Slowly he sallies forth from his room and on crutches hobbles painfully down the hall. Truly it is said of him, "Old age struck him down in his youth." Well does he merit the speedily and universally applied name of "Crip," and the title given him by the more classically inclined, "Senex."

Old Henry, corn-cob and all, bows sympathetically. He stops the three-legged hopping one and makes a long comparison of the shuffling gaits of the twain. He rids his soul of the information (now for the first time divulged and published for the benefit of mortal man) that his mode of locomotion, which is the marvel of the Freshman and the delight of all save him most interested, is caused by "cawns 'n boonyuns, suh, where comes 'n stays on mah feet de yeah roun', yassah." As they part he sagely remarks, " Yassah, de hypnitism shu' am a bad thing."

Bill Jones, that worthy janitor and general nurse, offers a cure: bathe the affected parts with hot water strong with salt and vinegar in solution. Then annoint with an abundance of pure, wholesome axle-grease. The cripple still crips, however, uncured; he seems to hold that some remedies are worse than the disease.

As he wanders about, this newest victim of the epidemic of crutches and splints which this fall ravaged the community with terrible execution, cheerfully explains his trouble to passers-by. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent. of these kind persons stop the patient and explain at length a treatment that cured their aunts after ten long years of suffering, etc. Hot waters and mineral springs of untold curative powers gush forth —from the mouths of these agents. Or, if not this, some fellow remarks, "Durn, what a big boot you're gettin'. B'lieve I'll get me some crutches,"—answered only by a fervent inward prayer that he may be obliged to get them.

At about the five hundred and sixty-third repetition of these kind ministrations the cripple begins to sicken. A huge placard, bearing full name, address, age, date of birth and first sickness, theories of cause and cure from a score of doctors, treatments undergone and a request for no more suggestions, etc., indefinitely, only draws the questions, "How does it feel?" or "Where do you reckon you'll be when you're thirty years old?"—and that plan of peace is abandoned in disgust. As a last resort the invalid keeps to his room with about as much success as the ostrich that conceals himself by hiding his head in the sand. Small wonder it is that here he gets morose and more behind for it seems that "surely rheumatism and remedies shall follow him all the days of his life and he shall dwell in perpetual misery forever."

G. W. Eutsler.

SKETCHES

ENIGMA.

The passing north-bound blocked my way at the street crossing, so I stopped and idly raised my eyes to the windows of the moving train. Unconsciously and without any volition on my part they were drawn to a fresh young face—and then the street, the tracks, the train, the face, all vanished. I was standing on the shore of all time and gazing into the wells of eternity. The fires of her eyes burned; but the freshness of them like dew on the honeysuckle of early morn cooled with the transparency of their purity. Soft with the brown light of a dream love, deep as time, and passionate as the fires of all Hell they brooded with a lingering caress while the train moved on—and was gone.

G. L. CARRINGTON.

THIRD ENGLISH.

The lights have winked—wanked or wunk, whichever is proper—and I haven't written anything yet. I don't know of anything to describe and wouldn't want to describe it if I did know. So I just sit, hoping to asimilate some sort of something to call a theme and hand in. Since feeling is so essential to description and I feel so very "sorry," the sorrier this, the theme, is the better it will be. I have tried everything from the aboreteum by moonlight to a peanut and I have only a lot of perfectly good theme paper wasted to show for my toil. Look at me. My shirt's half off, my shoes on the table, my hands dirty, my hair disturbed from incessant pulling, and my manly brow drooped in humiliation. I almost feel like crying a little, in fact a tear or two has already trickled down my cheek and rests on my chin, hesitating before obeying the law of gravitation. I can't write, I can't think, I can't feel, so I'm going to bed. But before I go please rub out

that "sp" on the fourth line above—I can spell "assimilate" any day in the week. W. S. TILLETT.

GROSS IGNORANCE.

It was just before the Washington and Lee baseball game. A member of the Senior class was talking to the manager of the Washington and Lee team. The two were discussing the relative merits of the Carolina and Washington and Lee teams of that time, and those of the past few years. The Carolina man said that although our team was not as good as it had been the preceding year it was a very good team and would give Washington and Lee a good tussle.

"We've got a pretty good team this year, too," said the Washington and Lee man. "Jones is an extra good pitcher. But I'll tell you, it'll be a long time before we get another pitcher as good as the one we had two years ago. He never did lose a game. Don't you remember him? He was up here with the team that year. He was a southpaw."

"I don't believe I do remember him," replied the Carolina man, and, turning to one of his classmates near by, questioned, "John do you remember that pitcher Washington and Lee had up here our sophomore year? That fellow named Southpaw?" W. B. C.

BLEATINGS OF A LAST YEAR'S BULL.

Yes, I'm a last year's bull. I've had my day. I know it. I'm not complaining. I just wanted to tell you about it.

The days of my bullship were halcyon days for me. Then I marched at the head of my herd, and only two or three dared to walk beside me. The rest of the herd could only follow at a respectful distance. In Eagle's Math

pasture I was chief. The tough grass that we browsed upon there made me stronger. Others sickened and died upon it, but not I. In the History lot I always secured bunches of the best grass. At night I lay in my stall and contentedly munched German salt. It was this way wherever I was put. Those were glorious days.

But I was ambitious and wanted a larger pasture to run in. Consequently, when we were shifted to a new range this fall, I bellowed with delight. Here I would surely be able to triumph over the few who dared to dispute my place at the head of the herd. But, alas! I am sad. I would that I could only go off alone and mourn. "Why such a change?" Ah, listen to my feeble bellowings; then you will know.

Ambition has ruined me. When we changed our range this year I was proud. I threw up my head, snorted, and looked around for something to put out of the way. In the distance I saw a field of green grass. But between the field and me there was a fence made of Math II steel rods. Now the fence should not have been there; so I lowered my head, bellowed with rage and charged upon it. Ah me! the fence is still there, and so are these welts on my head. I had made a mistake. A stronger bull than I must knock it over.

I looked round me. Bulls who heretofore had browsed among the cows and had made no attempt to deny my chieftaincy, now tore through the fence and went on toward the fresh grass. I lay back my head and bellowed pitifully. I was no longer a bull. Those whom I had contemptuously classed among the cows could now do what I had been unable to do. To be put among that class would be terrible. But what else was to be done? I could not follow them. All that I could do was to browse around the outskirts of the herd that I had formerly ruled. Ah,

surely the bitterest moment of a bull's life is when he sees he is no longer a bull. R. G. FITZGERALD.

WHAT FOR, OF COURSE?

It happened in a Chapel Hill drug store. The spirit of Christmas filled the air,—likewise the fragrance of old mountain dew. In the store eight or ten men lounged about, smoking and talking. Now and then the ziz of the fountain was broken by the noise of an exploding firecracker outside, or the yelps of some forlorn cur protesting vigorously against such a barbaric institution as Christmas.

Suddenly into the store wobbled an old resident somewhat inclined to *embonpoint,* of frosty pow, and minus most of his dental adornment. He had evidently taken too many willie-waughts for auld lang syne, for he found grave difficulty in navigating. He advanced a few steps and then braced himself and stood calmly surveying the crowd. Catching sight of the drug clerk, he proceeded to walk over to him and lay a hand on his shoulder. "Say," he asked in a husky voice, "have ye got any liquor?" "No," answered the clerk, "we haven't any." The old man seemed surprised, and asked again with keen disappointment: "Ye hain't, eh? Then what d'ye keep a drug store for?" LOWRY AXLEY.

EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT.

It was between 11:30 and 12 o'clock at night and I was going to my room on East Rosemary street, having just left the Gym where I had stopped for a few minutes to see how the dance was getting along. I had hardly gotten to the Episcopal churchyard when I heard, from the direction of the A. T. O. Hall, a phonograph playing dance music. When I got a little nearer I could hear the sound of feet moving across the floor.

" Why, that's funny," I said to myself, " I thought the A. T. O's. were at the dance in the Gym."

I went on nearer the Hall and, at last, through the open windows, I saw the dancers. The mystery was solved. The dancers were a couple of negro waiters, dressed in the white coats and aprons of their trade, snatching a few moments of recreation from their work of preparing a banquet which the other dancers would enjoy on their return.

W. B. C.

ANALOGY.

I went down to the infirmary last night. My friend who was lying there flat on his back asked for a pen with which to sign a paper. I had forgotten my pen so I stepped into the infirmary office to get one. I saw a fountain pen on the table. I picked it up and attempted to open it. It looked rather peculiar. It would not open in the ordinary way. I twisted it this way and that. The fellow who was waiting for the pen was getting impatient and I was getting worried when the lady who bosses the place walked in and cooled me off with a rather pertinent inquiry. "Say, young man," said she, "what are you trying to do with my thermometer?"

T. J. Hoover.

GRATITUDE.

One evening last summer I was standing on a corner in the suburbs of Asheville waiting for a car to take me up town when a young man came up to me and asked how far it was to the construction camp which was extending the inter-urban line to Weaverville.

" Seven miles," I replied.

He told me he expected to get work there with the foreman, and picking up his little bundle, started off again down the track. I told him that the car would take him

to within half a mile of his destination, and that one would be due in a few minutes. He dropped his head and muttered that "he guessed he would just walk."

I had noticed that he looked tired and hot, as though he had been walking for quite a while, but there was about his face that something which tells you its owner would sooner starve than beg. Why I asked myself, should this poor fellow be forced to walk those seven long miles just because his proud spirit would not allow him to *ask* me for the price of car fare? Calling him back I handed him a quarter and told him to ride. He took it without a word, but looked at me as if he did not quite understand. Just then my car came, and as I stood on the platform and looked back I saw him clutch the quarter in his hand — and *walk* off down the rack. J. W. M.

A ROAD TO POPULARITY.

A boy not unduly popular stepped from a door the other day and meandered slowly down the street. In a few moments another fellow spied him, backed up, went off on another tack, and hailed him like this:

"Hello; Old Sport! How are you? Whatcher been doing with yourself lately? I've been thinking 'bout coming over and seeing what was the matter with you. Think I will tonight."

Just then another craft hove to and hailed in this manner: "By George! Look who's here. Glad to see you, old fellow,—have a Piedmont? No? How 'bout some cut plug? I'll swigger it's fine. Ah, you'd better."

Still again another voice made its presence felt:

"Say, they've got a good 'un on at Pick t'night. Whatcher say to going, old sock. (This to our hero.)

By the time he reached the postoffice he was the cynosure of all the neighboring eyes, and was surrounded by an appreciative and admiring concourse. Why? He had

just stepped from the express office with a box from home.

W. R. Tayloe.

MADGE-NATION.

A big, lazy negro slouched into the drug store and shamefacedly approached the clerk.

"Boss," he said, "I want some madge-nation."

"Some what?" asked the frowning clerk.

"Madge-nation, boss, dat's what I want; madge-nation."

"Imagination? You've got too much of that now, Eph. What you want it for?"

"It's de stuff what you gnaws when you done eat too much. Madge-nation, dat's what 'tis, boss."

With a laugh of comprehension, the clerk wrapped up a package of magnesium and handed it to the negro. Grinning from ear to ear, the "madge-nation" eater shambled out.

E. H. Alderman.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

(Basso profundo.) "History has shown us that the fundamental principles of American democracy are the bases of all liberty." (Applause and big firecrackers.) Have you ever heard that before? Well, I guess. It has been drummed into me so much that I wish democracy, principles, and all the glory of the American people from time immemorial would kindly step to hell. When I hear one of these collar wilting, quivering fisted, phonographs get started, I'm done for. I start sighing and he starts "democrasighing." Then he comes to a grandiloquent conclusion with that "of the people, by the people, and for the people" stuff, and sits down with a wise look, which, being interpreted, says, "I have just disclosed the latest thought-of thing about this nation." After all, maybe that is oratory, but ——

W. S. Tillett.

EXCHANGES

The long article and the essay are probably the least read of any other material in a college magazine. There is a reason for this, we think, and a very definite and apparent reason. The length has something to do with it, to be sure, but it seems to us that the greatest fault with the majority of essays is that they are merely a collection of cold facts, dried and seasoned by years of undisturbed repose on the topmost shelf of some out-of-date library. These facts are gathered and put on paper without a semblance of a change in wording, thought or personal characteristics, and the reader is expected to wade through this medley of dusty facts and figures with seeming relish and profit. The circumstances surrounding the case in question appear to be this way: A student, with recognized proclivities to writing and its attendant evils, is asked by the editor "to write something for the magazine." He racks his brain to find a suitable subject, and finally, after days of trial, decides to take as his theme the great, noble patriotic subject of " The South's Amazing Progress," or something akin to it. Going to the library, he selects the dustiest and bulkiest set of books and proceeds to jot down a few facts. Statistics are given in unwholesome numbers and they are good fillers; consequently the searcher after truth and fame jots down all these, too. As a result, his essay is a dry bundle of facts and statistics of some theme that is already ridden to death by embryo writers. There is absolutely no personality in his essay; it is chockfull of the same old stuff that has worried gentle readers for years. Devoid of style and the personal element, it does not take the reader long to find out that such material was not intended for him. An essay should not be a conglomeration of dazzling phrases and pretty words, but it ought to reflect enough of the author's individuality to make it different and worth the reading.

An illustration of this personal element in essay writing may be found in the December issue of *The Southern Collegian*. The writer tells the story of "The Melungeons," a peculiar people who live in a secluded part of the Alleghany mountains. He secures attention by giving the disputed origin of the word, and later the racial characteristics of the people who bear the name. The whole article is spiced throughout with many little fine touches of humor which, beside adding interest, gives strength and weight to the article. This article is by far the best type of essay that we have seen in a college publication. This issue of *The Southern Collegian* contains an amusing little story of college life, "Taddles, Jr." The short story, "A Yuletide," is one of those dreamy kind which always turns out exactly as expected and never disappoints. "The Sailing" is the only bit of verse worth mention. The magazine shows a lack of a strong editing of the departments, and the editorial is notably deficient in treatment of subjects that are vital to college men. The magazine is printed in a neat and attractive manner, with a distinctly literary appearance. The literary quality, however, does not quite match the printer's art.

The College of Charleston Magazine is another one of our exchanges which is gotten up in tasteful style. There are only thirty-three pages of reading matter, but what is there is worth the reading. "The Hermit," a story of a religious hermit, is written in a style very difficult to assume and the author is to be commended for his effort. There is only one piece of poetry in this issue, and this is a translation. The departments are well-balanced, however, and this issue is creditable even if the editorial staff did write everything but one of the articles.

The Pine and Thistle has sufficient material of a literary sort to change from a quarterly to a monthly. There is no "Table of Contents,"—a handicap to the reviewer and the reader. Several typographical errors mar this

number, but withal it contains a large amount of wholesome reading.

The Redwood is one of our spirited western exchanges, full of progress and initiative of its section. It is a genuine pleasure to run on a choice bit of verse like "Sea In a Mist," after seeing the futile attempts at poetry making of some of us. This number also contains a superabundance of weighty articles but these are so commendatory that they are partly compensate for the scarcity of short stories. It is a pleasure to review a magazine like *The Redwood* because the outward appearance is pleasing and the literary quality satisfying.

We are thankful for words of kindly criticism appearing in several of our exchanges, and shall endeavor, as much as possible, to put these suggestions into practice. Some of our exchanges have commented on our lack of local, athletic and alumni news in *The Magazine.* These departments, however, are taken care of by *The Tar Heel,* the weekly newspaper and organ of the athletic association, and *The Alumni Review* managed by the alumni. The publication of such news, then, would be mere repetition and could serve no useful purpose.

We acknowledge the receipt of the usual number of exchanges.

ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

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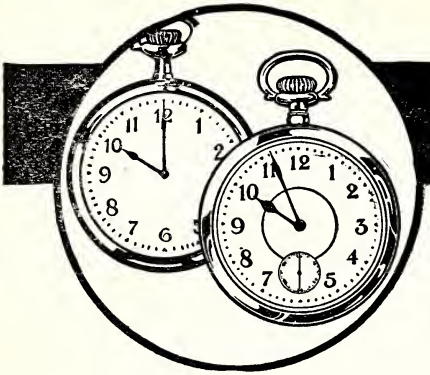

Judgment

Our judgments, like our watches, seldom agree—but they are usually within a few seconds of each other on

Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

One man likes it better in a pipe—another prefers it in a cigarette. But however Velvet is smoked, or wherever, it is always rich and flavorsome, always free from burn or bite.

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THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
MARCH, 1913

Old Series, Vol. 43 No. 4 New Series, Vol. 30

REAL CONVERSATIONS WITH BERNARD SHAW

George Bernard Shaw—what strange and indefinable sensations these three single names have evoked in the breasts of the people of this modern world! Much, far too much of a cheap and idle character has been written about this remarkable man; and everyone has a different opinion. *Tot homines tot sententiae.* The greatest living critic, Georg Brandes, called him the most brilliant of contemporary playwrights, and the scribbling penny-a-liner calls him a poseur and a quack. William James, of Harvard, said that his favorites among contemporary writers were Shaw, Wells, and Gilbert Chesterton; while staid old *Blackwood's* published an anonymous article—*Sham and Supersham*—the author of which likens Shaw to everything from an impostor to a "blue-behinded ape." His plays are produced on the greatest stages of Europe; yet in England, the great West End managers avoided him like the plague for many years. His plays have been translated into every language of Europe; yet Mr. Shaw had to publish *Man and Superman* originally at his own expense. The British public for long was willing enough to admit that G. B. S. was a goose; but only Vedrenne and Barker were wise enough at first to see that he was the goose that lays the golden eggs.

I remember that in the first letter Mr. Shaw ever wrote to me, he insisted that he was not in the least naturally brilliant, and not at all ready or clever.

"I have lived instead of dreaming," he once told me. "I have not written so many works of imaginative art, but I have lived through so much experience. The life of lit-

erary clubland repelled me, the very thought of it bored me insufferably; and it was always the greatest relief to me to escape out into real life and to work with all my powers among my fellows and all to some purpose instead of fossilizing amid a set of self-duped literary parasites."

It is his fixed belief that all writers who are original or inspired—whichever you choose to call it—write down things which are seen by later generations to imply a good deal that the writer himself would have vehemently denied. And some little while ago in a startling paper about Lamarck and Darwin read before the Fabian Society, he made this frank confession which I repeat in his own words:

"My life has been a miraculous transformation of a good-for-nothing boy into the writer of this paper, and of several quite unaccountable, uncommercial plays through a mysterious will in me, which has prevailed over environment, heredity and every sort of external discouragement. What is more, that will is not me: it makes the merest instrument of me—often overworks and abuses me most unreasonably. It makes me perform the feats of a bold, energetic, resourceful man, though I am actually a timid, lazy, unready one. It makes me write things before I understand them; and I am conscious," he comically added, "that my own subsequent attempts to explain them are sometimes lame and doubtful."

To know the man Shaw, to be able to creep into his personality and see the world through those direct and twinkling grey-blue eyes, it is indispensable to see him in his own home, in his daily habit, as he lives. Some years back, his home was with his mother at 29 Fitzroy Square, and his country home was at Blackdown in the Hazlemere district, once well known to the guests of Mr. Frederick Harrison; the leader of positivism occupied the house before it fell into the hands of the Socialist—a change quite in the beaten track of Evolution, as Mr. Shaw's life-long friend, Mr. Sidney Webb, once declared. Today Mr. and

Mrs. Shaw live at 10 Adelphi Terrace in London, and their country home is at Ayot St. Lawrence in Hertfordshire—about an hour's run from London.

The London quarters are peculiarly interesting from the fact that they are in the old building which has been standing for some three centuries, beneath which are the celebrated Adelphi Arches, the supporting structure for the street. Upon the first and second floors, are, not inappropriately, the rooms of the New Reform Club—although Mr. Shaw himself is not a member. I recall that as Mr. Shaw escorted me upstairs on the occasion of my first visit to his quarters, he ushered me into the reading room of the New Reform Club, and pointed out to me the beautiful frescoes painted in the four corners of the ceiling, which are generally attributed to Angelica Kaufmann.

Mr. Shaw's own rooms upon the third and fourth floors are unsurpassed in London for the beautiful and varied prospect, especially upon clear days when the view is unobscured by the smoke and haze of London. As you enter the living room, you note almost with a start,—for Mr. Shaw himself in the flesh is standing beside you,—that the head of Shaw's double rises above the tall screen at the far corner of the room. It is the celebrated bust of Shaw, made by the world's greatest living sculptor, Auguste Rodin, and the portion seen above the screen—from the mouth up—is startling in its life-like naturalness. I remember hearing Mr. Shaw and Mr. Max Beerbohm discuss the bust one day.

"Tell me about it, Mr. Shaw," asked Mr. Beerbohm, "how did Rodin work?"

Mr. Shaw's eyes danced, and he threw himself eagerly into the description. "You see," he said, "Rodin and I were particularly congenial. Because, although I cannot be said to speak French, and Rodin doesn't speak English at all we soon found out that we both had the same religion and after that things went beautifully. You should have seen Rodin at work. One moment the bust looked like the

most modern work of art,—Rodin in the Balzac mood—and the next he would revert, and a bit of twelfth century work was before you. Once he startled Mrs. Shaw by suddenly decapitating me—I mean the bust—with a deft and unexpected stroke of the scalpel. He dabbed on a piece of clay and stuck me back on again; you see he had not made my lofty brow quite lofty enough. You have no idea what a queer feeling it gives one to have the top of his head taken off before he can say 'Jack Robinson.' "

From the windows of the living room, one looks down upon the flowing Thames,—rather sparsely dotted with floating craft; east and west are St. Paul, and the Houses of Parliament—the latter now almost completely obscured by a recent addition to an adjoining building; at your feet the modern aspect of the Victoria Embankment, where Marchbanks was found—clothed in a coat of fresh verdure, is set off by the contrast of one of the world's three needles of Cleopatra, with its strange symbols and general air of antiquity. In the far distance may be seen on a clear day the distant hills of Kent and Surrey, the latter marked by the glittering lines of the Crystal Palace.

"The chambers in Adelphi Terrace," Mr. Shaw once remarked, "constitute the real center of my domesticity, because my wife lives here. I live nowhere. In fact, any place that will hold a bed and a writing table, is as characteristic of me as any other, and as I never can keep or collect anything, I have no more home instinct than a milk can at a railway station. I am always content wherever I may happen to be—not like most people, who wherever they are want to be somewhere else, and are always convinced that their happiness lies round the corner."

Mr. Shaw does not care particularly for travel, but Mrs. Shaw loves it better than almost anything else. She is always looking forward to the time when they can escape the whirl of London, the myriads of engagements, and the increasing pressure of work, and run across to the country,

to Hertfordshire, and Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland, and Cornwall, or to the Continent.

Piles of uncorrected manuscripts of the foreign translations of Mr. Shaw's plays cast an occasional shadow of gloom upon the scene, and clippings by the hundreds come fluttering in by every mail. These are sorted out by Mr. and Mrs. Shaw with great rapidity. A mere glance suffices to show if they are worthy of more extended notice. These give a spice to his literary work, and he keeps them in little silk bags in his study upstairs for future reference. "Every original writer," he remarked one day, "should keep a foolometer of this kind."

Mrs. Shaw's travels in foreign lands, particularly in India, have left their impress upon the living room, which is ornamented with numerous bizarre and antique curios —Indian idols, tiny elephants in silver, wise looking owls, Chinese mandarins of exquisite China, facing and fatuously nodding at each other, enormous pots of polished bronze, curiously shaped shields of brass, and heavy urns, standing at each side of the white enameled mantlepiece. Upon the walls are a few carefully chosen pictures—here a water color by Rodin, dedicated to Mrs. Shaw and inscribed with his signature, there a soft brown monotone of Mr. Shaw by the great photographer, Alvin Langdon Coburn, and upon Mrs. Shaw's desk, a tiny print of Rodin himself.

Upon the shelves in a prominent position stand the works of Nietzsche, and a striking picture of the "Mad Philosopher," gazes morbidly at you from a deep and heavy frame upon the book case. Here are to be seen Ellis's translations of Wagner, presentation copies of the works of William Morris, economic works by Stanley Jevons and Sidney Webb; upon the table lie the dramatic works of Roberto Braccho, Well's *The Future in America* and a copy of Mark Twain's book on Christian Science which had just been received from America's great humorist and philosopher.

In a corner of the room next the door, is the little Bechstein piano, a relic of the first Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and in a corner the divan which Mr. Shaw seeks in the brief moments of leisure he has for reading and rest.

Upstairs in Mr. Shaw's tiny study where everything is kept on file in cabinets with the greatest neatness, upon the walls, covered with "Woodbine" paper of William Morris's own design, hang Walter Crane's *Triumph of Labor,* and some prints of Albrecht Dürer.

It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that Mr. Shaw does all his work here. Sometimes, indeed, he finds it very difficult, almost impossible, to do creative work in London, so many, and so importunate are the demands upon his time; but he is never idle or unobservant. His is the gospel of work, his the strenuous life, and his fountain pen filled with violet ink lies ever loose in the scabbard.

In his earlier days of arrant Bohemianism, when he dressed "like a fairly respectable carpenter," he wrote his plays in little note books, while riding on the tops of omnibuses. Today, he is never without his writing pad, and often upon a railway journey, while Mrs. Shaw reads the day's batch of clippings, and the latest dramatical periodical from Paris, Mr. Shaw can be seen gazing thoughtfully out of the window, and from time to time slowly and carefully writing a sentence or two on his pad in the most delicate and minute chirography. Sometimes his thoughts as he writes come with amazing rapidity, especially when he is writing some brilliant retort to the latest attack upon him; and I once saw him write a reply to an article of Lady Grove's about *The New Theology,* in the *Academy,* in a very few, perhaps ten minutes.

In the country, at Ayot St. Lawrence, and during the vacation months, July to October in Wales, Ireland or Cornwall, he does the greater part of his creative work. He told me once that he wrote *The Doctor's Dilemma* in about four weeks, and I remember—from an interrupted letter to me at the time, which he finished the next day—

that he wrote the first and longest act of the play, in the space of two days.

It is almost impossible to give in a limited space, any true impression of Mr. Shaw's personality. Perhaps the most striking thing about him is the wonderful rapidity of his flow of thought, the words seeming to accomodate themselves mechanically to his thought; his whole deliverance sounding more like a lecture carefully prepared in advance, than spontaneous expression of opinion. He is never at a loss for a word; and his conversation scintillates with flashes of the most provocative and engagingly satirical wit. Little, if anything, that he has ever written is without its undercurrent of irony; and many things that he says are specially designed to draw your fire and arouse your opposition. His love for astounding the serious-minded and upsetting the conservative, runs away with him to his own infinite delight. Far from seeking publicity in the usual sense and making himself easily accessible to the interviewer, Mr. Shaw spends his time in fleeing from reporters, and avoiding the sort of notoriety with which his name is usually associated. When he does meet the newspapers, especially those of a better sort, he has always clever things to say—usually some criticism of current events, or of conservative institutions.

From Bernard Shaw, the public always expects some bit of topsy-turveydom, and it is seldom that he disappoints the news-seeker. And yet in ordinary conversation his opinions are wonderfully stimulating, always thought-provoking, often profound. While he was waiting for me at St. Pancras Station one day, the reporters asked him what he thought of Mark Twain, who was coming on my train. "I consider Mark Twain by far the greatest American writer," he replied. "America has two great literary assets—Edgar Allan Poe and Mark Twain. The Americans have neglected Poe to their own vast discredit, but Mark Twain does not give them much chance of ignoring him. I am not speaking of Mark Twain as a humorist, I

am speaking of him as a sociologist. Of course he is in very much the same position as myself. He has to put matters in such a way, as to make people who would otherwise hang him, believe he is joking. At one time people believed I was always joking, but now it is beginning to be thought that I am sometimes serious. They seem to regard me as a sort of archbishop, and the results are just as bad in this case as in the other. Possibly some day it will dawn upon journalists and others that I am a human being."

As we drove up town together, Mr. Shaw repeated the conversation to me, and asked what I thought of his choice of Poe and Twain as America's two greatest writers. "But you forget Whitman," I said. "Oh yes, Whitman was a summit in Art. I forgot Whitman. And there was Emerson, too. But fine as he was, great as he was in voicing a noble philosophy, he was not original. He was not a *Bahn-brecher,* did not create any new or original philosophy. The trouble with American authors, is that, as a rule, they have not been able to escape the pressure of the English tradition. Instead of echoing early or mid-Victorian opinion, aping obsolete English models, they should break away from all outside influence both English and continental, and seek to express America—America for the Americans. But of course it is true, that I, who say that, am a man without a country, who looks on at the human comedy, without enthusiasm and without prejudice."

On another occasion I asked him if it was true that he owed any real debt to August Strindberg, whom Ibsen thought so great and so remarkable. "Oh, no," he replied, "I have read comparatively few of the infinitely many works of Strindberg, but I admire him greatly as the only living Shakspearean dramatist. I may be wrong, but I rather think that in the end, Strindberg will prove to be the noblest Roman of us all."

Much as Mr. Shaw admires Ibsen, he is not at all blind

to his deficiencies. One day we were walking across the fields together in Hertfordshire, Mr. Shaw in his knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket, with his ever present camera slung across his shoulders; and he expressed himself freely and fully about Ibsen. "It is a fashion of the critics," he said, "to repeat the old error that Ibsen's early experience as a professional stage manager, was invaluable to him as a practical playwright. As a matter of fact, it hampered and misled him. The power of 'A Doll's House' as a pure story blinds you to the Scribish artificiality of its construction. How absurd is *Lady Inger* with its plethora of impossible asides. Take *Hedda Gabler*—why, Ibsen couldn't get along without a long story by Mrs. Elvsted, which is nothing more nor less than our old friend the soliloquy for the information of the audience, in a new guise. Worse than all, Ibsen slavishly succumbed to the notion that a play is not really a play unless it contains a murder, a suicide, or something else out of the Police Gazette. He always makes me think of Ruskin's receipt for a popular novel—'kill a baby.' Why, the Brand infant and little Eyolf are as tremendously effective as a blow below the belt."

"The fact of the matter is," he continued, "Ibsen can teach us nothing technically except either what no man has ever yet learned from another, or what can be learned just as well from a dozen modern playwrights.

Here I remonstrated—"Surely you will admit that Ibsen's leisurely unveiling of motive—his wizard-like exposition of character in conflict are secrets which any modern dramatist should seek to learn."

"Yes that is very true," he replied. "If there is anything we can and should learn from Ibsen, it is stories of lives, unveiling of motives, laying bare of souls, discovery of pit-falls. What Ibsen gives us, if we only had the sense to see it, is illumination of life." Surely here is a phrase, "illumination of life," which should serve as inspiration for future dramatists.

One of the most interesting discussions I ever had with Mr. Shaw, was on the subject of his own work. We were reading together certain chapters of the biography of Mr. Shaw which I had been writing for several years. Mr. Shaw was sitting in his easy chair in the little parlor of his country home in Hertfordshire, his feet stretched lazily out in front of him, his red hair shining in the lamplight, making a striking contrast to his navy blue lounge-suit.

"Many critics have fallen into the habit," I said, "of insisting that your first acts are your best and that after that, your plays become mere discussions."

"You never know what curious errors my critics are going to fall into next" Mr. Shaw replied. "I have a fatal gift for affecting people in that way. If the truth must be confessed, it is my practise to put into the first act, anything that I may happen to want to say. People have just arrived at the theatre, they are heavy and dull immediately after dinner and they will put up with almost anything. I arouse their interest in this first act, by saying a lot of funny things that make them sit up. Once their interest is aroused, I begin my story and drive home my meaning, act after act, until they can scarcely bear it. Why, I once told Walkley, that it was all very well for him to say that I was a *naif* and a jester; but once let me get him inside a theatre, and I would prove to him that I was serious".

"No one who really pretends to understand you," I answered "doubts the seriousness of your purpose, but many people seem to think that you have turned the theatre into a sort of circus and synagogue combined." Mr. Shaw became very serious.

"The fundamental function of the drama, you may take it from me is to take people outside of themselves, to stir them, to make them think, to make them suffer. The theatre is as important an institution as the church, and its great purpose is to open a vista upon the depths of life. Why," and here he laughed heartily, "I have seen people

stagger out of the Court Theatre after seeing one of my plays, unspeakably indignant with me because I had made them think, had stirred them to opposition and had made them heartily ashamed of themselves."

At another time, we were discussing the so-called unnaturalness of Mr. Shaw's characters. I brought up the oft-repeated charge that while he succeeds in making his characters eminently rational, he somehow fails at times to make them entirely human.

"That is a long story, for I could go on without end, telling you of real people, real incidents, real scenes, which have furnished me inspiration in writing my plays."

"Your countryman, Wilde," I urged, "once said that if a novelist is brave enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least pretend that they are creations, and not boast of them as copies."

"Ah, that brings out the very point I wished to make," replied Mr. Shaw. "Wilde is right only in so far as he insists that a literary artist should not make *mere* copies. I always find that I am going to real life for my characters. But note this distinction—a character of mine may be the composite of half a dozen people of my acquaintance. Incidents that have come under my observation, actual traits that I have observed in different individuals, often go to make up the total of a single character in one of my plays."

It was my observation that Mr. Shaw is now regarded in England by those whose opinions really count, as the most notable of contemporary British dramatists.

"I am afraid," I remarked to Mr. Shaw one day in 1907, "that you are in danger of becoming a popular playwright."

"May it never be my unhappy fate," he replied in all seriousness. "If I am ever put upon a pedestal, my career is at an end. It is impossible to measure up to the expectations of people who acclaim you as a towering and overtopping genius."

"Of course," he said, in much the same vein, at the

Vedrenne-Barker Dinner, "you hear a lot of talk these days about the new School of Shavian playwrights—Granville Barker, St. John Hankin and the rest. I sincerely hope that they will not attempt to imitate my style. There is only one Bernard Shaw, and that one is quite sufficient. I find a striking analogy between the case of the old Italian masters and myself. When they began to work, they found that the human form had been neglected and ignored. Forthwith they began to paint works which appeared to be anatomical studies, so emphasized was the figure. I found myself in much the same situation when I first began to write for the stage. I found that the one thing which had been neglected and ignored by British dramatists, was human nature. So I began to put human nature barely and nakedly upon the stage, which so startled the public that they declared that my characters were utterly unnatural and untrue to life. But I have gone on and on, exposing human nature more and more in each succeeding play. If my imitators continue to reveal human nature so ruthlessly, I am afraid that I shall have done more harm than good."

Archibald Henderson.

LINES TO LOUISE

THE LONG NIGHT

Ah, my love, the world is very wide,
And many lands our feet have trod,
And many restless ways;
But when we dreamed we felt the smile of God
We woke again to wearier nights
And darker, drearier days;
And ever through the years of longing
Remained a restless, haunting pain,
Beating against our fevered hearts
As birds beat blindly through an April rain.

DAWN

The hills loom dark, and skies are gray;
Far, far across the valley, low of kine;
Dawn, and the promise of a fairer day,
And hearts of birds athrill with rapturous lay—
And, oh, the thrill that answers in this heart of mine.

HOPE

My love, could you but look ahead
A little way, and see
The path my feet and yours must tread,
I dream that you would come, a glorious smile
Within your eyes sublime
In that sweet hour of sacrifice,
And place your hands, childlike, in mine,
While through the mystic, star-strewn night
Together we would prove each added mile
A brighter gem in Love's crown of delight.

WHEN YOU ARE NEAR

The way is not so hard, or lone
The hours, when you are near;

Though clouds are low upon the hills,
And storm-winds hiss and moan,
Lightnings aflash from crest to crest,
There comes into my heart a quiet thrill,
And an old song my mother once did sing
Whispers a message sweet with rest
When my tired head is pillowed on your breast!

Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

THE BUNGVILLE BOOSTER

William Henry Smith boarded the train at Bungville.

A typical Smith he was, and bore his title as patiently and proudly as any Schmidt of Germany, Wang of China, or any other member of the world wide Smith family. Just plain Smith he was, an energetic business man of Bungville.

Like all up-to-date American urbanite citizens, Smith was dominated by an intense civic pride. Bungville was his Metropolis; it's Main Street, his Broadway. Of course he belonged to the board of trade and was an enthusiastic member of the "BungvilleBoosters," who distributed little booklets containing "Facts about Bungville" and flaunted boldly the slogan, "Watch Bungville Boom". You know how they do it in Charlotte, N. C., St. Petersburg, Fla., and Oskywokosh, Wis.

Smith's business often compelled him to work neighboring towns and cities in the interest of his firm. But he didn't mind this. It gave him even a better opportunity to publish abroad the glories and allurements of his home town, or rather, his native city.

Hence on this particular morning William Henry Smith boarded the train at Bungville.

The cars were crowded but Smith soon squeezed into a half seat and proceeded to adjust himself to his environment with a "Smith's my name, of Bungville. Glad to meet you."

The cars sped on. No faster, however, than the tongue of voluble Smith. Above the din of steam and steel could be heard such snatches as, "Greatest town—er, I mean city you ever saw—Streets smooth as a floor—Full of modern business establishments—Light and water system perfect—Population at least ten thousand—Man, why don't you come to Bungville?"

When the train stopped, Smith alighted, feeling like a

successful pilot who has guided one more craft through troubled seas to a safe and happy harbor.

One by one places of business were visited. But William H. was not merely a salesman. Between his "Best line of samples ever" and "2 per cent cash ten days" there was sandwiched a liberal assortment of "Ten thousand population—Wheels of business hum like an alarm clock—Beautiful streets—Splendid water and lighting system—Greatest spot on the map—Bungville."

Thus it went throughout the day.

Smith dined at the hotel. Excellent place, a hotel, for spreading information. So many strangers, so many travelers. Three men arose from the dinner table feeling greatly enlightened about a portion of our globe called Bungville. Six commercial tourists seized grips and rushed from the lobby in all haste, their ears still ringing from Smith's verbal attack.

The afternoon's work covered extensive territory so Smith engaged the services of a liveryman. Now it is an established fact that of all people, with the exception of country store keepers, livery stable employes are the laziest. Smith's equestrian pilot was no exception. Before the afternoon had passed into history, however, Smith had so enthusiastically and successfully presented the opportunities and glowing possibilities of the city in question that the driver was awakened from his Rip Van Winklish lethargy and wondered, yes actually wondered why he had chewed his cut plug and worn out chair bottoms in his own town for so many years when there was such an alluring habitation as Bungville.

Everywhere Smith put in telling work. Some proprietors bought goods; some talked about the weather; some talked about the world series; all of them heard about Bungville. Once he nearly had a scrap. No; it will not violate the principle of unity to tell about it. Grouch & Co., registered a kick. They grumbled at the quality of the goods; Smith didn't mind. They cussed out the firm;

Smith didn't care. They passed uncomplimentary remark about Bungville; this aroused both the ire and the Irish of Mr. Smith.

Promptly at 3:47 P. M., Smith struck a stump. He ran into Mr. Civic Patriot of Boomtown. This stranger was as confident that Boomtown was the new Eden of the earth as Smith was certain about Bungville. Then the battle raged. In a few moments the population of each town increased several hundred per cent. Factories and sky scrapers were erected with such rapidity that would send Aladdin and his lamp to the bush leagues. Minerva may have sprung full-armed from the forehead of Jove, but here two model cities sprang simultaneously from the imagination of two traveling salesmen. As usual Smith triumphed. Figures don't lie: they simply get up and walk away when men like Smith take hold of them. The convincing point was that Bungville had just appropriated $150,000 towards a home for destitute undertakers and bankruptcy referees in Bungville.

The last call, however, was the crowning event of the day. It was a home run in the ninth with the score tied. A dealer in dry goots, noshuns, and scheap clodings was so much impressed with Smith's line (not samples of course) that he—no; he didn't buy,—he declared in crushed English,

"Beesness iss no goot here; next veek I come to Bunkville."

Cæsar marched back to Rome with a smile upon his physiognomy. The return trip was made triumphantly by the satisfied hero.

Smith alighted at the station in a warm, sticky rain. He splashed gaily through numerous very wet puddles of rain water. He stumbled down a rough sidewalk past a couple of blocks of one-horse business houses (business center of Bungville). Carefully he picked his weary way over some acres of affectionate mud. He looked in vain for a street light, but as usual there was some trouble at the

power station. He would have waited for a street car, but that specie does not exist in such sparsely populated climates as Bungville. Therefore he stumbled on alone, for all of the nine hundred and forty-six inhabitants were fast asleep by this time.

Weary and bedraggled he finally arrived at his front door, lugged his suit case up the steps and murmured with a sigh,

"Dear old Bungville."

Douglas Rights.

TU AMICE

When fall the silent shades of night;
Then I aweary at the end
Of toil, find peace and sweet content,
And happiness, dear friend,
With thoughts of thee.

And when the morrow's dawn shall call
To duties of another day,
May thoughts of thee shine through the rifts
Of care, a guiding ray
Of hope to me.

LOWRY AXLEY.

WAS MARSHAL NEY EXECUTED?

Just after the Napoleonic wars, there appeared in western North Carolina a man of soldiery, commanding bearing, who attracted the notice of all who saw him. He spoke often and at great length of Napoleon, and his private life. He seemed to have an insight into Napoleon's life and his intentions, that could only have come from very close intimacy with Napoleon. This man gave himself out to be P. S. Ney, and that he was a school teacher and had been so engaged all his life. He spoke with a slight French brogue at first, which he was later able to drop.

This man is now firmly believed by many to have been Marshal Ney of France, who was not executed as it is generally thought, but was rescued by Wellington. "P. S. Ney was like Marshal Ney in person, voice, feature, complexion, habits, taste, temperament, manner and in peculiarities of every kind." The handwriting of P. S. Ney strikingly resembles that of Marshal Ney. The newspapers in this country were of course full of Marshal Ney's tragic death, and from this people were made intimate with Ney's physique and his general life. So public opinion began strongly to suspect P. S. Ney of being no other than the famous French marshal. Some even went so far as to question him, but these he repelled with dignity, and sometimes with great severity. Various everyday incidents went to prove that P. S. Ney was Napoleon's great marshal. For instance it is related that one day one of Marshal Ney's old soldiers chanced to meet P. S. Ney on the street, and at once cried out, "My Marshal, My Marshal."

Now historically Marshal Ney was shot to death with thirteen bullets, although history has never been satisfying on this point. But let us look back at the facts that go to disprove that Marshal Ney was shot to death in France. On Wellington's name there remains no blot so blighting as the part he played in having the sentence of execution

passed on Marshal Ney. Wellington realized the stain that would rest on his name; so he went straightway into the assembly hall of the King of France to see about getting Marshal Ney's sentence changed. He walked up to the French King and was about to begin speaking, when the King suddenly turned his back on him, for it seems the King must have known about what Wellington was going to talk. Wellington was stung to the quick, and as he turned and walked out of the hall, his eyes flashed terrible anger. From this moment on, he is firmly believed to have tried to rescue Marshal Ney.

At half past six o'clock on the morning of December the seventh, Marshal Ney was led out for execution at the back of the Luxembourg Gardens. The day was cold, clammy, and chilly; the place was one that was very rarely ever frequented; the time was very early; the only spectators were a few children and their nurses.

Ney advanced the usual number of paces from the soldiers, and turned and halted. The officer went to bandage Ney's eyes, but he would not permit him for a while, while Ney declared he had not betrayed his country. The soldiers were unnerved and the officer's hand shook violently. At length Ney allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and be told the soldiers when he raised his hand to his heart to fire. He stood for a time and finally he raised his hand to his heart, at which sign the soldiers fired. Ney fell as if struck by lightning; not a quiver nor a sigh came from him, and no blood dyed the grass around him. No surgeon made an examination of him as is usual in such cases. Neither did the soldiers defile by him, which is also the custom in such cases. Three minutes later he lay in Maternité Hospital, with all the bloom of health on his face. He was not ghastly, as a person with thirteen bullets in him would be supposed to be. He did not appear to be mangled, but he lay there as if in perfect health.

His burial occurred at day break, and was carried out with slight ceremony, and was also with the greatest

secrecy. If the great Marshal Ney of France was to be buried, why could it not have occurred in a more convenient hour, when all of his devoted comrades and soldiers could have seen the ceremony? It appears strange indeed that the great Marquis could not have had a more honorable burial.

Marshal Ney had spoken for years of coming to the United States. He had even told the Chamber of Peers he was going to the United States. Why should he not have gone? It was one of the best places of retreat for fugitives of that time.

Now P. S. Ney was a school teacher in Western North Carolina and moved from place to place teaching school. It is related that a paper telling of Napoleon's death was given him one day in the school room. P. S. Ney, after reading the article, turned deathly pale and fainted away. Some students revived him with water, and Ney at once dismissed school and went home. That evening, night, and next day he confined himself in his room. At length Colonel J. A. Rogers went to his room (for he was in Colonel Roger's house at the time), and remonstrated with him for confining himself so long. To which P. S. Ney replied, "O Colonel, Colonel, with Napoleon dead my last hope is gone".

Another conclusive fact of P. S. Ney's identity is the following: when in his last illness and on his death-bed, he was asked by the attending physician and a group of friends, who surrounded his bed, to clear up the mystery and tell who he was, he replied that he was Marshal Ney of France.

Thus by such incidents, many have now reached the conclusion that P. S. Ney was no other than Marshal Ney, for he strikingly resembled Ney in physique and habits, and several incidents of everyday life are told, which are sufficient evidence to substantiate the claim that he was Napoleon's great Marshal.

THOS. H. ANDERSON.

LIEBE NACH TODE

Wife, dead and sainted, I see your smiling face through my tears to-night. Radiant and girlish, you gaze up once more to me with your laughing eyes. Your soft cheeks coyly break into two little dimples—my poor pet dimples. Oh beloved, you are not gone—say not dead! 'Tis only some horrible dream. . . . Our fire here in the open hearth crackles no more with sputtering glee. The little twisted, brass-knobbed poker stands where you placed it only last week. Now—you are gone. And yet, dearest, I feel your presence here. Even now you are pausing but a second in the hall. You will enter in a moment—and poke the little fire you loved to coax so well. . . .

Outside the winter wind blows cold. The frozen earth must ache where you. . . oh tender Christ, it cannot be so cruel. These helpless, numb tears. . . Little wife, you are only pausing in the hall. You will enter in a moment. See; your violets still nod in their vase on the mantel. Dear, tender, little withered things—they, too, are sad now. Sweetheart! a tremulous little purple bunch nestled against your breast when I first met you, last Easter. I sat in Church and watched the delicate blooms heave gently with your breast. We met after service. Last summer, before we were married, I plucked a bouquet each morning for your belt. And now . . . just these sad little nodding flowers. Are they all? No; say not all. Here is your picture, love, in my watch-case—and with it your stolen brown curl. Poor, dear, lonely strands of hair—they once curled about your temple. I clipped them myself, the night we were together on the lawn. You pouted; and I smoothed out your lips with my first bold kisses. See; I kiss your picture now—and your curl. Oh, dearest; your own perfume still lingers in the strands. Your perfume! It is left there in the curtains, by the window, where you brushed aside the snowy lace to peer out at me on the walk. The same delicate incense is in the pillow

of your bed—in the next room . . . Come, little woman, from out the hall. Why so long? 'Tis time to poke your fire . . . .

Here is a small trinket I once gave you, dear. You admired it much. I picked it off the bureau in the next room, this morning. Its circle of gold, fashioned for the finger, now looks infinitely hollow and empty. Your snug little finger ran through it once . . . I see a spider-web high up on the chandelier. Come, little wife, and dust your house . . . .

There on the table, beside my half-smoked cigar, lies a gift you once gave me. A small volume of poems . . . I open the book now. Dearest! This is your little embroidered handkerchief I find crushed tenderly here between its pages. Your handkerchief—in my book. You marked with it the place we last read. This is the verse we read—only last week here before our fire, together. As we bent and read, a little stray wisp of your hair softly brushed my cheek—just as it sometimes did before we were married. You loved the Sonnets; I loved them also. Our tastes were ever alike, dear. You remember—'twas only just now—we lingered admiringly over this verse, which had expressed a mutual sentiment of our own. Like two happy children, we joyously chattered of the thrilling wonder of it all. We exchanged questions on life and love; and each of us hazarded some answer. . . You once asked, sweetheart, if in the future when our bodies became languid with old age, would our young love too grow faint—and die. I cannot . . . it is not left for me to answer now . . . In old age . . . . These tears . . . Oh, dearest, why stay so very, very long? The spider-web shakes high up on the chandelier . . . Come in, little wife, and poke our sad little fire . . .

BLAKE APPLEWHITE.

COALS

Without, through gnarled trees the troubled wind
Wails mournfully of horrid shapes and forms
Forlorn in deepest misery steeped—old men,
Wither'd and crook'd, who in God's image once
Sublime were made; but now, in sin traduced,
Like Mammon stretch their hands forever towards
The clean, that touching once with evil deed
Their garments' purest white they might o'erwhelm
With misery like their own.

Before me, the fire burnt low, the ruddy coals
Remain, wherein the figures of my past
Move on in ever changing roles from where
With roseate hue the world first opened to
My childish view, till now the path is dark
With roughened way. I sit and watch the play
Of little flames—how each aspiring for
The heights leap up, yet failing falls into
The common mass. One flame alone remains.
It flares and flickers like a dying thing,
Then sinks into its ruddy coal. The coals
Begin to die. One coal alone remains
That glows with kindly cheer within the gloom.
But now, burnt out, it dims and fades into
A lifeless mass, while icy clutchings grip
My heart.

G. L. Carrington.

EDITORIALS

OUR NEED

We enjoy speaking a good word for the deserving. No institution is more deserving, we think, than that one which stands for those things which are highest and best in University life. What higher purpose could there be than that of creating and preserving a pure spiritual and social atmosphere for young men in the heat of college life? This year's statistics, eternal and inevitable statistics, tell us that the work of the young men in the Christian association is a success: forty per cent enrolment of students, well attended meetings, large number Bible study groups, renewed interest in Sunday school work; these are published reports by which the outsider may judge. The true value of the work, however, can never be estimated. Figures cannot express the sympathy and fellowship that exists in this organization. Reports cannot reveal the worth of lofty influence and unselfish endeavor. Statistics cannot record self-sacrifice and brotherly love. Every man in the shadow of the University is welcomed. The village and surrounding country feel the influence of friend and teachers. The spreading tide touches the shore of far away China. The work is progressing, and in the progression there must be changes. The true purpose must ever be the betterment of young men. To achieve this purpose fully, there must be the necessary equipment. Our forefathers attended school in a log cabin. We enter a University. The equipment should be adequate to the demands. The overworked Association building, and above all, the realization of the pressing need for social betterment should be sufficient demand for a larger, more fully organized and better equipped association and building. A. & M. College has set an example with a $60,000 Association building as a center of college life. In a much more secluded section, where social conditions are less favorable and where religious conditions are more critized, the need seems even

more pressing. We express ourselves favorably inclined toward such a movement, believing we can serve the State best by attending to the vital needs of her young men.

THE PRODIGAL

There is joy when the lost is found. The restoration of the stray sheep to the fold brings happiness. The return of the last prodigal, dramatics, has brought rejoicing. A few pretended to be happy when the forlorn child strayed away and drifted below our supposed high standard. Unkind jolts and cuffs by unsympathetic neighbors landed the rejected offspring dangerously near the gutters of despondency. But the husks did not satisfy. Days of toil and nights of care, gentle persuasion and careful training, the heart of courage and the hand of sympathy drew the wanderer home again to an exalted station. Dramatics came back. And the calf was fat.

THE ANNUAL COMPLAINT

There is both discouragement and consolation for us in trying to write. We gaze hopelessly at a library full of volumes or rack our brain for something original and come to the ancient and sagacious conclusion that there is nothing new under the sun. The passions of man are portrayed by a Homer. Shakespeare has gone before us. It seems that no stone in the field of literature has been left unturned and we disdain imitation. Then comes comforting consolation. To speak concretely, we have our own little knot hole in the fence surrounding the game of life. We have a different view from that of anyone else. Homer in the grandstand might not have seen the long fly that the fielder muffed at our feet. Shakespeare in the bleachers might not have observed the elusive grounder that rolled directly in front of us. So we do not attempt to write out the rules of the game nor describe details, but from our little angle we try to give the plays just as we see them. Who knows but that a home run might be knocked over the fence some day?

DISTINGUISHED STRANGER

She was on the train Christmas. Her name? We know not. Her destination? Unknown also. Charming? Of course. She would have been distinguished among a thousand. There was one thing particularly attractive about her that elevated her from many of her sex. The editor gazed at her and wondered; wondered and gazed again. She gazed at the editor, perhaps she wondered too. Glances met, not a ray of recognition, yet it seemed as if the two were of one mind. Not a word was spoken. She vanished, and the editor continued to ponder. What was the cause? Why did she demand so much attention? What was the great distinguishing feature that differentiated her from the crowd? She was reading a copy of the *University Magazine*.

DR. BATTLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY

During the past month there was presented to the editor the second and last volume of Dr. Battle's "History of the University of North Carolina" which has recently been issued. It is needless to say that the volume is surprisingly attractive and highly prized. Aside from the fact that the book is concerned with our University and was written by our Dr. Battle, the carefully selected and arranged material is presented in a manner which cannot fail to interest any one to whom the affairs of the State are worth while.

The second volume deals with affairs of the University from 1868 to 1912. The story of the life of the University is presented as clearly and naturally as the life of a great individual personage. The struggle for existence, growth and development, progress during the different administrations, relation to the State, not to speak of the personal touch added by continual allusion to prominent Carolina students, life and customs in historic Chapel Hill, all these themes are accurately and charmingly presented by the most fitting historian the University could select.

The printer's work is excellent; the illustrations are unusually clear prints. The work of Professor Cobb in procuring the various engravings deserves mention, while Dr. Joel Whitaker, of Raleigh, kindly furnishes an account of Carolina athletics.

The years of toil and care spent in compiling, arranging and presenting this lasting record makes the University and the State more indebted than ever to the beloved author.

THE EDITOR.

AROUND THE WELL

UNNECESSARY DELAY

Meetings on the campus are always late. Even the student council meets tardily. The average delay of the athletic council is from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Why are we prone to come dragging into meetings at just any old time?

It is not that we are always too busy. The busiest men in college come on the stroke of the hour. We cannot attribute this fault entirely to the Hookworm. Sixty per cent of the students are free from Hookworm, and never more than one-fifth of the members are present at the appointed hour of any meeting. The trouble lies in our expecting others to be late. This gives rise to an "It-doesn't-make-much-difference-whether-I'm-there-on-time-or-not" spirit. Realizing this we linger to read the last two columns in the latest issue of "His Majesty, Bunker Bean" while the man for whom there would be some excuse for tardiness is impatiently waiting. A late beginning results in half digested business or a late end. A late end clashes with other engagements.

This is not exactly a problem. It is an inexcusable nuisance. The solution is clear and lies within us. Let us brace up. Let it be ever present in our minds that it does matter whether we are on time or not. Let us have a little regard for the man who has other things to do besides sit in the mission room of the Y. M. C. A., and twirl his thumbs. WALTER STOKES, JR.

A SUGGESTION

The idea of giving prominence to historic spots has never been developed in the South to the same extent that it has in the New England States. To use Boston as an example, we find such landmarks as the Old State House, the Old

South Meeting House, and Faneuil Hall still standing approximately as they were in colonial times, although no doubt the sites of these buildings could be used to more advantage commercially.

Another example more to the point is the care taken of the Washington Elm in Cambridge. The tree is now decadent, but it is surrounded by an iron fence and thus protected to a certain extent from the ravages of souvenir hunters. A bronze tablet tells the historical incident which took place under the tree, namely, that of Washington's taking command of the Colonial troops.

This suggests the question as to why it would not be a good idea to take some definite care of old Davie Poplar. Why would it not be a good plan to enclose it with an iron fence, and raise a bronze tablet telling of the incident, or at least the tradition, connected with the tree? It would be a fine thing if some graduating class would do this as a parting act. Such an act could not help but exert a great influence on the students, and even on the state at large in arousing an interest in our history.

Although this may be sentiment, it is not sentimentality. Every student ought to be imbued with the spirit of the traditions of the University, and nothing could have more force in turning attention in this direction than some such plan as the one suggested. LOWRY AXLEY.

THE COLLEGE WIT

The college wit is an ubiquitous rascal. He especially likes to follow the crowd and show off his excessive ability. He nightly inhabits the Pickwick and here gets off some of his most brilliant flashes. Secure in the protection that a crowd affords, he is at his best. When there is anything in the picture to warrant it, he throws out a suggestive—a very suggestive—remark and waits for the encore. Everything is dark, you won't be seen, and it would be a breach of etiquette not to laugh or to ask about the performer. You must sit tight and enjoy the fun.

Coming out in the light, this young hopeful discovers that the walls of college buildings would be an excellent place to develop his abundant talent further. Whereupon he writes his bright and suggestive sayings on the walls where admiring hundreds may read. He never signs his name—Oh no, that would be a breach of etiquette, too. His witless witticisms take other channels. He snickers on class when the teacher slips up or becomes entangled in the varied meanings of the English language; he yells something funny and extremely ludicrous (but not quite proper) when a girl crosses the campus; he tries to embarass a visiting ball player when he makes a misplay. In all this he is trying to show his college spirit and to demonstrate how a college education has sharpened his faculties. But, strange to relate, he is extremely modest and had much rather be heard than seen.

What makes this fellow such a favorite, such a bright fellow? Why, because he receives the encouragement of those who enjoy a hearty laugh, of course! That's his excuse for existing in a college where education and training run riot.

Finally and seriously, though, if the nature of the man can be determined by the nature of the thing he laughs at, some of us are a long way from real *eruditio* yet. The educated man does not let cheap, coarse wit untether the animal within and bellow at all suggestive remarks. He may love a hearty laugh, but crude and vulgar references, never.

No; the college wit such as we have now is not an educated wit, and he doesn't play to cultured audiences. He should either be required to raise the quality of his performance or retire from the stage by the administration of the slangy but always effective injunction: "Get the hook!"

ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

THE WORKING BOY

The pages of history have been brightened by the achievements of many men who worked their way through college. In fact it is not at all surprising that this is true, for the boy who is ready and anxious to wait on tables or do any kind of work in order to get an education already has within him a very essential element of a successful life. We all do or should admire such a boy. He deserves our greatest respect and consideration. He needs our aid and encouragement. There are at present more than seventy such boys in college who are making all or part of their college expenses. All honor to them! They will bring great credit to the State and their Alma Mater. But while the University and the town are rendering a great service to these boys in giving them work, yet, I believe that they could help a greater number. There are many more boys in the University who need help, in addition to the many out in the state who, if they ever get a college education, must have work. It seems to me that there are many other kinds of work here that could be given to these boys thus enabling them to attain their most laudable ambition—a college education.

HORACE SISK.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION

Times change and so do ideas of luxury. We of the University may not be familiar with all the ways of wealth, but the automobile is ours. It has honked into the community, guided by the astute minds of Tank Hunter and Pendy and now it is so much a part of our daily existence that we spend our spare time sitting in the cars in front of Patterson's and Kluttz's cultivating the look of ownership and uttering learnedly airy nothings about "left hand drive" and "rotten roads" and "60 miles an hour". Formerly the stately landau and the noble horse satisfied our souls; now we cry "Speed!" Our outlook on life has broadened. Raleigh is not the stranger of five years ago

and Durham is a part of the University. Mr. Duke's Academy of Music rivals the Pickwick and the Royal Café is more local than Gooch's. And with the broadening has come also a loosening of the purse strings that the cost of high living leaps down from editoral columns and hits us full in the face. No longer satisfied with the Chapel Hill Limited we spin over to Durham and catch the train there, thus avoiding the common herd and procuring a seat in times of heavy traffic. It costs more—Oh yes! But be a sport and—Have you seen Booker's new seven-seated Cadillac Six, 1913 Model? Man, She's a beauty!

LENOIR CHAMBERS, JR.

SUCCESS

Men came and looked upon his work,
And marveled much, and cried:
"How mightly your hands have wrought!"
He smiled, but naught replied.

For when the night was dark and still,
With other men apart,
He fought his own accusing soul,
And Failure clutched his heart!

SAMUEL HARLEY LYLE, JR.

SKETCHES

AFTERNOON MAIL

It was Saturday morning before Christmas and it seemed as though most of the 200 inhabitants of Cornville, as well as a large part of the population of the surrounding country, had gathered in "Old Man" Parsons' store, the back end of which had recently been converted into the U. S. Post Office. "Old Man" Parsons was sorting out the mail which the carrier had just brought in. He hadn't been Post Master long. In fact, Cornville hadn't had a Post Office but about two weeks, and this as well as the nearing festivity was what had brought the crowd to the store.

"Old Man" Parsons continued his important task of distributing the mail, putting a letter in a pigeon hole here, a paper in one there, until he came to a letter that puzzled him. He examined it closely and shook his head. He couldn't make it out. He didn't know who it was for. But maybe it was for someone visiting in Cornville during the holidays. He would see. He stepped out from behind the partition, and holding the letter aloft in his hand inquired, "Is there anyone in here named Afternoon? I've got a letter here directed to 'P. M., Cornville, N. C.' "

W. B. C.

"JUG" WHITAKER ON THE RUN

Everything down town had its customary twelve-thirty-period restfulness. The mail had not yet arrived. Around Patterson's was the usual crowd of idlers. The whistling of the peanut stand had ceased. All was silence. Suddenly from up towards the Pickwick came a thudding tramp. Swaying from side to side "Jug" Whitaker came down the sidewalk in a shambling run, his puffing breath rivaling the sound of his tramping feet. On toward and past us

he stumbled. His blue coat-tails streamed straight behind him. His cap bobbed up and down. Before he was lost in the crowd, I heard him pant: "Fire! Fire! Lemme git to the bell." E. H. A.

GETTING A SHAVE

I was walking up Seventh Avenue one day last week from Pennsylvania Station. As I wanted a rest as well as a shave, I stopped in the first decent looking barber shop I saw, picked out the barber I judged to be the most reticent, and sank back comfortably into the big chair. Not a word was spoken for fully a minute. But a few swabs put me at the villain's mercy. A flip or two on the strop with his razor, and then he opened fire.

"Ye know this past year has been a wonderful year. Now I don't take much stock in politics, but I do think there are goin' to be some big changes in our country in the next few years. It's not the best thing for one party to stay in power too long. Things are liable to get rotten. Ye can't tell much about these politicians anyhow—Massage?"

"No," I replied, and all the while he was performing gymnastic stunts on my face. Seeing that I wasn't very responsive politically, he aimed at another spot in my harness.

"Say, what dye think of the big series last fall? Some pip, eh? Now, I tell ye, it was all luck, just pure luck that Boston won. The Jinx sure did follow the Giants, and them Red Sox guys had horse-shoes hangin' all over 'em. If Snodgrass hadn't muffed that ball in the tenth inning, they wouldn't be champions to-day. Just take that from me. Matty was pitchin' a swell article of ball, an' ought've won in a walk. He was makin' them Boston ginks dream of the days when they wuz in the tall grass. Had 'em groggy, I tell ye, an' a-feelin' for the ropes. Mind ye, I'm not discreditin' the Red Sox at all, but take

Joe Wood an' Speaker off the team, an' the Giants would 'ave made that bunch look like a gang of old maids at a Bowery burlesque show. Luck's a great thing in baseball, anyhow—Have a shampoo?"

"No", I said rather impatiently, "I don't want a shampoo."

At this injuncture an Italian with his hurdy-gurdy stopped just in front of the shop, and started up a medley of popular airs.

"Strange how them dagoes ever make a livin'," my tormentor began again, keeping time on my face with his razor. "Now that wop'll shove that screech-box o' his around all day for just the few pennies he can pick up here and there. I bet one o' them guys can live on almost nothin'.—Want yer hair singed?"

"No, not to-day," I answered, getting my second wind of patience.

The barber made a few more moves and then straightened the chair again, after having almost smothered me with hot towels and filled my nostrils with cheap talcum.

"Don't ye know," he rattled on again, "we barbers can tell whether a man does his own shavin' or not. The first thing is to look at a man's neck. If he does his own shavin' he can't very well reach his neck; an' if somebody that's not a barber shaves it for him, it's bound to be a punk job. I tell ye, there's an art in shavin'. An' a barber's got to keep his dignity, too, just the same as people in other professions. Suppose, for example, we should shave a man with a safety razor. Wouldn't we get the hook, though? Well, I guess. Might as well think of Adeline Genée doin' the turkey trot in the dance hall of the Café Mandarin, or Charley Murphy standin' on his head to amuse a gang of East Side Yids.—Bay Rum, Herpicide Rosewood, or Danderine?"

"I don't remember having said that I wanted any tonic on my hair," I replied as sarcastically as possible, but the force of it was lost on that human shaving machine.

"Wet or dry?" he asked mechanically. "Dry," I answered just as mechanically, and he brushed my hair accordingly.

As he released me from the chair, I paid him for the shave and then went to the mirror to put on my coat and collar.

"Next," he called, and I thanked my stars that he was through with me. But no, as a parting thrust he questioned, "What are your views, anyhow?"

After I had given the negro attendant a dime for swatting me on the back a half dozen times or more with his brush, and knocking a particle of dust from the northwest corner of my left shoulder blade, I looked again toward the barber, who had repeated the question.

"I am decidedly Japanese in some of my views," I replied.

"Well," he commented sagely, "the Japs are wonderful little chaps," and he chuckled at his pun. But he did not know that in Japan they put a gag on the barbers to keep them from talking.

LOWRY AXLEY.

TAR HEEL ENTHUSIASM

That the love of winning is born in the heart of every true North Carolinian cannot be doubted, and the following incident which happened in Warrenton, may serve to illustrate the point.

Court was in session, and a particularly long and tiresome trial was in progress. One of the audience had imbibed rather freely of *aqua vitae,* and, oppressed by the close atmosphere of the room, he went to sleep and fell out of his seat.

He was arrested immediately, and brought before the judge, but he vehemently denied that he was drunk. Finally, the judge pointed to a plank in the floor of the aisle and said: "If you can walk that plank from here to the door, I will say that you are sober."

"Well Judge, it's up to me then, ain't it" said the culprit, rearing back his shoulders and putting his hands in the pockets of his trousers.

"Yes" said the judge.

Whereupon greatly to the surprise of all, the prisoner turned, and slowly but surely made his way along the plank to the door, but, as soon as he reached the open, he gave vent to a wild yell of exultation. This caused him to be brought back, and he was reprimanded and put in jail for twenty four hours.

When his time was out, he sauntered over to the hotel, and fell into a good-natured chat with the judge. He mentioned the disorder which he had been guilty of and said:

"Your Honor, I oughtn't to have made no fuss the other day, but, you know when we old Tar Heels win a victory, we are just bound to yell."

R. B. House.

CONSOLATION SWEET

The mail had just arrived, and had attracted the usual crowd of loafers to the post office. I was expecting a letter from Mary, so I joined the push (I'd have done it anyhow). By the time I had reached my box, there was a letter awaiting me. It was for my room-mate, but I consoled myself with the thought that the next would be mine. Hardly had I turned around, when someone said, "There's the other one, Bill". In feverish haste I turned and opened the box again. Alas, the second was but a fellow of the first. My hope would not be downed. I strode resolutely away. In a few minutes, I returned and found another letter. "That's the one, Bill," said I. "It sure looks like her style of envelop." But, no! My room-mate's luck remained as before. I said, "Don't get disheartened, old chap. Your turn will *have* to come soon." I waited* * * Another letter came. I could hardly contain my enthusiasm. I almost shouted * * * Again I suffered defeat.

The sign said, "LETTERS UP." I turned away. I was thoroughly disgusted. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the first thing I touched. It was a letter. I had gotten it three days before, but I opened and read it. I was consoled.—It was: "Bill Williams, Dr. to Patterson Bros. Jan. 3, 1912. To dopes, etc., ——.43 cents. Please remit"

D. H. Killeffer.

A DREAM ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Our noble hero had fallen into a profound reverie. Deep within his innermost heart of hearts were his thoughts centered. His Pet! his jewel! what a vision his mind kept continually before him! He contemplated with fierce passion the entrancing portrait: her whole fresh, rosy appearance, the beautiful golden head, plump round cheeks, and ruddy complexion glowing with the full vigor of the perfect health that animated the fair young body—He straightened up and sharply checked this wandering of his mind, knowing full well that he only precipitated the madness that had threatened his smitten heart ever since the beginning of their brief aqcuaintance.

He reviewed the few short days since their first and only meeting. One short glimpse, and then—she was gone, hidden, swallowed up, shut in like some unclean thing. Fate and circumstances, with numerous obstacles and hindrances, prevented further meetings and widened the chasm between them; while he, being a dreamer of dreams sat and waited until the time should come for another sight of her. But in vain, and, strangely, he found his anxiety heavier and heavier as the hours passed with leaden feet. Little had he thought that one small atom of creation could stir so strongly the trend of an earthly existence. He had been changed—changed from a brave, strong man to a nervous ambitionless wretch; and he shuddered to think to what end he might come if his suspense were not soon broken and his desire fulfilled.

Suddenly he leaped upright; his expression of uncertain-

ty fled and was succeeded by one of mortal anguish bespeaking emotions that racked his frame. She had made her presence felt to him! Some divine instinct told him she was near,—aye, at his very side! What a delightful sense of thereness came over him! He would see her now! Whatever the obstacles, he would conquer them—be they battery mules of Jupiter's thunderbolts! As for the puny walls of men—

He bounded across the room, tore furiously at the plaster ripped off the adhesive along with a strip of skin, and, with a fragrant mixture of Octagon soap and brown sugar in his hand, with anguish written in his features he surveyed a lusty boil in all its glory. Softly a tear strolled down to his manly chin as he realized that the core was at home and seemed there to stay. GEO. W. EUTSLER.

EXCHANGES

The January number of the *Wofford College Journal* is a real disappointment. It contains nothing new or extraordinary in a literary way, and shows an unconscious attempt to increase the number of pages at the expense of literary excellence. There is an article on Napoleon Bonaparte in which the writer startles us with the information that "more has been written concerning Napoleon Bonaparte than any other personage in history". A few pages further on we read a short article on Napoleon's friend, "Michael Ney", which leads us to the conclusion that the editors came near deciding to issue a Bonaparte Memorial Edition. Seriously though, there is nothing interesting or praiseworthy in either of these articles; for unless such subjects are intended to be different and more helpful than the facts that can be culled from any first-rate encyclopedia they waste the printer's good ink. We like the introduction of the story "Since The Night of The Dance," but the writer showed us his hand before he finished telling us the tale. There is a bit of verse on "Life" in which the poet keeps dilly-dallying and never did tell us what life really is or was. We take it though from what he said that life is a hotchpotch, a dictionary of every adjective and noun in actual use—in fact, so many things that we have clean forgot half of them. The communication is signed Chick A. Dee which probably accounts for it.

But all is not dross. Despite the cartoon on the cover, the editor did his part and gave us four editorials that are well worth the reading; and the other departments are fairly well edited. On the whole, however, we think there are several things which prevent this issue from being a representative college publication. It seems to us that the editors are a little too lax in admitting some articles that have the earmarks of the wastebasket written plainly in the first few lines. "Keep the quality up", is a health maxim as essential to the life and usefulness of a college

magazine as it is to a manufacturing concern, and more attention should be paid to it than to all other words of wisdom with which we are tortured.

In pleasing contrast, stands the *Georgian.* When you have read this magazine critically, you lay it down with genuine satisfaction. The literary department is well-balanced, there are six poems, four stories and two essays—a combination designed to satisfy the most fastidious. We were surprised, however, to note that one lone sketch constituted the sketch department, and two editorials the editor's say. Probably the editors were too busy collecting material and reasoned that these departments were not read anyway, which is often the case but which does not help the bob-tailed appearance of the magazine. As a rule, the average exchange department, is not read except by those looking for compliments but you have to keep grinding away and keep up appearances, you know. All the stories in this issue are well-planned but it seems to us that more appropriate titles should be chosen. Such headings as "Jack's Ambition" and "The Crooker Crooked" are too commonplace, and often prevent one from reading a really delightful story. The cover is of modest design quite in keeping with the general tone of the magazine, and since there are twenty-five pages of advertisements and fifty pages of reading matter, we are constrained to add that, both financially and literarily, the magazine seems to be in a very prosperous condition.

The best short story we have read in our exchanges this month is "The Sacrifice On Granite Shelf" in the January *Carolinian.* The author shows remarkable familarity with the life and customs of the mountain people, and though the idea of the story is vague and indefinite at times, there is sufficient action to keep up interest throughout the story. A most commendable effort. The series of articles on the Work of the Fourth Estate", the first of which apears in this issue of the *Carolinian,* is of practical value and if more articles of this type were used in college magazines

there would be increased interest in college journalism. Unfortunately, however, when a student is asked to "write something for the magazine", he immediately thinks of some-well-known historical subject, or some topic that is worn old and threadbare by constant usage. This is usually the case, we say, and it is refreshing to see some new, live and practical subject discussed intelligently in our exchanges. Such a practice is so uncommon that it deserves attention, and we are glad to compliment the *Carolinian* upon taking this new departure. The poetry of this issue is about the average but the editorial department is especially strong. There are eight pages devoted to the outpourings of the editor's soul from "The Ladies We Love" to the serious question of whether prayers should be devotional or instructive. A most interesting collection, to be sure, which reflects the personality of the editor—a quality that never fails to awaken friendly concern and very often proves beneficial.

Unquestionably the neatest magazine that comes to our desk is the *Redwood.* Capacious, printed on good paper, and frequently illustrated, this magazine would match the popular magazines in carefulness of design and general appearance. It contains some excellent material too, about the best in the current issue being a choice bit of verse, "Fame." The story, "Gents of the Road," is cleverly written, but the writer seemed to be conscious of trying to write humorously and there is therefore a touch of superficiality in his treatment of the plot. All the departments are in capable hands, it seems, and no suggestions can be offered in this particular.

We close our review this month with grateful acknowledgement of our usual exchanges, and with a bit of verse clipped from *The Collegian,* entitled "Anyman":

"A peacock struts along the wall,
A death's head 'neath lies mouldering,

A ruin old lifts a broken tower,
To an inky sky all lowering."

"The ruin was a castle strong,
The skull, alack! was a maiden fair,
And the darksome sky a vault of blue,
And pride a peacock strutting there."

ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

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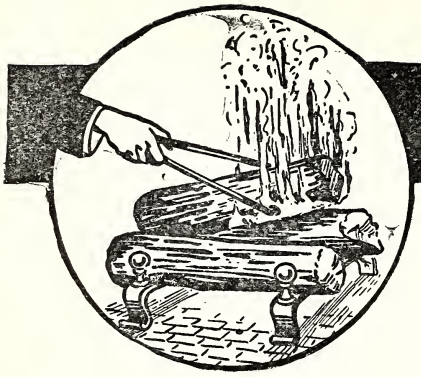

Moods

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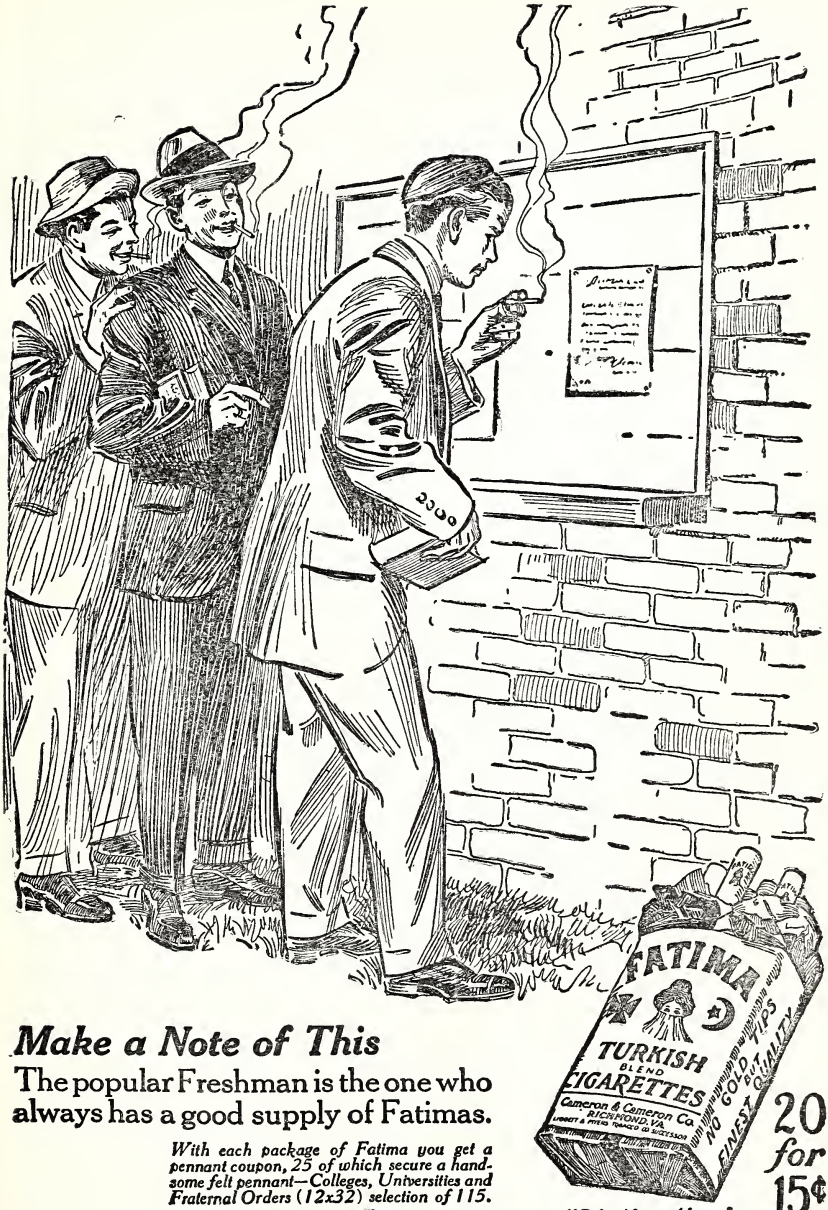

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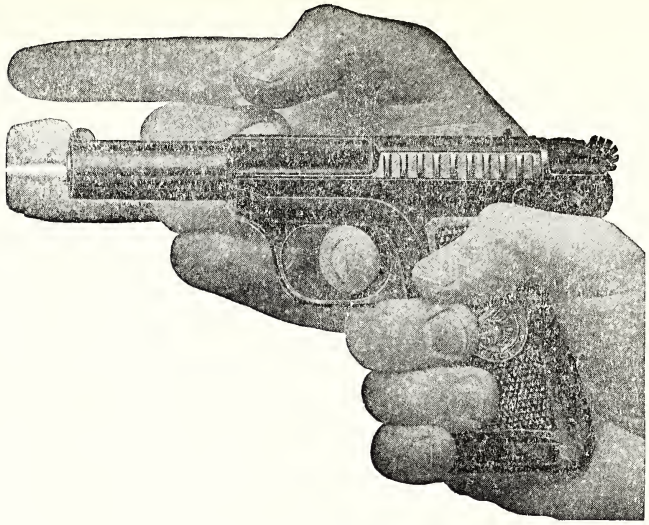

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THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
APRIL, 1913

Old Series, Vol. 43 No. 5 New Series, Vol. 30

O. HENRY

William Sidney Porter was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, on Thursday, September 11th, 1862. Beyond the bare record of this in the family Bible little is known of his early days in this State.*

When yet a young man he left home on account of ill health, and went to Texas, where he spent about 3 years on the ranch of Lee Hall, a ranger. Though he was writing throughout his early life, he first attempted newspaper work on the *Houston Post.* He spent a year at this work, furnishing a column each day, and it is easy to imagine how much this contributed to his later human and artistic touches. Porter then went to Austin, Texas, where he bought from a Mr. Brann for $250.00 a paper called the *Iconoclast,* which he changed into the *Rolling Stone.* The *Rolling Stone* had a shorted lived career however, flourishing and wavering between the years 1894 and 1895. All the stories that appeared during this time were later changed and much improved. Porter himself said that all he had ever written finally appeared in some widely published magazine or periodical.

From Texas he went to Central America with a friend, and interested himself in a banana venture, which, however, on account of the disastrous financial ending, failed to keep his interest. After "knocking around there among the refugees and consuls," he returned to Texas, where he spent two bitter weeks in a drug store; thence to New Orleans, where he began his most consistent work. It was

*Reference may be had to Dr. Archibald Henderson's Sketches of O. Henry in "North Carolina Review."

while here that he took the nom-de-plume of "O. Henry."

In 1902 he launched out on his literary career proper in New York City, where he more than fulfilled the prophecy of the editor of the *Houston Post* when he said to Porter: "Within five years you will be earning a hundred dollars a week on a New York newspaper." At this time Mr. Gilman Hall, then editor of *Ainslee's Magazine,* promised him twelve hundred dollars for twelve short stories. This was a most flattering offer for O. Henry, and he more than carried out his part of the agreement. Thus had he arrived.

There are many stories current of Porter's early life and his various adventures. One has it that he was born in Texas; another that he was a tramp, a seller of books, a tintype artist, a hard-luck prospector, a cowboy and a druggist. Many of these stories are painfully inaccurate, though there are numberless human incidents that tell more vividly than words of his characteristics, his manner, his personality, and his intense love for humanity and sympathy for the moods of men and women of every sort and condition.

From Texas he got the setting and atmosphere in "The Heart of the West;" from Central America his "Cabbages and Kings;" from the millions of New York came "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," and "The Voice of the City." "The Gentle Grafter," one may readily imagine, in the natural course of events, has no particular background. "Options" and "Roads of Destiny" are collections of stories written at different times, on different subjects, and are as delightful reading as one could expect to find. The Modern Arabian Nights Tales, suggested to him by his friend H. H. McClure, is a veritable treasure trove of intimate mysteries of the mind and heart of individuals from every walk of life, their thoughts and doings half smilingly and half pathetically told; wistful lights, as it were, turned on the curious workings of the human soul, the current for which came from that teeming modern Bagdad, New York City.

Of all his wonderful creations, the most wonderful were Jeff Peters, "Beelzebub" Blythe, Johnnie Atwood, Colonel Telfair, Jimmie Valentine, "Shamrock" Clancy, Willie Robbins, and many others, all of whom are more nearly real characters than types, and who furnish us with their share of the good humor from the world they represent. O. Henry has a story and an appeal for every reader, regardless of the reader's station, education, or taste,—some tale that every one likes to relate and recommend to his friends.

In his stories of the city, he touched every department of the life of a complex civic center. Though his tales were applied locally, it was the desire of O. Henry that they might apply universally. "Just change," he said, "Twenty-Third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the town well. Then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. At least, I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of local color will set it in the East, West, North, or South."

Therefore, because his stories are true to the natural life which one comes in contact with, when one probes below superficialities, one discovers that they are of interest to everyone. Take the wonder tales of bums, derelicts who sleep on park benches, tramps who expound a laughing philosophy, narrow-chested clerks, "girls who work in shops"—not "shop-girls"—the semi-civilized ragamuffins of the street, and the stupid workers for a grinding and thankless taskmaster,—all tell their stories in their own way. Some are simple touching tales of love, sacrifice, devotion, faith, and hope; others are laugh provoking yet mildly tearful; there are accounts of endless battles, struggles, and strivings for money, position, power, and recognition, all told in a sensationally successful manner.

Like Dickens and Kipling, there was not a rule of composition that O. Henry did not break or ruthlessly ignore; —yet he grips the minds of his readers from the very first,

and holds attention unswervingly to the end. How does he do it? Because the man himself has seen and heard and felt all these things!

If ever a man wrote from real life O. Henry did. He speaks from a rich experience, from a wealth of knowledge of human nature gleaned from every class, of every people.

His lovable personality stood him in good stead whenever he went "Harouning" about the city. He was a Roman in Rome, a tramp with a hobo, a tough along the river front or in the cheap cafes of the Bowery, a millionaire when talking to a millionaire—in fact, an excellent talker and a good mixer. Many are the incidents told of the way he got ideas for his stories. They were always sold in advance, often as much as a thousand dollars being paid before the story was written.

O. Henry never re-wrote his stories,—he just dashed them off and sent them to the publishers; often he was as much surprised to recognize his own work as anyone else. Thus he was able to criticise his own stories as well as the public. His rule in writing was to "write stories that please yourself. There is no rule. In writing, forget the public!"

A short time before he died, he wrote a letter which was never finished, telling of his contemplated long novel. In this letter he says: "My idea is to write the story of a man —an individual, not a type—but a man who, at the same time, I want to represent a 'human nature type,' if such a person could exist. The story will teach no lesson, inculcate no moral, advance no theory." O. Henry wanted to write of a man who told, not "all the truth," but "nothing but the truth," of his "opinions of life as he has seen it, and his *absolutely honest* deductions, comments, and views upon the different phases of life that he passes through." Only about eight pages of this novel were ever written.

In the spring of 1910 O. Henry left his family at Asheville, North Carolina, and returned to New York, setting himself at work to finish a play and to write as many short

stories as he possibly could before the illness that had fastened itself upon him could stop his creative work. He shut himself up and wrote continuously. During this time he had a dream in two seconds which seemed to cover the entire experience of a lifetime. This gave him the idea of his last story (unfinished), called "Murray's Dream," a story full of most intense human sympathy.

It was early Sunday morning when, after a severe operation, which he stood manfully, O. Henry looked out of the window and saw no light of coming day. He moved and asked the nurse: "Turn up the lights! I don't want to go home in the dark!" And with this street phrase on his lips, this prince of story tellers went out seeking a newer Bagdad.

Following is the third stanza of the last poem he wrote, found in a note book after his death, which he called "The Crucible":

"Good when the bugles are ranting,
It is to be iron and fire;
Good to be oak in the foray,
Ice to a guilty desire.
But when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while)
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child."

Wm. Speight Beam.

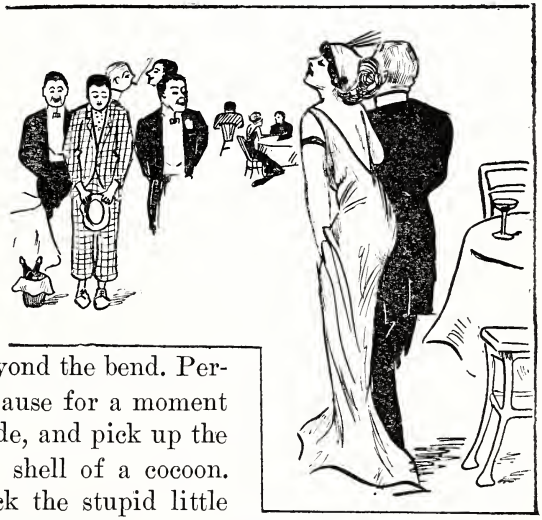
SCIRE NOS

And when I heard him speak that word,
I rose and went out in the night,
And stood beneath the quiet stars,
And felt the fitful breeze blow on
My fevered brow; but in my breast
A wild, hot rage was lashing like
Some fettered beast. For he had called
Me coward, that hoary cripple there
Crouching beside his empty hearth,
Had used a viler name, and spit
Into my face—and I had turned,
A snarl upon my lips, to crush
Him with my naked hands and hush
His evil mouth.
And I had paused,
Had gripped my wrath, and strode out to
The silent night. How nearly had
His words found fruitage in that first
Mad frenzy of my seething brain!

SAMUEL HARLEY LYLE, JR.

THE SCARECROW GINK AND THE BOOLU-BOOLUS

Wherein the Essenheimer Kid, the Terrible Bunghole, the Purple Poet, the French Bull, and the Cripple Nightingale Make Another Night of It in the City.



In other words, understanding reader, you sometimes go afield for adventure—eager for the Romance that lurks just beyond the bend. Perchance you pause for a moment on the wayside, and pick up the dull uncouth shell of a cocoon. Idly you tuck the stupid little sleeping caterpillar into your pocket, and hie on after the lurking Romance of an Adventure. With eager eyes you scan the scenery for a flutter of the retreating petticoat of Enchantment. Listen. A soft uneasy rustling; a subdued sound of scratching; a hushed murmur of throbbing wings; a sudden, quivering flutter of living gauze, and lo—under your very nose flits Romance, in the motley form of the metamorphosed cocoon from your pocket. You, perforce, carried what you sought. But come, now; enough of philosophy. Let us wander together, hand in hand, over meadow and dale in search of a Story.

Spring is rampant once more—the gay, irresponsible season of Puck and Pan, of youth and love, of Niagara-

honeymoons and pennant predictions. Just now hazy, fuzzy little green leaves are beginning to drape a filmy, clingy dress over a world of bare limbs. Nature, you readily understand, (and now wink your eye back at me), has just seen the latest fashion-sheet from Paris. Anyway, the season of rising sap and youthful indiscretions has arrived. All of which moves me to say that the members of the Boolu-Boolu Club, feeling in their youthful veins the restlessness and the mysterious beckonings of the season, had decided to make another night of it in the City.

The Boolu-Boolu Club had arranged to convene at the stroke of 5 P. M. at the old Dram Tree on the corner of the campus near their dormitory. At the foot of the Tree the Essenheimer Kid's big Gorgon-Bentz spraddled the walk and luxuriously dripped gasolene, awaiting the members to assemble. When the first strokes of the college bell rang out over the campus, the Essenheimer Kid, the Purple Poet, the French Bull, and the Cripple Nightingale stepped beneath the shade of the Dram Tree. Two minutes later the Terrible Bunghole, always the last to arrive, loomed puffing across the campus. The members of the Boolu-Boolu Club were now one and all present. From the silk lapel of each of their five full dress suits a white carnation bloomed in all its glory. In the right rear pocket of each of their faultless trousers nestled a hip-pocket edition of Kentucky's far-famed Bourbon nectar.

The Boolu-Boolu Club paused a moment before entering the Gorgon-Bentz. With a stately and solemn air the members of the Club doffed their five silk hats; and with a uniform motion drew forth from their hip pockets the five flasks of sparkling, mellow liquor. Beneath the protection of the hardy old Dram Tree, the members of the Boolu-Boolu Club went through the time-honored custom of paying their respects to the ancient Tree. With tilted heads and gurgling Adam's apples, the members quaffed of the ceremonial juice—to the good health and long life of the old Dram Tree and its royal order of loyal worshippers. A gentle breeze caused the patriarchal old Tree to sigh with

benign approval. Allegiance pledged, the Boolu-Boolus lowered their flasks. The soft pattings of silk handkerchiefs against moist lips marked the completion of the ritual. The members then stowed away their hip-pocket editions for future reference, and mounted into the waiting Gorgon-Bentz.

"Up with the anchor, Essenheimer!"

"Put the speed gas to her, Kid!"

The big car gave a sudden lunge, and rolled from beneath the trees of the campus. The Boolu-Boolus gave their famous tiger yell; and the car, with quickened speed, struck the country highway leading to the City, twenty miles distant.

"The speed limit's name is Little Snookums until we hit the white lights of the City."

"We'll push her up to seventy on the woodland straightaways. Eh, Kid?"

"I'm just dying for a sight of a chicken."

"Oh say, take me quick to a cabaret!"

"Cabaret! That's the word. What's the vote, fellows?"

"All ayes for a cabaret!"

"Passed. Which cabaret shall it be?"

"The gayest in the city! Martini's has recently opened one with a new wrinkle. It's in the building just over his Café Republique. It's the classiest cabaret yet. All the champagne is imported; and the hall is chock full of good-looking chickens with a thirst."

"Good dancing; and plenty of champagne. That's the right stuff!"

"Next vote, fellows. Martini's new cabaret?"

"Aye! Aye!"

"Passed. We champagne the chickens at Martini's!"

And the big Gorgon-Bentz with its five joyous occupants dashed hungrily along the highway leading to the awaiting City. The Boolu-Boolus were once more answering the eternal, siren call of Pleasure to the college man.

II

On the top rail of a fence bordering on a country highway, perched a lanky young man of the *genus rustic.* He was clad in a gay checked tweed suit of a style popular only in rube vaudeville sketches. The attention of the young man was intently directed on something he held in his arms. He was toying with the whispering, fluffy form of a straw scarecrow. He examined minutely the stuffed body of the dummy, from the brainless straw head perched upon its broom-handle spine to the footless straw ankles at the terminals of its patched pair of trousers. As he twirled the straw body about on his lap, he appeared to make a mental note of each eccentric expression and haphazard angle of its limp form. Occasionally he would contort his face into a whimsical grin and stick out his arms awkwardly, in imitation of the lifeless scarecrow.

So absorbed was the man in his examination of the dummy, that he appeared to be wholly unconscious of his surroundings. Back of him was a broad green meadow, apparently the one time demesne of the scarecrow. At the far end of the meadow loomed soft and silent in the late afternoon haze a white farm house and its adjacent outbuildings. On the dim farm lands to the left of the house grazed cattle and sheep. A yellow, muddy brook wound lazily about in the middle of the green meadow—perforce, like a melting stick of molasses candy on the surface of a billiard table. Anyway, around a bend in the quiet country highway honked and dashed into view the members of the Boolu-Boolu Club on their joyful way to the City. They were singing soulfully the bacchanalian verses of the Booze Ballad.

"Quick! Stop the car! Halt!" howled the Terrible Bunghole to the Essenheimer Kid at the steering wheel.

"What's the matter?" came in a chorus from the remaining Boolu-Boolus.

The car stopped.

"There it is, on the rail fence. Look at it," directed the Bunghole with a jab of his finger.

"Say, what do you call it!" exclaimed the Essenheimer Kid, half rising from his seat at the wheel.

"A rube and a scarecrow!" uttered the French Bull.

"A tin-domed corn rustler!" trilled the Cripple Nightingale.

"A cracked boob from the paternal hay loft—and wandering about with his little dolly!" mused the Purple Poet, half to himself.

"Nix. It's a jay-farm gink—that's all," rumbled the Terrible Bunghole, alighting from the car and walking up to the man on the fence. "Good evening, old Gazob. Loosen up and tell us your song-and-dance. What have you here?"

Anger flared up for a second in the face of the lanky man; and then, as if he had suddenly thought of something better, he quickly suppressed it. A foolish grin slowly spread itself over his face as he slid from the fence to the roadside. He tossed the scarecrow over into the meadow.

"Neighbors, howdy," he said, doffing his rusty felt hat with an awkward motion. "What moughtn't I do fer you all?"

"Huh!" grunted the Terrible Bunghole, and turned to the Boolu-Boolus. "He's just a rube gink—that's all. A sort of hay-tossing sissy boy, out communing with nature and scarecrows. Say, gink, what's your handle—your name, I mean?"

"M-m- wall, ma she calls me Ezekiel Greenjay," the man replied with much embarrassment and hesitation, "But pa just calls me Zeke."

"Oh, Agnes! Did you catch that?"

"Too good to be true."

"Greenjay! Oh piffle."

"Nix," growled the Terrible Bunghole, "that's no name for him. Call him the 'Scarecrow Gink.' He plays with dolls. Man dolls, at that. I bet he never kissed a girl in his life. All the country lassies call him 'Fraidy-Cat.' He

sticks around the sheep, the pigs, and the cute little calves. And I bet he runs around behind the barn everytime a skirt comes over to see the old folks. Say, Scarecrow Gink, when was the last time you went to the City?"

The newly christened Scarecrow Gink opened his mouth to reply, and then sheepishly dropped his head.

"Pa don't want me ter go 'way from hum much," he finally answered. "Uncle Josh tuck me with him over thar nigh unto five year ago."

"I thought so. A great chance, fellows," said the Terrible Bunghole, rubbing his hands with glee. "The sophistication of the unsophisticated. Here is a country gink who knows nothing of the high life in the City. We are on our way to Martini's and a swell time. Suppose we take him along with us. Give him a Cook's personally conducted through a modern cabaret and a gay night in the City. What? Fellows, it's the greatest lark yet. Answer up; what shall it be?"

"Rah for the Scarecrow Gink."

"Sure; dump him in the Car!"

"Shove him in to me!"

"Listen, Scarecrow," said the Terrible Bunghole in his most persuasive tones, "do you want to go over to the City with us and have a royal good time?"

The Scarecrow Gink scraped the toe of his brogan on the ground and smiled shyly.

"I always wants tu go over tu the City," he answered, "but I'm 'fraid pa mought maul me when I get back tu hum."

"A licking!" growled the Terrible Bunghole in derision. "Pshaw. You could afford to get licked every day for a week just to take a trip over there. A gay night in the City with us would knock out all the cob-webs in you and whiff away the hay seed. Why say, Scarecrow, you could tell the tale of this trip to your grandchildren around your knee. Hop in the car."

"I'm 'fraid," replied the Scarecrow Gink, tugging to release himself from the grasp of the Terrible Bunghole.

"Honest injun, I wants tu go like all fire. But I'm 'fraid of pa."

"Come on, Gink," urged the Boolu-Boolus. "Get in the machine."

"Tell your old man you spent the night hunting bear."

"Climb right in."

"I'm still 'fraid of pa—gentlemen."

"Now, that's the boy!"

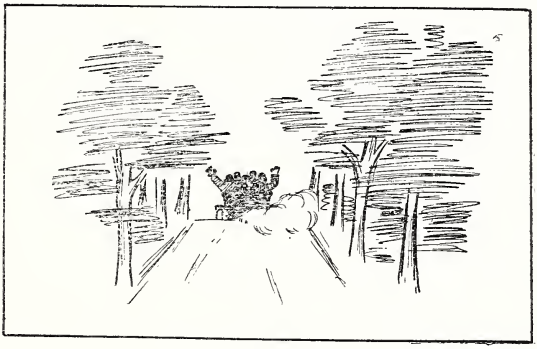
"Sure; you are game!"

"Whoope-doodle! Essenheimer, take us to the City quick."

"We'll show the Gink some gay sights before Phœbus 'gins to rise!"

"To the City, Kid."

And the faithful old Gorgon-Bentz, with the Scarecrow Gink sprawled awkwardly in the midst of the Boolu-Boolus, bounded joyously along the highway to the City.



III

The huge Gorgon-Bentz, nudging out a taxi-cab from the curb, drew up before Martini's glittering Café Republique. The members of the Boolu-Boolu Club sprang lightly to the pavement. The bewildered Scarecrow Gink, mouth agape, was pulled from the car to the curb. In the early part of the night he had dined with the Boolu-Boolus at a rathskeller; and had later been carried to a theatre. Now that all the theatres were out, he was being led by the mem-

bers of the Club to Martini's new cabaret, situated somewhere up in the building towering above the glittering Café.

The Boolu-Boolus, leading in tow the Scarecrow Gink, who was still attired in his ludicrous checked suit, walked calmly into the quiet splendor of the ground floor dining hall of the Cafe. The tables were filled with diners just out from the theatres. Inquisitive necks were suddenly craned; eyes questioned. But the Boolu-Boolus heeded the onlookers not at all. A portly, smiling head-waiter met the party near the main entrance. The Essenheimer Kid whispered a word to the man; pressed a coin into his outstretched cash-register; and pointed in the direction of the ceiling. The smile of the head-waiter ripped into a grin.

"Our new cabaret? Seventh floor, gentlemen," he said in an undertone. "Regular entrance to the elevator is in the hall at the left. I understand something special is added to the cabaret program to-night. Spanish girl, from Madrid, does a newfangle toe dance. It beats the Dutch—I mean the French—the way they do them sassy wiggles. Here's the elevator. Ssh, Jimmie, whisk the gentlemen up to the cabaret."

And the Boolu-Boolus were whisked up before you could put a whiskey down. But soft. The Boolu-Boolus are about to enter the Hall of Enchanting Adventures. They are already whispering the open sesame to a genie in a full-dress suit at the main portal. Now, ardent and breathless reader, (by the way, if you are breathless, chew "Stagmint Chewing Gum"—it gives a perfect breath) one word: listen! I wish you to do a thrilling and diabolical act. I would desire you now, before you cross the threshold of Enchantment, to weed out all the frost-bitten, sedate, puritan thoughts you have ever permitted to grow up in the garden of your mind. Get rid of them. Man's ever-changing ethics, in violation of nature's world-old principles, has insidiously planted in our minds these cold, dried-up thought-weeds. Be advised; weed them out. For they

choke to an unnatural stillness the tugging thoughts of life's passion flowers, the gay-sad poppies; and smother, at the same time, the delicate dreams of love's tender blooms, the shy little violets. Speak up; do you get me, Steve? Anyway, you can now set your liberated imagination in ship-shape. (You note I change abruptly from a botanical to a nautical metaphor; the story, thereby, gains both a fragrance and a certain dash).

Look! the portals of Enchantment are being flung wide by an Irish genie in full-dress. Take a peep into the latest cabaret hall. Twentieth-century Bagdad and modern Arabian Night's Entertainment are spread at once, glowing and pulsing, before us. Imagination liberated, there rushes to our minds in rapid succession mental snap-shots and vivid impressions of all we behold; music, popping of corks, tables of chattering men and women, gleam of white shoulders, upturned faces beneath plumed hats, haze of smoke, laughter, darting of waiters, fringe of palms, open space in center of hall, and, there, the sinous dancing of glimmering forms.

The Scarecrow Gink shied like a young colt at the sight and sound of the gay revelry in the cabaret. The Boolu-Boolus, grasping him by his retreating coat-tails, pulled him into the hall.

The Essenheimer Kid gathered the members for a moment in the shelter of a potted palm, near an artificial fountain. "Listen, fellows," he said; "We've got to get the Gink drunk before we can have any fun with him. He is too shy and wooden now to do anything with. Suppose we hand him over to a chicken to get him soused. A girl can hypnotize him into drinking before he knows it. And in the meantime we can dine and drink whatever chickens we may pick up in here without escorts."

"Sure;" assented the terrible Bunghole, "let a chicken souse him, and when he gets in a prime condition we'll put him through the gay stunts."

"Where will we find a girl?" asked the French Bull.

"Look over the bunch in the hall, and spot one out," suggested the Essenheimer Kid.

"The girl in pink over by the orchestra looks good."

"Pipe the blonde broiler doing the Argentino."

"There's one near the stage that looks thirsty."

"I have the right one spotted two tables over to the left. It's Miss Helen of Troy, New York! Essenheimer, go over and get her to do the job. She is a game little minx."

The Essenheimer Kid immediately sauntered over to the girl, who sat alone at a table drinking white wine. Briefly, she may be described by saying that she was tiny, trim, and talcumed—the sort who appeal to stage-door Johnnies. The Essenheimer Kid bowed politely, leaned over her table, whispered a few words, motioned in the direction of the Scarecrow Gink, dropped a little green roll into her little pink hand, and the girl, smiling, nodded her assent. With her hand resting in the bent elbow of the gallant Essenheimer Kid, she arose and tripped lightly up to the Boolu-Boolus. The uncouth Scarecrow Gink stood a few feet distant from the group, fumbling his hat in painful expectancy. The girl raised her hand airly to greet the blushing youth. She spoke. To the countryman her voice dripped with the sweetness of distilled maple syrup. The Gink blushed to the roots of his hair, and remained silent, eyes downcast.

"My dear boy," the girl said in a gentle tone, "will you kindly join me in a quiet little wine and canvass-back tete-tete? We will go over to my table and be alone. Please don't refuse."

The Scarecrow Gink hesitated, mouth agape. His disconcerted attitude bespoke the misery that gripped him. Was this smiling, delicately scented fairy which breathed at only an arm's length before him wishing him, alone, to accompany her? He cringed at the thought. And yet he dared to look up for one brief second into her laughing eyes. The girl again spoke. The limpid, saccharine tones of her voice dripped melting through her speech, and at the end crystallized into a final drop—of pure sugar.

"Come, dear boy," she said. "You must not refuse me this time; it isn't polite, you know. You are such a jolly, shy creature. I believe, dear caddy, I could learn to love you."

The Scarecrow Gink looked helplessly around. The Boolu-Boolus were shaking with laughter.

"Hey, Gink," softly rumbled the Terrible Bunghole, "get on your job. Feed the lady."

"Do you get me?" whispered the Purple Poet. "You order the wine and hay; we'll settle up with the cashier."

"Take the lady by the elbow and escort her over to the table," advised the Crippled Nightingale.

The Scarecrow Gink crammed his hat into his pocket with an awkward motion, and deliberately grasped the arm of the awaiting girl.

"Cum on, little 'un," he said with a sudden show of animation. "Let's buy sum supper."

"Now you're wise, kid," the girl answered with a quick smile. "Lead me to it."

And the Scarecrow Gink clumsily escorted the girl over to her table. The Boolu-Boolus looked after the retreating pair with unrestrained merriment.

"Believe me," said the Terrible Bunghole, with a knowing wag of his head, "Helen of Troy, New York, will fill the Gink with wine all right."

"Every lad now to his lassie," suggested the Purple Poet, ever ready to seek out a lively partner of the opposite sex.

The members of the Boolu-Boolus Club promptly assented. Each wheeled and glanced around the cabaret hall. With the unerring perception of experienced college men, they picked out the girls of their choice at long range. Each of the members strode in the direction of the partner he had in view.

The Terrible Bunghole dropped into a chair beside a huge Norwegian blonde. She was drinking Cock-tails in lonely sadness. Her appearance contrasted strikingly with the surrounding gayety of the hall. Something of the icy Northland seemed still to linger about her, which she was

evidently trying to thaw out with repeated whiskies. There was something in the manner of the stolid blonde as she tilted her glass in calm deliberation that appealed to the usual imperturbable nature of the Terrible Bunghole.

"Two orders of cock-tails, waiter," directed the Bunghole. "What do you say, Cristiana? Let's thaw out together."

The huge blonde lowered her glass. She gazed searchingly for a moment into the face of the Terrible Bunghole. Slowly and deliberately she winked one blue eye.

At a table in one corner the impulsive Purple Poet and the equally lackdaisical Nightingale were matching dollars to see who would win the company of a woman in a willowy plumed hat. The woman sat opposite them at the table, watching, and smiling the languid smile of one who hungers and thirsts—and knows there is a dear Rah Rah Boy present to stack-em-up for her with Dad's cash. You know that kind of girl; her name is legion. The Crippled Nightingale won out. The woman laughed, and shrugged her bare shoulders.

The Purple Poet puckered his lips in a whimsical manner and caught the eye of a woman at an adjoining table. He nodded his head inquiringly, elevated the eyebrows. She wig-wagged back her assent, toying with the bill-of-fare. It was a sort of wireless cabaretic free-masonry that they exchanged. The Purple Poet quietly slipped into a chair beside the woman. After ordering wine, and thereby exchanging greetings, he quickly began to quote flattering bon-mots to her from his latest original poems.

The French Bull quickly found a seat beside a tall sinuous brunette, thoroughly Parisian. Her clinging dark evening dress met the requirement of the latest imported mode. The French Bull had the ability to do three things in a highly successful manner, and he was proud of his ability. He could speak French fluently, admire gowns with a trained and critical eye, and order meals to suit the taste of a king. He picked up a menu card.

"Garcon, approach," he said, inappropriately beckoning

to an Irish waiter. "Gold-Neck Champagne, two quarts; flakes of young deer into a marinade of claret and herbs; quarter of a guinea chicky prepared in a casserole parmentier; leg of tender Long Island duckling finely braised with spring's first young vegetables; chopped russet apples over rice-fed chicken; and serve the whole with a little sweet-bread with fragrant mushrooms cooked under a gloche. That will be all, Pierre. Hustle it up!" He turned to his partner. Her eyes beamed on him with admiration. Briefly, the French Bull's artistic selection of the latest gastronomical tit-bits had promptly and profoundly made a hit with the lady.

Over at the table where Helen, of Troy, and the Scarecrow Gink dined, wine flowed freely. The Scarecrow Gink seemed to be animated with a certain suppressed shy gayety. He had the appearance of a deacon at a beer picnic. From all external evidences he was beginning to enjoy his first taste of the gay life in the cabaret.

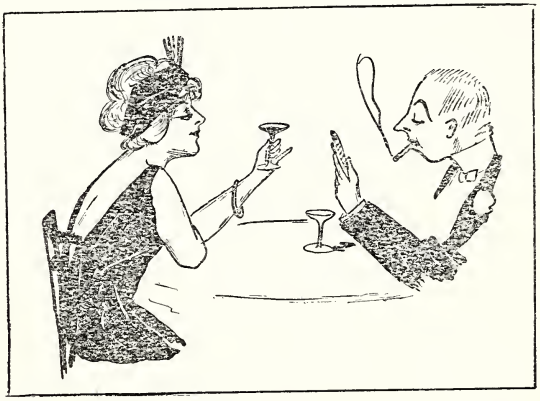
The Essenheimer Kid, eternally tingling for a new touch of Romance and Adventure, caught the flutter of a handkerchief through the haze of smoke. Like Jason of yore, he voyaged after the challenging object. He came upon the woman, beautiful and alone, at a little table near a box of palms. He paused, expectant, before her table. Eyes downcast and with a hidden smile twitching her lips, the woman toyed with a cherry in the neck of her champagne glass. When she suddenly glanced up, half bold, half shy, the Essenheimer Kid became conscious of that subtle warning of sex which heralds a possible sentimental adventure. The Kid was out for "adventure" with a capital Alpha. He had trailed it from college to city; and here it lurked, he thought, about the person of this woman, with her inscrutable smile. He bowed, murmured a greeting, and slipped into the one chair opposite her. She nodded her head in approval, her half-smile still twitching her lips. She leaned slightly foward over the table, resting the bare pink tips of her elbows on the white cloth.

"Bounteous greetings," she said; and added in a low,

refined tone, "my dear night prowling Haroun Al Raschid." She half laughed. "You see I have you spotted correctly at the start. What Adventure do you seek tonight?"

The Essenheimer Kid smiled in acknowledgement. She had guessed right. And he promptly caught up the challenging spirit of her thrust.

"I seek that Adventure," he replied, looking straight into her eyes, "which lurks ever where beautiful women, ready wits, and the beckoning mystery of unknown personalities are wont to assemble. I seek it here in this noc-



turnal gathering place of modern Bagdad. I am trailing the Experience Unusual, Oh Beautiful Enchantress, to its fountain head."

"My dear Mr. Haroun Al Raschid," she said with a laugh, "can you not find this Adventure—this Experience Unusual—at some place where there is none of the far-famed taint and tinsel of the City?"

"You mean not here?" he asked. "Some place outside of the City?"

"Yes. Possibly on a rural highway."

"Never," replied the Essenheimer Kid. "Adventure now lives only in the City. Romance lurks no longer in the loneliness of the rural districts. In the days of Homer and Horace it is true Adventure dwelt in the open air and on the countryside. But now one must come to the City to

find Adventure and Romance, the two urban-born twins of today. Never can Romance be picked up on a country highway."

"I suppose you are right, my dear boy," the woman replied, drinking thoughtfully from her glass of champagne.

Before the face of a fairy-like stage at the lower end of the hall, a thick veil of chaotic tobacco smoke curled and rippled into soft undulations—perforce, like a filmy oriental face-piece across the half concealed smirk of milady of the Turkish Harem. When the orchestra played the next number, a waltz of such stuff as dreams and royalties are made on, the nicotinic veil before the smiling face of the stage was abruptly puffed aside by a draft-perforce, you understand, milady of the Turkish Harem, with the impetuosity of the twentieth century woman, discards her oriental face-piece. Then troops of dainty little, pink betighted bipeds tripped on the stage. Yep; you must say bipeds now, you know. For in these declining times the grinning gentlemen on the ball-headed rows are beginning to think solely in terms of lower anatomy, the twinkling limbs—bipeds. Do you get me, Stephen? Which is as much as to say that a musical comedy, with a complete chorus, was being performed on the stage at the lower end of the cabaret.

Ten brief musical minutes, and then the curtain of the little stage descended amid tumultous clappings from the diners. Each number of the latest cabaret program is brief, but scandalously scintillating. After the musical comedy playlet—which was, by the way, named "A Slice of Love," and then later called "A Slice of Lemon"—followed a team of acrobatic jugglers. The curtain went down.

The music was silent for a moment. Then the orchestra played a strange selection with a short, quick tempo. The music rose and fell softly in the cabaret hall like the wild whisperings of the exotic passions of some far-away clime. Something strangely incalculable, something pervasively mysterious throbbed in the music. It hinted of olive trees,

trailing vineyards, the quiet of moonlight, a sleeping river, the peaceful whisperings of lovers, and then the quick fatal thrust of a lurking rival in ambush. The diners stirred in their chairs. From the stage to the floor of the cabaret stepped a glittering bespangled girl, clad in the costume of a Spanish dancer. The sinuous black dress that moulded snug around her body, the red rose in her dark hair, the motion of her body as she swayed to the lilt wild crash of the music, and the sudden lifting hop and pirouetting on her toes brought a gasp of admiration from the diners. In rapid succession, forever keeping time with the music, she went through a mad maze of bewildering dances. At the conclusion of each of her wild terpsichorean innovations, her audience howled clamorously for encores.

Suddeny the music ceased. The girl stood still in a cleared space between the tables. The orchestra began a soft, almost plaintive air that subtly suggested a passion suddenly satisfied—a love pure, gentle, and subdued. The aerial fragility of the music's theme was so light and free that it seemed to whisper of some happy, peaceful region far away from city and cabaret. The girl began to sing, in pure English, the words of a song now half forgotten. Softly and with feeling her voice whispered rather than sang the words:

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the oranges and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome. less sweet its perfume
That you know not the regions from which it has come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither, but wither who knows?
Who knows?
Hither and thither, but wither—who knows?"

She paused a moment and glanced around the hall. The music softly rose and fell. The girl's gaze rested a moment on the face of the Scarecrow Gink, who sat at a table nearby. Her mouth half framed an exclamation. The Scarecrow Gink rose slightly from the chair at the table, and looked searchingly at the girl in the Spanish costume. The

girl nodded her head as though in recognition, and then went on with her song:

"The river forever glides singing along;
The rose on the bank bends down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose;
But why the rose stoops for those kisses, who knows?
Who knows?
And away flows the river, but whither—who knows?"

There was a stir in the cabaret hall. The Scarecrow Gink walked calmly from his table to the cleared space in the floor where the girl stood smiling. All eyes were turned on him. Keeping time with the music of the orchestra, he advanced to the girl with out-stretched arms. In a clear tenor voice he sang an answer to the girl's song. There was nothing of the sudden hullucination of a drunken man about him, either in the manner of his bearing or in his full rich tones. His was a conscious power of an artist at his best. Clear and full he sang, with his eyes fixed on the smiling girl:

"Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders along;
The river that ever rejoices in song.
Be thou to my fancy the orange in bloom;
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? Who knows?
Who knows?"

As he sang the girl listened, quiet and smiling, displaying no astonishment. On the other hand, the diners were thunderstruck at the unusual action and the wonderful voice of the uncouth man in the checked suit. Each of the Boolu-Boolus rose from the table at which he dined and gazed in blank astonishment at the Scarecrow Gink. But the man appeared to be wholly unconscious of the sensation he had aroused in the cabaret. He advanced closer to the girl. He stretched out his hand, which the girl took. Together, interlocked in each other's embrace, the pair danced in the cleared space before the tables. It was a

dance of two lithe figures trained to fit in with the graceful motion of each other. Whenever the man stepped forward, the girl retreated; whenever the girl advanced, the body of the man fell back, always in perfect time with the music. It was a weird rythmic maze in which each dancer appeared to step through the other. Nothing like it had been seen before on a cabaret floor. Graceful in every motion of limb and body, they whirled and weaved about the floor, ever in complete unison.

Suddenly the pair separated. A wild cheering went up in the cabaret. The man and girl bowed to the diners, and ran lightly in the direction of the stage. They mounted the platform, bowed again, and disappeared behind the wings of the scenery.

For the first time in the history of the Boolu-Boolu Club every member was completely and unequivocally flabbergasted. The Terrible Bunghole sincerely believed himself to be prematurely drunk, and repeatedly asked the Norwegian blonde if she had ever seen a country gink hug a black-haired Spanish girl. The French Bull peered blankly at the spot on the stage where the two dancers had disappeared. He said nothing, only gazed. The Purple Poet and the Crippled Nightingale attempted to rush after the vanished dancers and were restrained by two waiters.

The Essenheimer Kid, eyes fairly dancing with excitement, turned to his partner at the table.

"What is the matter, dear Al Raschid?" the woman asked, noticing his sudden agitation.

"Didn't you just see that countryman dance?" spoke the Kid, with a quick jerk of his thumb in the direction of the stage.

"Yes," answered the woman, smiling; "but what about it? That was only one of the stunts which these cabaret people sometimes pull off to give us a touch of picturesque realism. And this one was above the average. The fellow was probably faked up as a countryman. Why are you so agitated?"

"I am not," answered the Essenheimer Kid. "I am

thrilled by the Experience Unusual! That fellow is a real countryman. We picked him up on a rural highway this afternoon. He is the every-day, genuine article. And it gets me to know where he learned that song and dance. What do you make of it anyway? We pick up a country gink, bring him to the City, leave him with a girl to get soused, and before we are ready for the fun, up he prances to a professional songstress and pulls off this undreamed of stunt. Say, Enchantress, what do you make of it?"

"I should say, my excited Al Raschid," the woman replied, with her inscrutable smile, "that you have just seen your lurking Romance suddenly and strangely disclosed. Adventure peeped out at you from a dull country highway; you picked it up, and brought it to the City with—Say, where are you going?"

"To get that Scarecrow Gink!"

The Essenheimer Kid reached as far as the foot-lights of the stage before he was stopped by a heavy-set waiter. The Kid in quick succession tussled, threatened, and tipped the waiter, but to no avail. No one was permitted behind the scenes, he was firmly told. Heedless of the information, he attempted again to mount the stage. The waiter jerked him violently back against a table. Understanding reader, anyone knowing the members of the Boolu-Boolu Club, as you and I do, is bound to suspect right off that a royal good fight is about to occur. And a royal fight did occur; as it inevitably does when a college man suffers rough treatment at the hands of a menial, regardless of opposing odds. Instantly the members of the Boolu-Boolu Club bounded to the rescue of the Essenheimer Kid, eager for the fray. Briefly, chairs and crockery whizzed through the air, women shrieked, men gave orders, waiters charged, and then came the police. Boolu-Boolus, after a valiant and most homeric defence, were finally subdued. Later they were escorted to the precinct station to pay the usual fine. Thus the Boolu-Boolus concluded their gay, short night in the City.

IV

But what about the mysterious Scarecrow Gink? We must seek him out. Let us evade the grasp of the heavy-set waiter, cross the foot-lights, skip behind the scenes, and take a peep into one of the little dressing rooms.

On the top of a theatrical trunk the Spanish girl sat puffing a cigarette. Opposite her in a chair reclined the Scarecrow Gink, calmly blowing rings of blue smoke into the air. The girl appeared immensely amused over something.

"Harry," she said, "you are the sky-limit. I haven't seen you on the little White Way in over a week. I recognized you, kiddo, as soon as I did my dance stunt and started on the singing act. Honest, you are some pumpkin! Where did you land that rube rig-out?"

"It's this way, Mabel, "the man in the checked suit replied. "I've recently signed up to play the part of the Scarecrow-Man in the revival of the 'Lady in the Slipper.' Before giving the pattern to a tailor for my costume I decided to take a day off in the country to see what a genuine scarecrow looks like in the field. I put on these old rube vaudeville duds for sport, and hiked it out. I found my scarecrow and some college boys found me. They insisted on taking me to the City, and—"

In other words, understanding reader, you sometimes go afield for adventure—eager for the Romance that lurks just beyond the bend. Perchance you pause for a moment on the wayside, and pick up the dull uncouth shell of a cocoon. Examine it well; for it may contain some Wonderful Insect.

BLAKE D. APPLEWHITE.

A PIRATE AND HIS HOUSE

On the banks of the Pasquotank River about two miles above Elizabeth City there stands a house that is a delight to those who like things which savor of dark deeds and romantic adventures. It is interesting not only because of its quaint make-up, but also for its connection with the pirate, Edward Teach, or, as he is more commonly remembered, Blackbeard. According to tradition he builded this domicile as a place of refuge where he might retreat when he wished to rest from his rather strenuous occupation, or when the King's officers were becoming too vigilant. And its location is well suited for this purpose. It is situated within a few feet of the river on a bit of high land which breaks through the low thick swamps that surround the waters in the extreme eastern part of this state; and it also commands a good view of the river, which at this point is not more than three hundred yards broad. Here Teach could hardly be surprised, for when he so desired he could quickly reach the Albemarle Sound and from thence the ocean, which was the scene of his depredations.

The house is about forty feet long and thirty feet wide. It is built after the English cottage style with a sharp high roof and stands well from the ground. All the material was brought from England. The sides are composed of glazed brick lying endways and sideways alternately. At each end there is a massive brick chimney. In the center there is a broad hall with two rooms on either side; and at the westward side the chimney is built in the wall like the apex of a triangle so that it has two fireplaces, one for each room. These fireplaces are oval in shape somewhat like the half of an egg. The porch has been partly destroyed but the remains of the supports may still be seen. At the foot of the steps there is an old grist stone on which are carved the Pirate's intials "E. R. T.," and the date 1708, that is said to be the year in which the house was

built. The lower part of the underpinning consists of huge beach pebbles which were brought from some beach in England, perhaps Dover.

The inside of the house is panelled with fine English oak and walnut which has lost nothing in coloring from the effect of the years. This panelling is fitted together with beautiful precision and is fastened with wooden pegs. In fact, in the construction of this house not a nail was used. The panelling shows best in the hall. Here the Pirate was wont to have dances when he returned from a cruise. Indeed, it takes but little imagination to conjure up what must have been a scene of real piratical revelry with the dancing in the hall and the wine-drinking in the adjacent banquet room, which is the handsomest of all the apartments. In addition to the panelling the walls are decorated with hand-carved work of a quaint and delightful pattern. This ornamentation is well preserved save for a few curves which have been purloined by injudicious souvenir hunters. At the right of the huge fireplace is a closet in which Blackbeard kept all sorts of thirst-appeasing liquids except water. A china closet occupies the space on the left of the fireplace, and at the bottom there is a snug little cupboard through which it is said that the Pirate used to gain the secret chamber if he had need to leave suddenly. The door which connects with the adjoining room is, like the others, of teakwood. But this one has a split panel, and thereby hangs a tale. As tradition has it, a lady and two men were in the banquet room when there arose between the two men a dispute which they decided to settle at once with the sword. The lady, seeing that a fight was on, started out to secure aid to part the contestants. The duellists were between her and the hall-door and the other door was locked with the key in the outside. In desperation, she caught up a heavy instrument, struck the door and split the panel. Sliding the panel out she reached the key, unlocked the door, and went to summon assistance. However she was too late, for one of the men, her lover, was killed.

The room to which the split door opens has no fireplace, but in the corner there is a closet which was the real entrance to the secret room. The panelling is loose and when slipped back discloses the Pirate's mysterious hiding place to view. This room is perhaps six feet by eight. In former days it is said that an underground tunnel connected it with the river. For a hundred years no one knew that this chamber existed until it was discovered during the war by a band of federal soldiers who were pillaging the house. Nothing was found within except a pink satin dress and a pair of pink slippers. On the side of the closet toward the river there is a window seat and a broad low window which gives a charming view of the passing stream. On the floor nearby is seen a dark spot, which is said to be the blood of one of the victims of the many crimes committed in this house. Tradition says that Mrs. Teach was sitting in this room when a messenger came up the river bringing the news of her husband's death, and that for grief of her gentle lord she went into a room across the hall and pined away.

Adjoining the one in which Mrs. Teach died is the so-called "red room." Its walls are of a brilliant crimson. Many are the legends of murder connected with it. Across the hearthstone there is a dark stain reputed to be that of a man who was killed while fighting a duel. The hearthstones, by the way, which are slate, have been partially demolished by fortune hunters searching for the Pirate's buried gold.

The attic is less like its former self than the rest of the house. The carving on the bannisters which guard the stairs has been carried away by frequent attacks from souvenir hunters. In one end there is another large fireplace. Originally there were five windows in the roof on each side; they have been replaced by shingles but the frames may still be seen from the inside. Piled in a heap in the corner are relics of former times, a spinning wheel, a flax raffle, and remnants of an old loom. The fireplace in the cellar contains a Dutch oven, in which great din-

ners were prepared for the Pirate's household. It is also related that the cellar was connected with the river by a tunnel through which the Pirate would bring his booty to the house.

The stories told of the Pirate's buried treasure are without end, and as fascinating as a tale from the Arabian Nights. Every community has a spot where lies buried fabulous amounts of coin and jewels; and all the country folk know the traditions. But for real information one must depend on the old-time negroes. The failure to locate the treasures is due, they say, to the fact that we do not know the charm under which they were hidden. According to them, Blackbeard would dig a hole, ask who would guard the booty, cut off the head of the first man answering, and bury him with the gold. Then he laid a charm on the spot, and no one can reach the hidden wealth unless he knows this "spell." It is said that in a neighboring creek there is a bricked space, visible at low tide, which contains some of the Pirate's booty. But if one trys to loosen the bricks, the tide immediately rises and renders further effort impossible. This is due, of course, to the spell. Other tales concerning Blackbeard are better known. For instance, he is credited with having had thirteen wives, which goes to show that he was skilled in other arts besides besides that of war.

It is a historical fact that he was killed in 1718 in an encounter with Lieutenant Robert Maynard on the Pamlico River, and his head was carried to Virginia. According to tradition his skull was then covered with gold and used for a punch bowl. How much of what is related concerning him and his exciting career is true, however, would be hard to ascertain.

J. F. Pugh.

A RHYMER'S EXCUSE

I sit and strive to tell thee of my thoughts.
I search through volumes full of ancient lore
To find the words I need to tell them thee.
But they refuse me now as oft before,
When I have tried to tell of thee and failed,
Because I could not show what charms are thine.
So now I must perforce put down my pen,
And leave thee still unsung by lays of mine.

D. H. Killefer.

THE FOUR RINGS

There was no warning of any kind. The door bolt snapped and the Man suddenly whirled with a revolver in his hand. The conventional look of good nature had in a second been erased by an expression of hatred and wild cunning. The girl shrank back with startled half-raised hands and screamed aloud, but the heavy closed ship's windows and closed cabin door held all sound. The Other man, with lips suddenly parted and left arm hanging limp, only stared. Thus do people watch a snake.

"Get in that corner," commanded the Man with the gun to the girl.

A mere glance was all he gave her as he turned to the Other, but the girl shrank shuddering from those eyes a moment before sparkling with life and gayety but now green and sharp pointed like a reptile's. As she obeyed, the starting yacht caused her to stagger and almost fall.

"Sit in that chair," said the Man tersely, as he waved his gun toward the heavy cabin chair ranged along the opposite side of the room from the girl.

The Other man obeyed slowly with lips slightly parted. A strange stillness, broken only by the creakings of the moving ship, fell over the three while the Man with the gun tied the Other's body to the chair with incredible swiftness, and so fastened his arms with ropes running across his back they could extend outward and crook at the elbow, but not meet across the body. He gagged the man and then turned to the girl. Rapidly he tied her hands to two rings in the wall. She resisted not; but the appeal of all the helpless of all times was in her eyes as she gazed at the Other man. But the Other man only stared, although he mechanically noted that the rings were newly set and that four more—far apart—were set in the floor. He dully wondered why the Man with the gun seemed to have everything ready.

The gag for the girl did not fit and her captor stepped

to the heavy roll of twine by the window, and cutting off a small piece, left his knife on the narrow sill which was about ten feet from the tied man. His quick movements reminded the Other of a cat he had once seen torturing a bird with a broken wing, and at the thought his teeth tightened on the cloth in his mouth.

The Man with the gun pushed the table—the only other furniture—in front of the man in the chair. He stepped in front of the Other and fixed his glittering eyes on his face, and what he saw or failed to see caused a fierce look to dart over his features; for the Other man only stared.

"You think I am crazy," he began, "but I am not."

The man in the chair only gazed, and his jaw muscles swelled a little.

"Listen," continued the other, "this girl was mine until you came. I could have spoken—I intended to—and she would have come. But you appeared and from the first moment we hated. However, from that day when you pulled the little girl from under the carriage and broke your arm—the left—I despised you. She was there and saw it. She called you a hero." He paused and sneered, but the cheek of the Man in the chair twitched. "But I alone," he continued, "accompanied you to the doctor's office and heard you scream like a woman and faint at the pain. I despised you because you were a coward,—a damned sneaking coward—but you posed as a hero and won her. I played the game and left you the field. But you won't soon forget the day when on this same yacht you slipped and fell down the hatch and rebroke your left arm. Somehow your groans and shudderings were pleasant to my senses, and I did not hurry to get aid—and after it came and the Doctor was leaving how he said, "another break, my boy, and the arm comes off at the elbow."

"You think I did not hear that peculiar little noise in your throat as of two snail shells being rubbed together; but I did, and I heard it once before when a negro was

cut to the life. No, it was not the death rattle but the cry of a craven spirit in pain."

The Man paused and gloated over the Other's face while he still stared. Now the eye pupils were distended and the gag rested loosely against his jaws.

"I invited you two to take a day's cruise on my yacht with me, and another girl and a chaperone to be picked up at Two Mile Landing."

He paused and pulled aside the window curtain.

"We are passing the landing some two miles off shore," he said, grinning.

"But look," he cried, as he turned and pointed to the low rounding ceiling; and the Other man for the first time changed the direction of his gaze. He saw a long iron bar apparently fastened to the ceiling; but reaching up the Man touched a spring and with a sharp click the heavy bar, pivoted at one end, swung swiftly downward. It barely missed the end of the table. The Man's face grew red with exertion as he forced the bar back into place. He stepped lightly to the Other's side and snapped an iron ring—also new—over the man's wrist and by the aid of a pulley in the wall connected it with a cord to the spring of the bar.

"A pull of about five pounds will loose it," he observed as he tied the man's left arm to the table so it projected over the edge to the place where the break had been.

The Man looked at the bar, the string, and then the Other and then halted. A look of diabolic joy was on his face and beads of sweat glistened on his forehead.

The Madman began to laugh shrilly; but suddenly he ceased and his face became distorted.

"Now damn you, you coward, I am going to break your heart and soul in your body. You are going to whimper and cry and writhe like the cur you are, and then you are going to sit and watch while—." He broke off and glanced at the girl and gazed at the four rings—far apart —on the floor. She shuddered as though a slimy snake were being dragged across her neck.

"Yes, all you will do is watch. I tell you what I will do" —and again both looked at the four rings.

"See, I lay my loaded revolver a bare two inches from your right hand but you dare not grasp it. The pain, man, the pain. Think of the pain."

The eyes of the Other still stared but the face worked like putty. The corners of the eyes twitched as if in a spasm, and the lid of one drooped as though all muscular control were gone. The already gag-distorted mouth writhed.

For a moment the Man gazed, and again he looked like the cat playing with the broken winged bird. He picked up the string and began to toy with it. He gave playful jerks and whipped it up and down and pretended to get ready for a sharp tug.

The Other thing—for he was no longer a man—shook with convulsive tremblings as does a cold wet dog. His right hand twisted and writhed and whipped about; but his left lay still, only about half way between elbow and hand the skin crawled and puckered. With a half sob, half groan the wretch slumped down in his chair.

The Man stood and gloated until after a long time the thing in the chair shuddered and raised its lids. Then the Madman sucked in his breath as though he had finished a draught of wine and laughed a high, shrill laugh of Hell. But his face gradually flamed and grew live with a new passion. He started to address the Other with curling lips, but slowly he turned and faced the girl. And then both trembled—but the tied man stiffened and his eyes were on the four rings on the floor. Not a muscle moved except the ones along the throat which still twitched. The skin on the left arm was still rough.

A horrible silence covered all for a moment.

The Man broke the tableau by stepping to the girl's side and beginning to untie the rope in the ring. His hand, however, trembled so that he tangled the second one and he could not finish it. He glanced around. The man in the chair was still now, as pale as death, his lids half closed;

but a heavy blue line crossed his forehead and a finger on his right hand twitched like the tail of a tiger before the spring.

The Man, seeing the forgotten knife on the ledge, turned his back to reach it, but he whirled when he heard a sudden straining of bonds and a sharp click. The roar of a gun drowned a dull sickening thud and a thin muffled animal cry of pain.

Walter P. Fuller.

1916 AROUND THE WELL

THE IDEAL CAMPUS

Very few of our students seem to know just what our campus life ought to be. What our attitude toward campus life should be, seems to be nothing more than a clean-cut piece of common sense. Every act that we do on our campus should be a step toward the goal of an ideal home. This home is represented by young men from all parts of North Carolina; and, in fact, from many states through the South. They have assimilated here in one great homogenerousmass for thepurposeof being trained for the grave responsibilities of life. The attitude and influence which are dominant in our campus life will be great forces in dominating the lives of those men after they have left college and gone out to occupy a place in the world.

Then in order that our campus may be a place of highest type of morals and good citizenship, each individual will have to contribute the best that there is in him to the cause. The rights of the individual should be respected in the highest sense of the word. There should be no class distinction, hatred or censure between the classes, but all classes should be linked together in one common brotherhood, and each unit carry out the first principle of good citizenship and society—to be a gentleman.

There is no aristocracy or nobility or special privileged classes today. They are the relics of the forgotten past. Today we have met our fellow men face to face on the common playground of life, and should give everyone his due respect and honor. If perchance we should rise above the common level of our environment, it must be through our superior power, and not through the usurpation of the rights of others. Let us not misinterpret society today. The boy who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth has no more claim to special recognition than has the boy in the most lowly peasant home. All these whimsical fal-

lacies of the mind will have to be eliminated before our campus can become an ideal one.

There is another factor in our campus life that demands our best consideration—hazing. Hazing is no doubt the greatest evil that we have to contend with in college. It is an evil that can have no place within the bounds of an ideal campus. Hazing is an evil that must be stamped out of the campus home, if our colleges are ever to be put upon a level worthy of being called respectable.

Therefore, in order that our campus be made an ideal home; a place where the fundamental principles of the highest type of citizenship may be created; a place where the ambitious young men of our state may come to train themselves for the highest responsibilities of our State and Nation and our campus life become one of emulation—class distinction, special privileges, crimes, and disasters must forever be put down.

W. B. Rouse.

THE BOOLOO CLUB

For many years the University has had much trouble on account of the large amount of hazing carried on by the Sophomores. As a remedy for this trouble a new order, called the Booloo Club, has recently been introduced, which it is thought will accomplish a great deal toward ending much of the hazing. This club has been organized for the purpose of bringing together into one group the freshest freshmen of the freshman class. Each member is marked out as a Booloo, a term used to remind him both of his honor and his freshness. It is, therefore, no longer necessary to black freshmen and chase them all over the campus to teach them they are fresh. The fact that a man is looked upon as a Booloo is a sufficient dose for him and will certainly teach him to beware of freshness.

The method employed in electing the president of the new society is a very simple one. Just as in the case of the Phi Beta Kappa, the smartest man is chosen president,

so the freshest man of the freshman class becomes president of the Booloo Club. The remaining offices are filled in the same way, according to each one's rank among the freshest. The future of the organization can be well assured.

W. E. Pell.

LETTER WRITING

There is much to be gained from writing letters. Many clever fellows, however, do not realize this and do not avail themselves of the opportunity.

Long ago, I formed a habit of devoting a part of each Sunday to writing letters to friends. I enjoyed doing this, and as I continued to follow the plan, took an increased interest in it. Now the greater part of each Sunday is thus occupied.

Fellows are continually making remarks about my fondness for letter-writing, but I'm sure that if they once tried the plan themselves, they would see the benefits of it. Some will say, "But I hate to write letters!" These haven't gone about it in the proper spirit. They take it as a task and not a pleasure. To enjoy it, one must enter upon it as he would a conversation with the person to whom he is writing. The letters I enjoy reading most are those which sound like their authors.

Aside from the pleasure to be derived from writing and receiving letters, there is no better way to improve one's diction than endeavoring to compose a good letter.

H. L. Brockman.

CLASS DISTINCTION

Class distinction and class unity in college life are two qualities that should characterize every class. Class dignity and pride are characteristics to be admired and coveted. If the individual has no interest in the organization of which he is a member, he is a fellow without pride, enthusiasm or spirit. Of course it is possible to possess a super-amount of these qualities. Such an exception is

called, "a case of the swell head" or "an embryonic fanatic." Sometimes the whole class becomes too much imbued with spirit and enthusiasm. If they let their enthusiasm over-balance their sense of prudence, dire results may follow. Otherwise, their demonstrations only tend to promote the college spirit.

Although students associate now with their own classmen their first year, their circle of intimate friends widens out the second year. Thus the four classes over-lap each other and class distinction is hard to distinguish and rarely demonstrated. Another cause for the lack of class distinction is the interwoven class schedule we have. In a course like first Chemistry or first Botany there might be representatives, from all classes, taking the course. As close acquaintances are easily made on class, this also causes the four classes to over-lap. The only things in college that foster class spirit and unite the members of each class in sympathy and enthusiasm are the athletic contests. I say, let us have class spirit and class distinction. That's what makes college spirit. The best plan to foster class unity is the plan suggested by the greater council, which is a plan to place each class in a separate building.

ROGER MCDUFFIE.

THAT BOARDING HOUSE PROPOSITION

In this scientific age everything is valued with regard to its efficiency. It is the aim of every man to produce the greatest amount at the lowest cost. Machinery is tested in order that its efficiency may be ascertained. Men are tried out in order that their worth may be determined. A man who contemplates entering the manufacturing business considers not only the value of his first product, but also the number and value of his side products.

Considered in this light, I know of no more paying institution than the old, calumniated boarding house. It is, I confess, rather unadvised for me to take so trite a phrase as "boarding house" as the topic for so important

a theme as I realise this to be; but the matter has of late forced itself strongly on my attention. The efficiency of the boarding house, especially in regard to its by-products, is remarkable.

Consider, if you will, the more material side. The proposition of supplying food for the boarders is simple, and the process inexpensive. If any delicacy remains uneaten after its first appearance on the boards, it can always be submitted a second time for the approval of the boarder; if it then fails to be well received, the boarding house keeper can always fall back as a last resort on that mixture famed in song and story—hash.

Considered in this light, keeping a boarding house is an equally paying proposition. No one has so unlimited facilities for social intercourse as has the boarding house keeper. She imbibes gossip after the manner of a veritable Charybdis, she can display her charm to the greatest advantage. She can make her repast a veritable symposium; and most important of all, she has unlimited opportunities for disposing of her superfluous family. I know of one lady in particular who possessed three daughters somewhat advanced in age and with no apparent chance of becoming mated. This lady resolved to keep a boarding house. Now three years have passed. The lady is most comfortably settled as regards material things, and each of the three daughters has a happy home. Ah, ladies, as I tell you, there's nothing like a boarding house.

T. C. Linn, Jr.

THE PROPITIOUS DEATH'S HEAD

Henry Watson stood motionless in his office gazing steadily out of the window into the street below, but his mind was blank as to what was going on there. The passing street cars, the big, rumbling drays, and the rushing throng of human beings made no impression on him; he looked at them but did not see them. In his own mind there was a noisy world of wild action; two antagonistic ideas were struggling for supremacy.

Watson had just made a business failure. His little life substance of ten thousand dollars—a fortune to him—and another ten thousand borrowed had gone completely under. His creditors wanted money; his sister Clara in college, only two days ago, had said she needed a hundred dollars more; it was past the accustomed time to send the monthly check to his dear old mother. This was the second time he had experienced a business failure—not because of poor management—but merely the fatalistic work of chance. And to put a horribly bitter, stinging climax to the whole, Margaret had written him a short letter saying, "that owing to your business embarrassment it will be best to cancel our engagement."

Perhaps he would not have thought of suicide if he had not been broken down physically and mentally. He had lost sleep for two weeks, working and planning to make a success of his twenty thousand dollar investment; but just on the point of success the whole had collapsed. He was tired, blue and soul sick with this ever fleeting, tantalizing life. To attempt business again was hopeless. He had no money. He was in debt. Why not end all? His life was insured for thirty-five thousand dollars, a big amount; it would pay all his debts and still there would be left a substantial sum for his mother and sister. No one would ever know the real cause of his death. He had fooled two doctors into believing he had heart trouble. With these thoughts in his mind he sat down, and took from his

pocket a small bottle containing liquid. On the label of the bottle was a death's head, and written in bold hand "Poison." "Oh, little bottle, you are worth more than your weight in gold. And, you, unsightly death's head, you are the sign of good luck itself for me. You will make two dependent lives comfortable; you will make a worthless life valuable by ending it."

He put the bottle on his desk, and began a letter:

"My Dear Mother:

"I would have written you before, but I've been sick. The doctors say——"

"Oh, that won't do," he said angrily.

Then he looked at the death's head on the bottle; slowly and very carefully he began to draw it with his pen on the partly written sheet. When he had finished his drawing he looked at it blankly, suddenly crumpled the paper, and impatiently threw it into the waste basket, and put the bottle in the top drawer of his desk.

He arose, placed his left foot on the chair and his elbow on his knee, again looked into the street, and for the last despairing time racked his tortured brain for a solution of what was best for him to do. After a few minutes of absorbing reflection, he suddenly moved, struck the desk with his closed fist, and articulated in a firm, steady voice, "Yes, I'll do it!" He was aware of someone's presence. Looking around he saw his stenographer, who had just entered and was taking off her wraps. "Good morning, Miss Bessie," said he, trying to speak in a natural way, "you got here a little early this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes, I walked rather fast."

She knew that there was something terribly wrong with him. Why was he talking to himself so emphatically? What was he going to "do?"

She crossed over to her desk, sat down, picked up her fountain pen lying on the desk. It was stained with leaking ink. She looked around for a blotter but saw none near. Her eye fell on the sheet of crumpled paper in the

waste basket; she picked up the paper, unfolded it and read the letter Watson had begun to his mother—but what she looked at most was the carefully drawn death's head. Never in all her acquaintance with Watson had she seen him draw, or even scribble—and why draw such an uncanny thing as a death's head? She wiped her pen, dropped the paper back into the basket and looked at Watson, who was busy reading a letter and had not noticed her.

After finishing the letter he turned towards her and dictated a letter to his friend Melvin Banks:

> Dear Melvin:
>
> "The results of my last deal have not yet reached me. I hope it will be a success. I've been feeling awfully tough, Melvin. Dr. Landon and Dr. Paston say I have heart trouble, a very bad case. They say I may die any time. Now, old fellow, if anything should happen to me, won't you please look after my will and other business? I know you will handle everything all right. More next time. Best wishes.
>
> "Your friend,
>
> "Henry Watson."

Watson turned around and began reading another letter. Bessie opened his top desk drawer for an envelope. What! here was a bottle and another death's head, and written on the label "Poison." Quietly she closed the drawer, looked at Watson to see if he had seen her. No, he was figuring. She addressed the envelope and waited for more work.

"Miss Bessie, I'm not very busy today, and am feeling bad, so I'll give you a holiday," said he with a forced smile.

"Why, you said yesterday you had lots of work for me. Can't I do some of it alone?"

"I'm afraid not," he replied, rising, and pushing his pencil back and forth between his forefinger and thumb.

Bessie came near him, "I'm so sorry you have heart trouble. It it really dangerous? Will you die?"

"I'm afraid it may prove fatal."

"Are you taking any medicine?"

"Dr. Paston gave me some tablets," he added, as if he did not care much to talk about his sickness.

She knew the little bottle did not contain tablets. One more question, and the answer would settle her suspicion.

"You have heard from your last deal, haven't you?" in a tone that expected an honest answer.

He looked into her blue eyes for the first time. In them something compelled him to speak the truth.

"Yes."

"Did you succeed?" she knew the answer.

"No,"—he realized he was telling too much.

She touched his arm gently with her hand, looked up into his face; her cheeks were flushed; her luring, sympathetic eyes were moist with rising tears, and her voice was soft and irresistible in its confidential pleading; "Oh, do please tell me all about it."

He looked down at this pretty girl by his side. For two years she had worked for him. He had always been kind and courteous to her. He had never thought of loving her. But now her whole being revealed to him that she was no ordinary girl, that she had a deep interest in him. He told her all about his business failure and his love affair.

"And you are going to commit suicide, poison yourself," she said with a pained calmness.

"Where did you get that idea?"

"I saw the death's head and the bottle. Isn't that your aim?"

"Yes; oh, why did you pick this secret from me? I've gone this far and can't turn back. Please don't tell it, and I'll end my life today."

"Mr. Watson, you must not be rash. Think of what your death may mean to your mother and sister, if they should learn how you died—and it is quite possible that

they may. You say you need five hundred dollars to pay interest and a few immediate bills—that's easy—I have eight hundred dollars. That much will put you on your feet again. I'll lend it to you."

"No, never, I'd be a coward to take your hard earned money, Bessie—Miss Bessie."

"Oh, I didn't work for it so hard. Promise me one thing, won't you accept the money and try life just one more time? Please." Her tone had the persuasive, melting power that conquers a strong man's heart.

"Yes," said Watson hopefully, putting his arms around her, for he saw love in her eyes, heard it in her voice and felt it in her personality—"on one condition, that you will love me and be my guardian spirit through life. Will you? Please."

"I didn't mean to step in and take Margaret's place. I felt an interest in you and wanted to see you succeed in business."

"Margaret has no place in my heart now. She has shown how little she ever cared for me. And, too, I won't be a success unless you give me your little self—then I won't worry about business failures. Going to be mine, Bess?"

"Yes," whispered two little red lips, and then they were hushed by two other lips that pressed them in a sacred kiss.

"That grinning death's head, after all, smiled on me and blessed me. It gave you to me. It was a sign of life instead of death. We'll put it in a nice little frame for our home, and call it our 'Deus Fortunae,' said he, smiling down at her.

Geo. P. Wilson.

AS THE YEARS PASS

I would that I could rise above
The little things of life,
The passing mist of hopes and fears
That makes each day a strife.

I would that I might leave the past
A dead and unremembered thing,
Learning to pluck from out my heart
The last regret, the oldest sting.

I would that one face of my dreams,
One voice of days gone by,
Might mean as little through the years
As fragrant flowers that die!

SAMUEL HARLEY LYLE, JR.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

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EDITORIALS

O. HENRY MEMORIAL

Are we North Carolinians proud of our men of letters? Do we actually appreciate the works of our great writers as we do the deeds of our statesmen or warriors? These questions arise when we see the laggard response toward commemorating our few great authors. It is sad indeed to know that while the municipality of New York City has just issued special bonds for the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000.00) to remove Poe's cottage at Fordham, immortalized by the North Carolina poet, John Henry Bonar, to Poe Park, yet the birthplace of this famous poet of our state stands unmarked and the name of Bonar is unknown even to the family that now resides in the old home at Winston-Salem, N. C. It is with pleasure, then, that we turn to the proposed memorial to O. Henry. It is not a question of honoring him. His delightful writings will bring more honor to their author than all our stone or bronze. Yet it is our privilege to keep O. Henry fresh in the minds of the people and recognize the preeminence of the Master of the Short Story, a son of North Carolina. Many citizens, including a number of University students, have contributed

toward the erection of a suitable and worthy memorial. In our endorsement we simply ask you to sit down and read "The Cop and the Anthem" or "A Comedy in Rubber," then mail your check for any amount you wish to Dr. Archibald Henderson, Chapel Hill, N. C.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS

Frequently the editors of *The Magazine* are asked by interested students, "What kind of stuff do you want for publication?" Let us state that we welcome all "stuff" that is interesting and well-written. The types of college literature, the short story, essay and verse, are too familiar to demand further explanation. Whatever the form of writing, however, the first requisite is that the contribution must be interesting. An article may conform to every rule of composition and yet not be of enough interest to the average college student to justify publication. Moreover, to make writing interesting depends largely upon two things: subject matter and its treatment. The treatment depends so much upon the ability and originality of the individual writer that we will not attempt an exposition on the subject. However, we will speak of subject matter. Although there are constant lamentations about scarcity of good subject matter, the world is crowded with interesting subjects. The Chapel Hill world abounds with a multiplicity and variety. The question is that of finding them. Take a half-hour off, walk at leisure through the city and everywhere interesting subjects bob up and yell for you to take them and immortalize them. Before the ramble is over you have a mental portfolio fairly bulging with such subjects as Chapel Hill Niggers, Willie Gayboy's New Tan Shoes, Charley Gooch and the Ice Cream Cone, Boger's Biography, How College Students Spend Sunday Afternoon, The Tragedy of an Angle Worm, Art at Chapel Hill, Our Resources of Natural History, and a multitude of others just as good.

Give us something well-written; give us something worth while; but above all things, give us something interesting.

EXTRA-ORDINARY

The contents of *The Magazine* this month do not include an unintentional overdose of short stories. The shortage of short stories in past issues has been painfully observed both by our critics and by ourselves. In this issue, therefore, we endeavor to make up for lost time.

As an incentive to the new men, the Sketch Department of this issue was turned over to our younger brethren of the Freshman Class. With their notable ambition and energy they responded admirably and did not rest until they had usurped the Around the Well Department. The themes, as a whole, were interesting and well-written, and we regret that limited space prevents the publication of a larger number.

Welcome, 1916! Let the good work go on.

THE ROUNDER

He heard the ribald laughter in the cup
Nor paused to strike the serpent coilèd there;
He felt the glory of the May-day crowd
Nor heard the moanings of a soul's despair.

To him a friend was dearer than the golden dreams
Of those who travel down the dusty road of care;
To him whose life was but a carnival of song,—
Shall we not cast a pitying rose upon his bier?

Arnold A. McKay.

SANTA CLAUS

It was eight o'clock P. M. last Christmas Eve night, and I had started out of the house when Dad stopped me at the front door.

"Son," said he, "can't you fill the stockings for me tonight?"

"I would be glad to, Daddy, but I just can't accommodate you this time. I've got to go up street tonight to the Christmas Eve entertainment and I won't be back before the late hours and of course———"

"All right, go ahead. By George! I'll do it," he said resolutely. (Don't be surprised at the slang. Dad's a sport, you know, and then we're pals.) "I'll make a bungling job of it in the dark, but you would too," he continued.

"Yes, but you want to be careful. You know those kids are suspicious already, and if they awake, there'll be an end to your fun," I reminded him.

"That's right," Dad remarked. He thought for a moment; then I saw him brighten up. "By George! I've got it," he ejaculated. "I'll put on the mask I got up street today and get under one of my old hats; so if they should happen to awake, I'll be on the spot."

"A good idea. Do it. I'll be back sometime after midnight. Leave the front door unlocked for me."

At this point the dialogue was brought to an end when I slammed the door and hurried off through the clear cold night to the place of entertainment. Then as I turned the corner, all thoughts of home were obliterated by the anticipation of the coming dance. I was soon there. Had a great time, etc.

* * * * * * * *

Wearily retracing my steps about one o'clock that night, I rounded the corner on my way home. It was cold and I wasn't long on the way. I soon found myself in front of the house. I opened the front gate and tip-toed up the

front steps. I thought if Dad was at his task I would at least keep everything quiet for him. So I opened the door slowly, closed it carefully, passed noiselessly down the hall and started upstairs.

Slam! Bang! (It was upstairs too.)

I stopped—still—very still. To be perfectly honest I felt uneasy. Everything was quiet—amazingly quiet—painfully quiet. Then I heard the front door upstairs quickly brought to. Down the steps it came. Well! When I recognized the mask and the old slouch hat I felt relieved. I couldn't refrain from laughing aloud.

A vigorous pantomine for silence greeted my laughter.

"What's the matter, Dad?" I said laughing.

"Keep quiet," he said in a suppressed voice.

"Did you knock over a chair?"

"I did and a devil of a racket it made."

"Quite evident," said I. "But did you finish your job?"

"About so," he said, passing quickly down the steps.

"Wait a moment. Where you going?" I asked impatiently.

"Just down here to get these things off." By this time he was out of hearing and out of sight.

I dismissed the old gent and his misfortune from my mind, for I was tired out. Passing on upstairs, I made ready for the bed.

A few moments later Dad stepped in my room. He looked natural this time.

"Well did the kids wake?" I inquired.

"No, but it's a wonder."

"It sure is," said I.

"Why did you come through that room?"

"What room?"

"The children's room, of course."

"The children's r———"

"Certainly. And how you came to overturn the chair?"

"Nonsense, Dad. Come across. You can't deny that you're a blunderbuss."

"What are you talking about?" he said, trying to look surprised (as I thought).

"Why I'm talking about the time when you just now hurried out of the room after YOU knocked over the chair."

"Are you dreaming, son?" Why I fixed everything before I went to bed, and I never woke up any more until a few moments ago when you came through the room knocking over chairs, and Lord knows what else."

We went downstairs. The front parlor window was raised, the blinds throw open, and—ah well, he got away.

Shep Bryan.

EX TENEBRIS

Sometimes when all seems wrong in life,
Unquiet in mind, with soul at strife,
Missing the path, I walk; until—
My vision clears, doubt disappears,
Eternal Beauty flashes from the night,
Returning Truth establishes the right,
Summer is come again—Summer and Light.

G. L. Carrington.

SKETCHES BY FRESHMEN

STIMULUS FOR THE NEAR-FRESHMAN

About the 15th of July I received my first gift from the University. The letter came, and oh, how my heart beat when I read in blue letters on the envelope, "After 5 days return to the University of North Carolina." I began frantically to rip open the envelope—but I stopped; this was a letter from the University, the first I had ever gotten, it shouldn't be torn open so roughly. I hastened home with my treasure within the inside pocket of my coat. When I reached home I rushed madly for mother's scissors. Very slowly I withdrew the contents of the letter—a gift with the shape of a book. I began to read; advertisements came first. I read about Gooch's, about the wonderful Tank Hunteress and the Pender—, I never could pronounce that name. I decided that day to board at the "University Inn," and to have all my pressing done at the "University Tailoring Company's" shop. It seemed that anything with "University" in it suited me exactly. You see I was going to be a loyal Freshman. I read the rules for Freshmen about a dozen times. I read the records of everything connected with the University. And that was real pleasure, the highest pleasure. I went to sleep that night dreaming of the wonders of the University of North Carolina as they were portrayed in the "Freshman Bible." Believe me, the University Handbook is a wonderful stimulus to a "near"-Freshman.

W. B. D.

A Y. M. C. A. POOL SHARK

The game progressed quietly and peacefully in the game room of the Y. M. C. A. The pool balls were scattered over the table in different directions, and the two antagonists were perspiring over their hot contest. Presently a ball rolled just in front of a pocket and stopped, as though

trying to satisfy the wants of one of the players. This somewhat lucky player bent over the table and prepared to make the winning shot of the game. He was very nervous, however, for the score in points was so close that the outcome of the game was still in doubt. A point scored by either player was likely to cost the other player the game. When he was in the act of shooting the ball, a dreadful fear seized him that he might make a miscue and not strike the ball at all. He resolved to remedy this defect before it was too late. As he was a green player and had heard the term "put the English on it" used rather freely during the course of the game, and as he wished to appear as an experienced player, he said, pointing to the little square block of chalk, "Hand me the English so I can put some on my cue."

Wm. E. Pell.

A NEIGHBORHOOD QUARREL

Did you ever notice how frequently close neighbors, especially in a small town, are at outs with one another? Most likely everyone knows something about such ordinary affairs and many have at some time or other been involved in them. I have had a few experiences of the kind and as a disinterested party have observed many. I think that the latest which has been brought to my attention is worth relating.

A merchant who lives next door to me has as his hobby a model vegetable and flower garden, on the vacant lot between his house and ours. From the interest he takes in this beautiful spot, I think he must derive more pleasure from it than most men do from their automobiles and clubs.

Another neighbor, a lawyer living directly across the street, takes pride in his fine Rhode Island Reds. These, however, were for a time allowed to run at large. They naturally found it delightful to scratch and bathe in the fresh, loose soil of the garden.

Now for some reason a haughty spirit already existed between the lawyer and the merchant. The latter felt that should he complain about the chickens, their owner would deny that his were the ones allowed to molest the garden. So he cunningly prepared some corn, tying with a thread to each grain a tag, upon which he had written *"Please Keep Your Chickens at Home."* This preparation he scattered in tempting places among the vegetables. The scheme was successful but resulted in a time-worn, foolish custom. The two families have not spoken to each other since.

H. L. Brockman.

BIG BLACK JIM STUART

For about fifteen minutes one Saturday afternoon I watched big Jim Stuart, one of the famous Chapel Hill tigers, arranging some bricks. It was almost six o'clock, pay time, and Jim was evidently making some elaborate plans, for he kept mumbling to himself and every now and then would smile as if already anticipating the joy of that future event. However, his planning did not interfere with his work, for the bricks were fast forming into a uniform pile. Jim is about six feet four, as black as black itself, and has a titanic frame equipped with hands to match, while his feet bid defiance to the linear system of three feet to the yard. His huge hand closed around two bricks without the slightest objection on the part of the fingers, and to watch Jim at work was as satisfactory as watching a gigantic crane in action. Jim realized that some one was watching him and began playing with the bricks, talking to them just as one would to pet dogs, throwing them down in pretended anger, then picking them up and carefully stacking them. Suddenly Jim stood straight up with two bricks in each hand and a grin, necessarily broad, covering his whole face. The cause of this smile was a woman. In this way he watched her approach and her retreat, then his grin spread to its limit, broke,

and was gone. Pretty soon a white man passed by and handed Jim his pay. Jim received the money with an air of extreme indifference, as if he didn't care for it in the least and had never thought of it. Then he carelessly crammed the envelope into his overalls, arranged the last bricks, and with an affected gait strode off down the street.

G. M. Long.

AN INNOCENT QUESTION

Our noble hero stood upon the brink of the swimming pool. With sad and tearful eyes he recalled a strange accident that once happened to him there. How vivid was the picture of his famous dive, which made his name renowned, especially among the newspapers. How striking was the recollection of his foolhardy attempt to dive into the empty swimming pool. Then he recalled the thoughts that passed through his mind while he was in the act of his mad dive; his surprise and terror at finding eight feet beneath him the hard bottom of the pool instead of the smooth surface of the water; the questions he asked himself as to whether it would hurt him bad or kill him. Then our hero's memory blurred, for at that stage of the drama his senses had been suddenly cut off by the bang of his head upon the cement bottom. While he was in the midst of such gloomy thoughts, our hero was suddenly interrupted by a Freshman, who stepped up and asked innnocently, "Did you know a fellow once dived into this pool when it was empty?"

W. E. Pell.

REST

He was footsore, he was weary. The perspiration stood in little pools in the hollows of his sallow and sunburnt face. He stopped at the curb and regarded the blazing asphalt street with blinking, lusterless eyes. His shoulders seemed to slump and hang on his frame while he made a weak and ineffectual attempt to wipe the sweat away with the back of his hand. Finally he braced himself, made a gesture as if shaking his muscles to action,

and slumped and slunk across Water Street to the Battery. There he dropped himself on a bench and watched the traffic turn from Broadway into Water Street and from Water Street into Broadway. It seemed as if his being ate the rest he was enjoying.

It became late, and the cool breezes blew through the garments of the Guardian Goddess. The man had taken off his hat, letting his long unkept hair wave in the air. With a sigh he slipped lower in the seat, and his head drooped on his shoulder. Just as he was about to drop asleep a vicious jab in the ribs awoke him, followed by the curt command, "Move on, d'ye think this is the Waldorf?"

Geo. C. Mechel.

PATRIOTISM

It happened about eighteen months ago while I was in New York on a visit and at the National Theater Julia Marlowe was starring. As an overture, the orchestra played a medley of about twenty patriotic and semi-patriotic songs. Right beside me sat a professional Southerner. By his general appearance and the peculiar twang of his voice, I judged that he had never crossed the Mason and Dixon Line; but how he did yell whenever a Southern tune was played! A few seats back of us sat another person, also very noisy in his recognition of a Southern tune. When the first strains of Dixie pealed forth these two patriots went wild. Finally, the man beside me, curious to see who his friend was, turned around, and found himself gazing into the shining face of a gentleman of color as black as the ace of spades, or maybe the deuce.

W. B. C.

ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Last Saturday afternoon in Durham I experienced a great shock. While walking down main street, I saw in front of me the figure of a woman who would have attracted notice among twenty of her sex. Her slender figure

was closely clad in a fashionably tailored suit. She wore neat little slippers, which looked as if they had never touched the ground until that afternoon. A large tan hat projected downwards so as to cover the back of her neck, and a long knit purse hung suspended from her arm. About her whole bearing there was an evidence of excellent breeding. I had already pictured her little face to myself. I could already see her dark blue eyes, her rosy cheeks, her red lips. I somehow fancied that she was wearing double violets; I was almost certain of it. I had seen much less attractive girls wearing violets, and certainly this one was not totally without masculine admirers. I almost fancied I smelt the fragrance of violets. I increased my stride until I came up with her; then I turned around. She was —you expected me to say "as black as the ace of spades"— pretty as could be; but she didn't have on those violets.

T. C. Linn, Jr.

EXCHANGES

The writing of a short story presents peculiar difficulties. If we could write a story with the same ease and clarity with which we tell one, it would indeed be an easy task. But there are certain rules that must be adhered to in the writing of a short story, and somehow the mind seems to balk at rules and specifications. When we attempt to transfer our thoughts to paper, we are immediately placed on the defensive. We begin to think about the correct dress that our thoughts must wear in order to be adequately and attractively expressed; we are concerned more with the words we should use than with the idea we are trying to declare. As a consequence our story loses much of its vitality and force because the dress, the wording, attracts more attention than the real story itself. This, we think, is one fault that can be charged against all amateur story writers: they want to be effective, they want to be heard, and assume a high dignified and stilted style, which instead of producing interest, kills not only the interest in the story but very often ruins an excellent plot. A story that is noticeably stilted and affected in manner of treatment can never be a "good story;" because, in the first place, it is unnatural and superficial and no work is successful which has these two flaws tagged to it. In the second place, no literary effort is worth while unless the writer enters heartily into his theme and tries to inject some of his own feeling into his work. Simplicity and sincerity are two words that should be used every day by the would-be famous writer, and much of the worthless gush with which we are now afflicted would be avoided. There is no valid reason why one cannot be just as natural when he is writing a short story as when he is telling an interesting tale to a group of friends. In the latter case he does not bother about mechanical rules but, because he is interested, his words flow clearly, spontaneously, and effectively. Obviously there is progression simply because he is not consciously aware that there are rules governing his

speech; he is sub-consciously cognizant of the fundamentals but he does not allow such knowledge to mar his story. As a worthy model for the story writer to copy, we point to the man who can tell a story well. He alone has grasped the essentials, whether he knows it or not. All hail to him! If more writers knew of his worth, short story writing would lose many of its terrors and in their places would be substituted real joy which comes from having done a task pleasantly and well.

There is a story in the February issue of the *State Normal Magazine* entitled "The Call of the Violin," which partly illustrates this essential element in correct story writing. While the plot is vaguely outlined, there are certain dexterous touches, certain ralistic flashes, that distinguish this story from the ordinary. There is no conscious attempt to tell anything; the reader is drawn along without knowing where he is going but the progress is so natural and smooth that he is content to wait his time, and even if the conclusion is the least bit disappointing, the reader is already lulled into a happy and indulgent frame of mind. The writer is to be congratulated. The story "A Book of Poems" in this issue, is also good. "Blood Will Tell" is carefully written but is handicapped by the use of Bowery dialect which is difficult for a young writer to assume. "Twilight" is probably the best bit of verse in this issue although each effort shows earnest thought. This magazine is so well arranged and so well-balanced that it is difficult to find anything worthy of criticism. We are glad to welcome such a magazine to our table.

The inspiring title, "For the Sake of the 'Varsity," in the *Newberry Stylus* would have been sufficient to make a readable story if the writer had shown as much interest in the story as in the title. It is so seldom that one finds men in college writing about things in college that such rare attempts should be commended. There is logical arrangement of the details, in this story however, and if the writer had saved the best for the last, it would have been fairly

interesting. The article "Faithful Friends are Hard to Find," treats a hackneyed subject in an original way. The story "A Woman's Heart" secures the attention of the reader in the first few lines but weakens before the conclusion is reached. The poems are mediocre, "The Farmer" being the most musical. The editorials are essays on such topics as "Cheerfulness" and "Self-Improvement"—which are good subjects perhaps but not very helpful unless they are different from the old stock on hand. The editorial department would be stronger and more vital if matters of interest to the student body were discussed instead of such high-flung subjects. Serious and didactic editorials have their value to be sure, but the most of us have heard such matters discussed so often that we shy at anything bearing the semblance of these old themes.

There is a pleasing little story of college girls in the February number of *The Acorn*. "Molly" is not a very euphonious title for the story but there is such charming simplicity and apparent sincerity that misjudgment in the choice of a title can be overlooked. The plot is commonplace and loose, but the writer shows marked ability by telling the story in a simple, clear, and forceful way. The first sentence arouses one's curiosity and, whether profitable or not, carries you on throughout to the end. If the writer paid more attention in the arrangement of the plot, minute care in the description of characters, such stories would indeed be worth reading.

We acknowledge with thanks the usual number of exchanges.

Arnold A. McKay.

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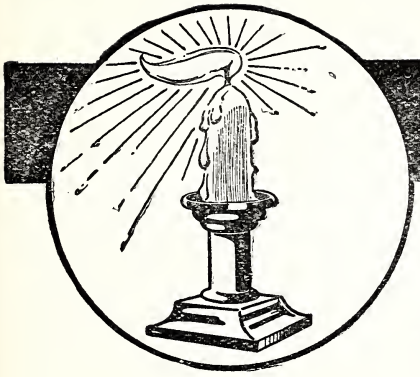

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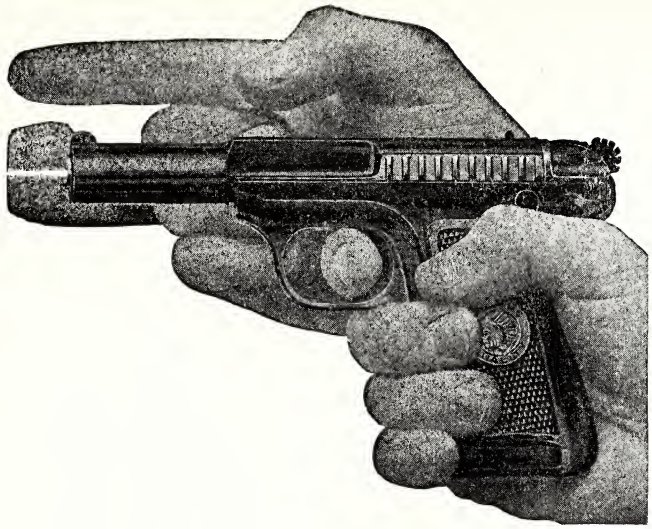

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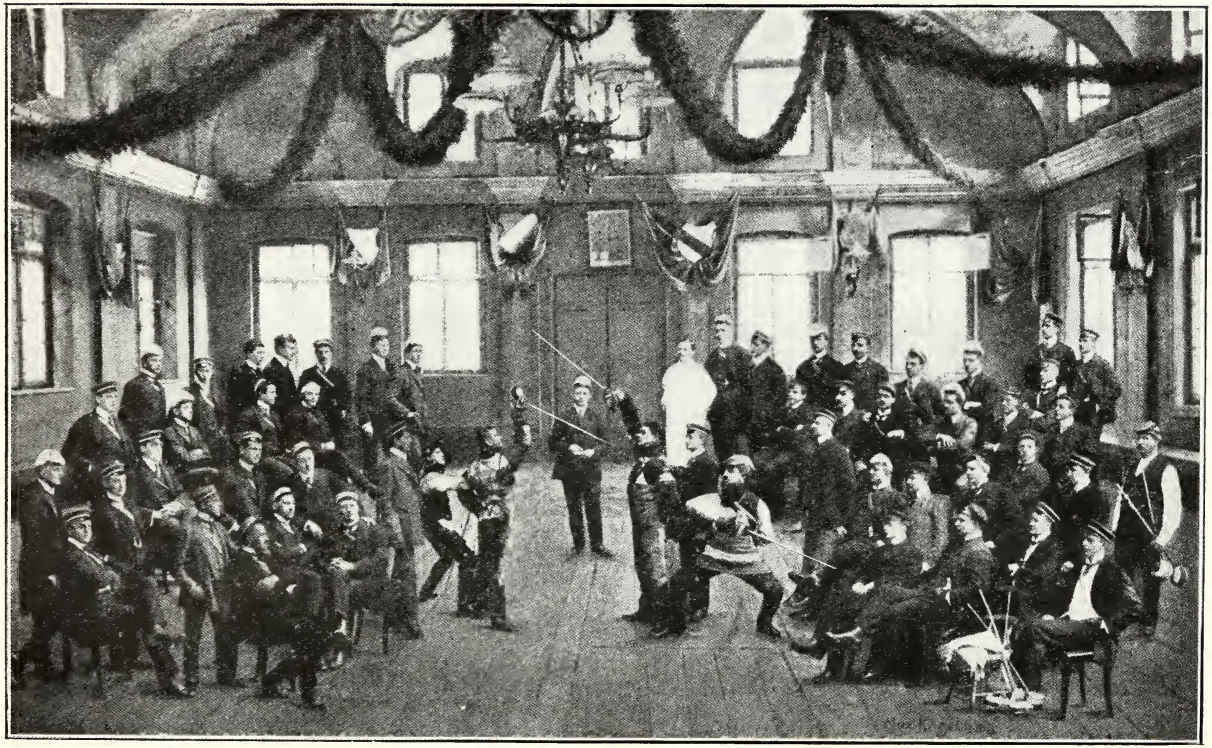

A Mensur between Corps Students, 1908
(From an original photograph by Max Kögel in Heidelberg)

Plates used by permission of Prof. George Morey Miller, University of Cincinnati

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE
MAY, 1913

Old Series, Vol. 43 No. 6 New Series, Vol. 30

"AUF DIE MENSUR!"

With the exception of a well-housed puppy, there isn't any living thing so care-free and so joyous as the German Corps student who has enough ready-money for the day and no violent creditors. And no wonder! The Corps student, in common with all German students, enjoys a freedom that the American student lacks,—perhaps, misses. An indifferent faculty marks neither his comings nor his goings; the police intrude upon his capital offences only; and the townspeople pay the breakage of his lighter moments from the profits of his sober ones.

This freedom enables him to enjoy to the full that formal organization of a pleasant animal and sentimental existence known as "The Corps." I have taken a foreigner's privilege in lumping together under the convenient term "Corps" all the color-bearing, fighting *Verbindungen* (a more generic term)—the corporation, the Burschenschaft, the Turnerschaft, and the Landmannschaft; but to distinguish between them would carry me too far afield. Indeed the history of the development of the German Corps is the history of the development of the German empire; and, incidentally, no insignificant part of the Empire's history has been made in the Corps. The sectionalism of the last years of the old empire; the "Aufklarung" of the XVIII century; the struggle to shake off the Napoleonic yoke; the formation of the new empire: all are reflected in the development of the Corps. To give an idea of what a Corps is—an idea sufficient for

present purposes,—I will mention the ideals that the Corporation, the Burschenschaft, the Turnerschaft, and the Landsmannschaft have in common. These ideals may be summed up in a few words: manliness, discipline, friendship, and social intercourse. The analogy between the German Corps and the American Greek-letter Fraternity at once suggests itself.

The aims of the Corps have developed traditions and customs and methods of training that are without parallel for variety and interest in the student body of our country. To the foreigner the most picturesque single fact about the Corps is the Corps duel, or *Mensur*. The Mensur, therefore, shall be my theme.

The German students look upon the Corps Mensur as a sport,—as they call it, "a knightly sport." Football —(that is, the English football—the only kind played in German) is "a rough sport." The distinction is an interesting one. In the phrases used above, lurks an implication derogatory to football. And, as a matter of fact, football is left to the masses; it is not yet considered a gentleman's sport, though it is becoming more generally popular every day. Such an invidious distinction seems strange to an American. But the rough-and-tumble element of a personal encounter is distasteful to Germans of the upper classes. It is possibly too democratic for him. An acquaintance of mine who was unusually quick on the trigger when it came to getting satisfaction from an equal by chiseling off a chip or two from the offender's skull delivered himself of the following.

"Suppose," said I, "Some fellow who was not what you call 'satisfactionsfähig' (capable of giving satisfaction) were to molest you on the street. Suppose he struck you."

"I'd notify the police and have him bound over to keep the peace. A gentleman doesn't fight with anybody and everybody—and in the street!" The German students idea of the Corps Mensur, then, is that it is a sport—the gentleman's sport. The personal element in the encounter is as out of place as it is in a baseball game. Sometimes

the principals do not even know each other. The preliminaries are arranged by representatives of the Corps engaged. And the principals fight for the honor of the Corps. I do not mean to say that this is the only motive of dueling among the students. The *Ehrenmensur* ("Honor duel") occurs with great frequency among them. The *Ehrenmensur* is fought under conditions quite different from those that govern the Corps Mensur. The former is generally fatal; and the law, which winks at the Corps Mensur, regards the *Ehrenmensur* as a penitentiary offence. The motive of this duel of honor is a grave affront; the motive of the Corps Mensur is the spirit of sport.

I recall vividly the first corps Mensur I ever witnessed. I had heard foreigners call the Mensur brutalizing. It is. I know that from experience; I had to get up at six-thirty to see this one. As I was the guest of a member of one of the Corps engaged, I enjoyed the privilege of witnessing the combat from the floor,—not from the balcony, to which the sight-seer is admitted for fifty cents, but from the ring, so to speak. My host pointed out the fact that the floor has its advantages; one can see the sewing-up of the wounds, and one has access to the beer. He further remarked that the gory character of the Mensur had frequently caused the effete foreigner to faint. I secured a liter of stimulant and told him they could lay on; I would try to control myself.

The two principals entered. In their preparations was nothing that smacked of the shambles I had steeled myself to witness; the gladiators seemed rather too well protected for the letting of much blood. Leather gauntlets and neck bands shielded their right hands and their throats; goggles, their eyes. Their bodies were heavily upholstered with some thickly padded cloth, and their sword arms were encased in sleeves of the same material. I settled back to see the horse-hair fly.

But first the sabers had to be inspected and bathed in disinfectant. To us the word "saber" calls up the idea of a cutting efficiency raised to the axe power. The Men-

sur saber does not answer to that idea. It is a long, slender affair, with the consistency of a toy sword. It has no point and *no edge*. With what artlessness I would command, I asked if the sabers weren't going to be sharpened. As the question did not seem a timely one, I went over to the matter of the point. My host informed me that the only fatality on that duelling floor had resulted from a saber-point snapping off and striking a bystander behind the ear. Since then—no points.

The duellists took up their positions about an arm's length apart, their sabers raised perpendicularly above their heads. At their left flanks crouched their seconds, also upholstered and armed with sabers.

"Auf die Mensur!" ("Get on the job!"), called out one of the seconds.

"Los!" ("Let her go!"). Three clicks of the sabers by way of salute.

"Halt!" A pause.

"Auf die Mensur!" An instantaneous stiffening of the principals.

"Los!" Four clicks of the sabers.

"Halt!" And the seconds struck up the sabers of their principals. One round.

"Blood?" I asked.

"No," replied my host. "These are good fighters and evenly matched. It's just possible you'll not see a drop."

"Auf die Mensur!" And they went at it again. Click, click, click, click. The blows were struck downwards and with the wrist, the arms being held stiff and almost upright. Many rounds must require a wrist of iron. The fine points of fence and parry were lost on me; one has to have fought to take them in. My untrained eye couldn't even follow the blades. The bloodless clicking of the sabers and the interruptions of the seconds continued for six rounds.

At the end of round seven a little stream of red trickled down across the forehead of one of the combatants.

"Pause!" called the referee. The doctor examined the

Pauk Doctor Huber, the Duel Surgeon of today, at work, 1909
(From an original photograph by Max Kögel in Heidelberg)

Plates used by permission of Prof. George Morey Miller, University of Cincinnati

injury. Somebody in a corner scored one on a postal card; otherwise, no sign of animation.

"No applause?" I inquired.

"Certainly not." The doctor stepped back and the game went on. In a round or two the wounded man drew blood from his opponent. But his opponent soon came back with a welt over the left ear.

"I distinctly saw a piece of the scalp fly," I remarked.

"Very likely," replied my host. "On two occasions the saber has taken off the end of a nose. In one instance it was found in the sawdust and stuck on in time." But in the other case *it remained missing.*"

"Never found it?"

"Not in this world; perhaps in the next—." But that was hard luck, anyway you look at it. Just then a slight clip around the left lobe of one fighter's nose added point to the information.

Another slice across the scalp.

"Why didn't he dodge?" I asked.

"He'd better not. He'd be expelled from the Corps if he moved an inch."

"What extent of damage is necessary to end the bout?"

"When one of them gets too weak. Or if the big vein on the forehead is severed. Then you'd see the blood spurt!" (This with some enthusiasm). Clap upon this piece of information, one of the duellists received a slash across the forehead. The blow missed the big vein, but it let down a curtain of blood over the whole right side of the face. After a leisurely examination the doctor called the bout off and retired to the dressing room with both patients. We followed.

"Nach der Arbeit, Kommt das Vergnügen" ("After work, comes play"), said the doctor, rolling up his sleeves. This seemed an ancient and popular jest. My host nudged me.

"This sewing up is the rough part of it," he said. "The blows don't hurt as much as the strokes of a very light cane. But the stitching; that's another matter. Especially

the little snag around the base of that fellow's nose. That's going to hurt worse than all his other cuts put together."

I must say the combatants stood the stitching like veterans. The victim of the nasal operation grew a few shades whiter, but preserved a stoical expression. Perhaps it is just as well that he did so. Members of the two corps kept up a careless but steady scrutiny. A wince might have meant disgrace.

After the surgery, the principals chirped up; in fact, they seemed quite gay. Cuts were counted, and the man who had the greater number seemed the happier. I remarked the fact.

"O," said my host,"the more, the merrier; they help with the ladies, you know. Sometimes the students put a preparation in their wounds that keep them from healing, in order to make the scars show up. But that's a dangerous game. Fatalities have resulted from it." This pride in the scar is obtrusively noticeable. Wherever a photographer displays his art, bandaged students figure prominently. My host himself was far from camera-shy. In company with another American, I visited him in his room. It was plastered with photographs of himself in various stages of recovery from Mensur wounds. The collection of photographs was sufficiently complete to have served for a moving-picture show. They were supplemented by additional proofs of my host's courage. These were two vials containing bits of his scalp preserved in alcohol. He exhibited them with a flourish, and, as it were, paused for a reply. For a moment we visitors were considerably embarrassed for lack of an expression suitable to the occasion. In the very nick of time the words of General Sherman came to my countryman. "I tell you," he said impressively, "war *is* hell."

Despite the arrogance and unsightliness and brutality that may be charged against the Mensur, I cannot agree with him who considers it ridiculous and disgusting. The Mensur is just as necessary to a certain type of German student as our football is necessary to the

corresponding type of American student. It exercises skill, stamina, and courage. And this type of student needs such exercise, and is the better for it.

To me, as to all good Pan-Teutons, any effort to keep the race hard amid the softening influences of a complex civilization is a welcome one; it staves off the day of race dissolution. I regret only that the sports of the Germanic peoples are not standardized. But standardization will ultimately come; the spirit in which the German nation is preparing for the Berlin Olympic is but another sign of the remodeling of German outdoor exercise upon English and American lines. Each successive trip to the Fatherland drove home the belief that Anglo-Saxon athletics are changing the life of the young German more than any other single factor in it.

Perhaps the Mensur is already doomed. But it will be many a day yet before the passing of that institution as a knightly sport. In the meanwhile it will continue to operate as a safety-valve for the pride of youth,—its glorious vitality and its headlong courage.

John Manning Booker.

A LOVE SONG

A touch of gold upon the hills,
  Glad skies aglow with changing light;
And in my heart a song that thrills,
  Greeting the dawn with new delight!

Sunset, and hills in purple dress,
  Faint stars agleam behind the blue—
And, oh, this sense of loneliness
  Filling the hours away from you!

SAMUEL HARLEY LYLE, JR.

BRIGHT HOPE RANCH

The sheepman's wife was sewing. Rising to attend to her cooking, she laid her work carefully away. It was a tiny baby garment. While doing up her after-dinner work following her lonely meal, she sang happily to herself. For Jim would soon return from his long absence on the range with the sheep, and she would tell him the joyful news. At last, they would be happy. They had been bitterly opposed by the cattlemen, who hated and feared the advent of even such a little flock as theirs. At times there had been whispers of worse things than petty annoyances. Nevertheless they had built their three room house and cultivated enough ground to enable them to prove upon their claim. Jim and his helper had carried the sheep safely through the hard initial season and he would be back from the second now almost any day. Of course it had been hard staying all alone in this desolate country when all their neighbors were unfriendly, but she was willing to do her share. Jim, dear boy, was doing his.

Breaking off her meditations, she stepped out to empty the dishwater. A fluttering paper, apparently caught in the fence, attracted her eye. Thinking it might be a stray newspaper, she went out and picked it up. It was a torn piece of wrapping paper with writing on it. She read: "This is a cow country. What we says goes. We don't need any sheepmen. You git quick." The first blank amazement was soon replaced by trembling fear. The sun suddenly became burning hot. She felt weak and pitifully alone.

During the following days, fear possessed her mind. Incessantly she watched the west for signs of Jim. Still, reason and the light partly quelled her fears during the day, but at night—O, the awful haunting fears, the paralyzing terror. The howling prairie wind became murderous galloping cowboys. She imagined whispers—now at the door, now a window. One night the wind died down.

The creeping creatures of darkness seemed to be gathering silently around her. She feared to move or make a sound. Terror clutched her throat, and she stared into the dark with dry, feverish eyes. Her breath came in half sobs . . . time dragged on. . . . ideas became confused. . . . and terrible. . . . the room was filled with horrible forms. . .

* * * * * *

Hot, tired, but happy, he left the sheep to his assistant and hurried to the house. Strange she had not heard them! She was probably busy. But she was not in the kitchen or living room. He called. Silence! He rushed into the bedroom—shocked, he stopped. She lay tossing in a delirium, crying terrible, disjointed things. The rough man sank gently beside the bed and tried to sooth her. Finally the sufferer slept. He had heard enough from her cries and knew enough already to guess the true state of affairs; so, giving his frightened helper strict instructions, he leaped on his horse and started on a twenty mile ride to the saloon, the nearest aid.

The sudden entrance of the wild looking man brought the whole crowd of cowboys around him. In short, jerky sentences he told his story. He ended up crying, "You can kill my sheep and run me out afterward, but by God! you gotta wait till she—she—till this is over." Shamed at the thing they had done, the men hung their heads. Finally a husky voice broke the silence. "Boys, it's our move. We done it." The tension over, men soon set out for the nearest physician.

During the following weeks of suffering, the repentant cowboys aided in every way possible. The wife finally rallied and gained strength for the approaching birth; but still the shuddering memory of those dark nights clung. The child came at night. After a week the hovering angel of death drew off, and mother and daughter grew strong—the mother with the knowledge that this would be her only child. They named her Mary. Jim went out

with the sheep no more, although all were friendly now. The common form of greeting was, "How's the Kid."

They first learned of the child's affliction one night about a year later, when the mother rose one night to get her a drink of water. Left alone in the dark, the child broke out in a terror stricken wail, and her convulsive sobbing continued for several hours. As the child grew, its terror of the dark increased; but with patience and love the mother tried to educate Mary from her terrible heritage. A strong love grew up between the child and her parents. She was their common passion. For her, they filled the place of playmates, school, and all childish pleasures. Her love for them increased with her understanding. In her little child mind she sensed their grief over her terror of the dark and tried to overcome it. But at six it still remained.

Then Mary came down with a light fever, with her naturally abnormal mind made weak and morbid with awful dreams and visions. These increased the fever, and soon she was delirious

The end drew near. It was night, and the lights were low. A calm spell fell upon the little sufferer. She, brave little fighter, opened her tired dreamy eyes and motioned with her lips. The mother bent near and caught the whispered words, "Mother, I am not afraid of the dark any more." The lids slowly dropped. A faint, sweet smile lingered on the face. The mother sank beside the bed, sobbing softly. The doctor felt the pulse of the frail little hand, sighed wearily, thought of the anxious group of waiting men at the saloon, sighed again, quietly gathered his kit, and departed. The rough rancher, who had stood by the bedside for hours with rigid muscles and burning eyes, gulped, slowly turned and groped his way out into the darkness, and left the mother with the child that was "not afraid of the dark any more."

W. P. Fuller.

TOWARDS NIRVANA

Upon the mountain side in bold relief
Twixt me and sky the barren trees stand out
And bend their silent heads as though in grief,
While yet the winter holds the earth in grasp.

From out the West the wind forever blows
O'er sterile hill and fertile dale, where now
The flowers fade, nor ever seemed to grow,
Unto the East—Unknown unto Unknown.

Upon the wind across the mountain side
A leaf is borne from out the West somewhere.
It passes on—nor ever will abide—
And vanishes beyond the silent bend.

G. L. Carrington.

THE HILLSBORO OF HISTORY

Back among the hills of Orange County in a beautiful, well watered, and verdant valley, lies Hillsboro, beautiful for its scenery, and interesting because of its historical associations. On the south side of it plows the Eno river, the high bluffs of whose south banks are densely covered with rhododendron, whose pink or white flowers and dark green leaves are in season, mirrored in the quieter pool of the river beneath. Beyond the western boundaries of the town stretch the Occoneechee mountains. Such is the Hillsboro of history. Time has not changed Colonial Hillsboro much, and as one walks down the streets today, he feels as if he were in a town of a century or so ago. Today, as in 1766, the old town clock meets the eye of passersby, which was said to have been given to Hillsboro by George III of England, but which was doubtless given it by the Earl of Hillsboro. This is the town around which much of North Carolina history centers, for it was through the streets of Hillsboro that the Regulators charged. It was here that the Hillsboro Convention met to provide some kind of government for the state, and a few years later that the provincial Congress met, in order that they might consider the new constitution of the United States. Here also David Fanning led his band of two or three hundred men and captured Governor Burke, his staff, and several members of his Council. Hillsboro, too, at one time was considered for the state Capital. So the Hillsboro of history is a far different place from the Hillsboro of present day importance.

In 1754, we read in the court records that William Churton, one of Earl Granville's surveyors, laid off a town of four hundred acres on the north bank of the Eno. First the town was called Orange, but it was soon changed to Corbinton, for Corbin, one of Earl Granville's agents. A few years later it was changed to Childsboro, in honor of Thomas Childs, the attorney-general and a few years

later still, it was changed from Childsboro to Hillsboro, in honor of the Earl of Hillsboro.

In 1764 Hillsboro was a small, though growing town, having then a population of between thirty and forty inhabitants. It was the largest town in the County, and was the place where all court and public business was held. It had about three or four streets, on which two or three small stores and two fair taverns were located. William Few, writing of the times says: "Several Scotch merchants were after induced to establish stores that contained a good assortment of European merchandise and a church, court house, and jail were built." Among the early Hillsboro merchants we find the firm of "Johnston and Thackston" easily in the lead. Edmund Fanning had the best house in the town; indeed writers of the time called it a mansion. The only church Hillsboro had was an Episcopal church, which was located on the site of the present Presbyterian Church. This church was said in 1784 to have "gone far into decay."

The town was about like all new settlements,—fierce and rude in its manner. On market days in Hillsboro, and especially at quarterly courts, there was always some mischief going on. Men drank and gambled, and on big days there was sure to be a fight, either in a back lot or out in public. Quarrels were always in progress among this set of men, and they generally resulted in an appeal to arms, for gentlemen would not stand up and have their honor taken in question. Besides these entertainments, for a fight was an affair of uncommon interest to the crowd, horse racing and cock fighting were much indulged in.

To this town then in 1762 came Edmund Fanning, and a libertine." From the first Fanning made himself "lawyer, scholar and gentleman, but withal an adventurer unpopular by his haughty and overbearing airs. Soon he began to levy rather high taxes; so the Regulators, thinking Fanning was getting rich at their expense, began to look about and see what they could do towards regulating the government. They were ignorant, headstrong farmers,

and this class of people are always on the lookout for an imposition. Fanning's tax rates were afterwards found to be higher than he should have charged, but they were not high enough to bring on such a fierce struggle as the Regulators succeeded in bringing on. Among these crowds of discontented people moved Husbands, a continual promoter of strife, although he claimed to be a Quaker and a man of peace. Husbands talked to these men, and even addressed them in sermonizing harangues in which he would tell of the corruptness of the government.

The first act of the Regulators was to take a horse away from the sheriff, which had been arrested because of unpaid taxes. At the time this occurred Colonel Fanning was away, but when he heard of it, he wrote ordering that the county troops be called out, and he himself soon arrived on the scene of action. Tryon had given him power to call out troops from the neighboring counties Fanning combined these troops with his own county troops, and after a little trouble Husbands and Butler, the ringleaders, were arrested. Three days later seven hundred Regulators gathered in Hillsboro to free their friends, but the governor's secretary quieted them down by saying that Tryon would redress their wrongs.

Conditions kept in a state of turmoil. Rebellion seemed to be about to break out from every quarter. So at length Tryon decided he had better go to Hillsboro and get affairs quiet again. On July the first Tryon came to Hillsboro and the adjoining counties to gather troops to attend the September court at Hillsboro. Not long after this the Hillsboro court opened, and Tryon's four battalions of troops protected the court from violence. It was well that Tryon did this, for on the first day of court four thousand Regulators had assembled near Hillsboro. These men tried to come to some terms with Tryon, but finding they could not, they scattered to their homes, more intent than ever on regulating the government.

1770 is put down in North Carolina history as the Hills-

boro riot, for it was in this year that a great band of these rioters formed in Hillsboro and most disgracefully broke up the court. Judge Henderson, who was at the time holding court, and several prominent lawyers were beaten and forced to flee for safety. The despised Fanning was dragged out of the court room by his heels, and he might have lost his life if he had not torn himself loose and fled for his safety. The following day Fanning's house was torn to pieces by the mob, and he was chased out of town. The Regulators then put one of their members (York) in the chair and held a mock court. When Tryon heard of this, he at once collected an army and came to meet the Regulators, calling on Hugh Waddell at the same time to raise troops in the west and advance to meet him. Both armies passed through Hillsboro, the Regulator army far in advance of Tryon. On May the sixteenth both armies confronted each other near Alamance Creek. After some preliminaries in which the Regulators made an attempt to make peace, the battle was begun; and after a few hours the Regulators were beaten and forced to flee in every direction.

The Regulators lost in the battle thirty men; and two hundred others were wounded. Tryon lost only nine men, with sixty-one wounded. Immediately after the battle, Tryon collected together all of the prisoners and hastened towards Hillsboro to try them. At Hillsboro a court was quickly held, which resulted in the sentencing of twelve men to death for treason. However, only six were hanged.

Thus closes the history of the Regulators, whose history though short, was fierce. They were not real patriots fighting for their country as the patriots of Lexington or Bunker Hill, but only a band of marauders and rioters. For this reason any one makes a bad mistake who counts Alamance among the battles of the Revolution.

The next thing of importance in Hillsboro history was the convention of August twentieth, 1775, which met to provide for some kind of government for the state. The convention voted to keep town and county committees of

safety just as they were and that these committees were to be aided by six district committees of thirteen each; and in order that the whole system might be bound more closely together, a provincial council of thirteen was formed. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in paper money was issued to meet the expenses of the new government. The committee also thought it necessary to raise one thousand militia and five hundred minute men for each district.

In 1788 the provincial Congress met at Hillsboro to consider the adoption of the new constitution which at that time was being debated by all the states. The Congress was composed of two hundred and eighty-four men, who represented all of the then civilized North Carolina. They met in the old Episcopal Church, which was on the site of the present Presbyterian Church. There were present at this convention many of the greatest thinkers in America, among whom James Iredell and Colonel Davie were doubtless first. Governor Johnston was elected president out of respect to his position as governor. After much debate the convention decided that a few amendments and a bill of rights ought to be added before the state accepted the Constitution.

Such in the main is the history of Hillsboro. Since the Revolutionary days Hillsboro has lagged more and more behind the times, and today its appearance carries us back to the days when it held sway over a large part of the state. But a town's history does not stop, when historical deeds cease to be recorded of it; so Hillsboro today has a wider influence than history allows her, for all over the state she can claim men, whose forefathers were among her population.

T. H. Anderson.

GREED

A TALE

A hideous monster went one time
  Into a quiet home,
And left a trail of broken hearts
  And fared forth thence to roam.

Then roaming throughout all the land,
  Deaf to the wailing cry
Which followed everywhere his path,
  He stalked on e'er to pry.

A thousand hearts crushed in his grip,
  Ten thousand hopes destroyed
Served not to check this monster's course,
  Nor would he be decoyed;

For oft the rumor spreads abroad
  That even to this day
He wanders, watchful of the chance
  To seize upon his prey.

LOWRY AXLEY.

PEDDLER'S PREDICAMENTS

I was the most optimistic of the squad that was to canvass Virginia. All of our territory was assigned, and most of the details were worked out. The squad manager was an old hand. He had traveled periodically in the interest of literature the summer before and had saved two hundred dollars. The only requisite for a sale was to present the magazine; it would sell on its merits.

My territory lay in the famous Valley of Virginia where everybody was cultured and wealthy—just the type that appreciated good literature. Two hundred dollars seemed a fortune to me. Two hundred dollars was my goal, and I set to work zealously.

My stride was firm and confident as I approached the house of my first prospective. She met me at the door, and her rather stern bearing completely upset me. She had had experience with agents before. I stood in the open door first on one foot and then on two. I forgot my set "spiel" and looked out into space for an unseen help. I began:—"I am representing the U. S. Magazine Company, of Albany, New York. They are reliable publishers, and I should like to show you the magazine they are getting out." Somehow I missed the sale, but the magazine would sell on its merits, and with that consolation I unfalteringly approached the next neighbor. Here the maid told me that Mrs. Matthews was not at home. Accordingly, I approached the third house on the street. Mrs. Bennett came to the door wreathed in smiles, and as my sample copy was not to be seen she invited me in. I prefaced my introduction to the magazine with a timely remark on the weather and the size and beauty of the little city. This settled my nerves and gave me time to revive "what I wanted to tell her" about the magazine. I spoke of qualifications of the editor and of the content of the various articles as she turned to them. "But, Mr. Monroe, my children are not old enough for stories." "Indeed, Mrs.

Bennett, you will notice that the 'Story Time' is only a small department in the magazine. The major part of it is devoted to parents' problems and articles that aid the mother in the care and training of her children," and more—. Finally, "I would be delighted to have the little magazine, but I get practically the same from The *Ladies Home Journal,* the *Delineator, Woman's Home Companion,* and the *Ladies' World.* These come to me every month."

The next lady I saw greeted me at the door with the question: "Are you an agent?" "Well-er- I'm a solicitor." She quietly informed me that she had bought a magazine from a student six weeks earlier, but had never received it. She didn't care for another. So the morning passed, and the evening as well. One elderly lady gave her granddaughter a subscription, and my landlady—though she had no children—reduced her bill a dollar and took the magazine.

My once optimistic hopes had fled, giving place to utter dejection. That night was a hideous one. Next morning, however, I braced up, called the previous day's work a piece of hard luck, and began anew. Indeed it did seem like hard luck, for I sold three subscriptions in the morning and two that afternoon. I was fast learning the art of salesmanship.

I progressed at this rate for two weeks, making enough to meet hotel bills and railroad fare. At the end of the second week I took an inventory of my finances and found to my despair that my two hundred dollar goal was gradually slipping out of my reach. I had a few dollars that belonged to the company and still fewer that I could call my own. My next railroad ticket cost $3.50. This was quite a strain, and the worst thing about it was that I was traveling away from home. Still that should not be so very bad now, for having had two weeks experience, I would soon become a salesman. That two hundred dollar goal seemed not now an impossibility.

I secured a boarding place and applied myself diligently to the task of canvassing the town in four days. Failure

confronted me here for my number of sample copies was reduced to a minimum. The company should have mailed me new ones at this town several days in advance of my arrival. I called at the postoffice three times the first day. The only comfort I got was a distressing letter from a fellow canvasser in which he complained that he had sold one subscription in six days. I mailed him the encouraging news that I was about to have to suspend operations because of a short supply of sample material. The postmaster knew me by noon of the second day, and when I would present myself at the window, he greeted me with a sympathetic smile and a gentle shake of the head. The third day brought the same result: "O holy horrors, a miscarriage in the mails!" Nothing to do but to discontinue the canvassing. There I was, three hundred miles from home and out of work. I had three dollars, but owed my good landlady five. Stranded! It hurts when you are away from the source of help.

Temporarily, however, relief seemed to present itself. Saturday passed and I was idle. Surely the Sunday or Monday morning mails would bring my coveted magazines. Still that same sympathetic smile of the postmaster greeted me Monday morning. Another day of rest was Monday. And on this particular Monday morning a carnival came to town. After supper I sat on the porch reading the daily paper the second time, because for pecuniary reasons I preferred to steer clear of the carnival. But presently Pearle, daughter of the landlady, came out with her face bearing an attractive smile. Perhaps she thought I was lonesome for she said: "O, Mr. Monroe, wouldn't you like to go out to the carnival?" "Why,-er-yes ma'am, I'd be delighted to go." And we went, Pearle's sister and cousin accompanying. We stopped at the drug store on our way out; we bought confetti; we demonstrated our various skills at the rifle ranges; we rode the "merry-go-round," we visited the palmist; we saw some of the minstrel attractions. At eleven o'clock we began our journey home and incidentally stopped at the drug store

again. When I got to my room, I took my usual inventory. What a predicament!

At the breakfast table next morning, Pearle was enthusiastic over the wonderful revelations of the palmist who had read from her heart line a true interpretation of her romantic past.

"Let me see your hand," I ventured, after we had left breakfast. "Yes, that heart line indicates that you have been deeply disappointed within the last two years."

"How can you tell that?" was her reply.

"Ah, I see that this was a desperate love affair of yours. The man whom you loved, however, married. Still I see nothing that indicates an old maid's life."

"Why that is what that palmist told me last night."

Fortune was smiling upon me. The casual remarks of Miss Pearle's sister and my own observations had not been futile.

I continued: "There are other lines in this hand which reveal many of your characteristics. You are not especially sentimental; you have few of the ordinary arts of coquetry. If you liked a man, you would say so frankly You are watchful, quick in your remarks, and always have a pleasant word for every one. You love excitement and love to go. You're fond of being in society but rarely show a desire to be a social leader."

Her interest now was intense. A smile crept over her face. She had listened avidly, drinking in every word, and every word had pleased her.

Taking the other hand and pursuing the reading I said: "Your intuitive knowledge of people is good, and for that reason, you very infrequently misjudge a person. You make friends easily, and people confide in you."

My first experience had passed. I went to the Post Office for my mail, but failed to get it. I whiled away the morning and climbed a nearby peak in the afternoon. Upon my return I ate supper and went up to write an optimistic and cheerful account of my successful canvassing. Presently Pearle called and told me there was someone down-

stairs who wanted to see me. Someone to see me? Who in the world could it be? Had one of my would-be customers decided to take my magazine? Did the newsboy have a special delivery letter from the Company asking for a remittance? These and many more questions flashed through my mind as I combed my hair and brushed from my feet the dust that had collected there during the mountain climb. Imagine my surprise when I reached the stairs and saw the hall and parlor crowded with boys and girls. Again my brain was flooded with questions. Had I appeared so abject and lonesome that my friend Miss Pearle was giving me a surprise party? Why had I been "called up" before this gathering so unexpectedly? Conceive of my consternation when Pearle announced that these folks wanted their fortunes told. My antipathy for the profession of "Palmistry" vanished, for I wanted to get to the next town but had not the wherewithal.

I revealed the past of those whom I had heard slightly of during my canvassing, but dealt with the futures of the others. One attractive young lady had lost her husband while they were on their honeymoon. I revealed this, and everyone whose hand I read after that, had implicit faith in what I said.

Next morning I gathered together my worldly possessions, paid my landlady, and journeyed to the next town ten miles away. As my train disappeared around the curve half mile from the village, I saw for the last time, the dim outlines of a dozen white handkerchiefs waving a last good-bye.

H. S. Willis.

TU, AMATA

If all the world were a lovers' bower,
And each moonbeam a kiss;
If every spring were a fount of youth,
And the winds blew perfect bliss—

If every place that sunshine falls
Were light as children's play;
And everywhere that rivers flow
Were bright as fields of May—

If always flowers bloomed with cheer
Along our winding way;
And every fruit our lips must touch
Were sweet as dawn of day—

If everything were ordered on
A plan to suit our will—
The world would have no beauty, Dear,
If thou wert absent, still.

G. L. Carrington.

AROUND THE WELL

WATER

On account of the increasing prevalence of hook-worm, tuberculosis, pellagra, itch and other infectious diseases, a law has been recently enacted which prohibits the use of public drinking cups.

Easter Sunday I was sitting under the old oak near the well. A little negro, the assistant to janitor Ernest, came out of the Old West and strolled over to the well for a drink. The progressive dipper on the upper deck, recently substituting a Heinz tomato can, had probably been formerly used as a tad-pole seine. Nine small round holes appeared in the bottom. The little coon grinned, placed his hand over the bottom and drank. Three minutes later fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock, the Governor of North Carolina, and his wife, motored up, got out and came over to the well. Perhaps the governor was thinking of problems of state. Maybe he was steering the Great Ship through a coral reef, but anyway something sprang a leak and water poured through the dipper and down the pilot's trousers. The governor pumped a second dipper full; all in the first had leaked away. This time he bent over and the water ran on the ground.

Mrs. Governor did not drink.

If the legislature would only appropriate ten cents for a good purpose, a five cent dipper could be soldered. When Vanderbilt dies he may leave monies to this worthy cause. Dreams! Ah! But maybe when summer comes Dr. Battle perchance may give us a gourd. Then all will be well! the law will be partially fulfilled! The ideal will be realized! Yes, and then, as in "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," we, the students and faculty, will be the generous ones. We will give to the little negro our treasured dipper, for we,—we will have our gourd.

JOHN BUSBY.

CRITICISM AND SUPPORT

When I started into the post office the other day, I noticed one of my friends standing near by reading *The University Magazine* that had just come out. "How's the Magazine this month," said I. "Not worth a continental," said he. "It is just like these athletic teams that the University puts out—nothing to it. Believe me, this Magazine hasn't any more chance of taking its rank with other college magazines than our football team has of winning against Virginia; and you know, old boy, that's hitting it a right heavy blow. Why my prep. school, even, puts out a better magazine than this." This remark led me to ask my friend if he had ever contributed anything to The Magazine, or if he had ever been a candidate for any athletic team. His answer was a negative one, of course. . . . . After all, whom do our *Magazine, Tar Heel, Annual,* and Athletic teams represent? The University body, of course. Then since our publications and athletic teams represent us, when we criticize, let's feel that we are criticizing organizations that belong to us. And let's further feel that their success depends upon the interest that WE take in them, and that their failures are due to OUR negligence in supporting them.

C. E. E.

WHEN WE DO WIN

"Great Heavens! What in the world is all that noise?" asked the angry traveling man at Pickard's Hotel Saturday night. "Here I've been trying to go to sleep for an hour and that yelling, ringing bells, beating drums, tooting horns, and singing hasn't let up a peg. Sounds like a tribe of Indians on the warpath. What is it all about?"

"Oh, just a little demonstration over a great victory," replied the student who had just come in. "We've licked Virginia."

"What!" And the traveling man was all interest. "Tell me about it. How did it come out?"

"Three to two in our favor."

"Good. Who was on the firing line?"

"Dean Taylor and John Busby, and they delivered the goods, too."

"Never heard of them before. Are they both new men?"

"Busby is new, but Taylor has been on Carolina's team before."

"It must have been a long time ago, before Stewart and Lee."

"Stewart and Lee? I'm not talking about a baseball game, but a debate. Taylor and Busby are debaters."

"A debate! Hell! I thought you were talking about a baseball game." And the angry drummer suddenly remembered that he was sleepy.

"You don't seem to take much interest in debating."

"No, didn't even know that Carolina debated against other colleges." And the angry drummer turned over again to go to sleep.

"Well!" ejaculated the amazed, but persistent student. "If that isn't the limit. Didn't know that Carolina—but I guess that it is not so unusual after all. It seems that everybody shouts when we win a baseball or football game and cuss like sailors when we lose one, but very few hear of our debates. Why, man, we have been having inter-collegiate debates for the past seventeen years."

"It must be a very unusual thing for you to win, judging from the hell you are raising tonight."

"Not on your life. We can proudly boast that we have never lost a series to any college. In fact, we have won twenty-seven out of the thirty-seven debates we have held. Not so bad, is it."

"No, a very good record. From which college have you won most of your debates, Elon, Guilford or Wake Forest?

"We have never debated any of the colleges you mention. We debate the largest Universities in the South and some of the northern Universities. Listen to a few facts. From the University of Georgia we have won nine out of fourteen debates; from Vanderbilt, four out of four; from

Washington and Lee, one out of two; from Johns Hopkins, three out of three; from George Washington, one out of two; from Virginia, three out of five; from Tulane, two out of two; and from Pennsylvania, four out of five. During the past two years, we have had five inter-collegiate debates, with Tulane, Pennsylvania, Vanderbilt, Johns Hopkins, and Virginia, and we've won every one of them. How's that? While Taylor and Busby were defeating Virginia in Baltimore tonight, Johns Hopkins was getting a terrible walloping at the hands of Frank Graham and Bill Tillett—"

"Tillett! Carolina's little quarterback?"

"The same, and he's as good on a debating team as on a football team. I'll tell you, my friend, we do something more here than play ball. Don't many people know it, but we are turning out a few men who can think as well as men who can play ball," said the student as he closed the door behind him.

"Don't know but there is some truth in what he says," muttered the traveling man to himself. "After all, I suppose it is just about as important to develop brains as it is to develop muscles. Think I shall pay a little more attention to debating from now on." Having made this good resolution, he slept. M. R. DUNNAGAN.

PERSISTENCE

The High School graduate enters college imbued with the idea of becoming a man of importance in the world. The varied activities of college life afford abundant opportunities for cultivating his latent powers and possibilities. He finds himself in a veritable clearing house of youthful ambitions.

Conceit and self-confidence, the unprized treasures of youth, sparkle with alluring brilliancy before the aspiring genius. But, the glimmering goal of achievement becomes obscured by the obstacles which arise before him. His aim to reap honors as a speaker is annihilated by one or

two defeats in forensic combat; his journalistic ardor is dampened when the magazine editor rejects his carefully prepared manuscript; so, from one field to another he pursues the will-o'-the-wisp of his imagination, until he begins to grow weary of the struggle. There comes the critical moment in the young man's life. He had failed to realize the importance of persistent effort. If he does not learn the lesson which repeated trial teaches, he will finally succumb to the deadening influence of indifference. The walks of life are filled with just such characters. They take up a line of work for which they have no natural aptitude and become square pegs in round holes.

Even those who excel in some fields of youthful endeavor may fail to make good in after life because they "rest on their oars," and expect to win out as a matter of course. Undoubtedly Emerson's ominous warning applied to this class when he said, "We see young men who owe us a new world, so readily and lavishly they promise; but they never acquit the debt. They die young, or if they live, they lose themselves in the crowd." W. R. HUNTER.

THE Y. M. C. A. GRAPHOPHONE

Sometime during the early part of last week, a graphophone was placed in the Y. M. C. A., and ever since that time it has been subjected to a merciless racing. It wafts one back to the songs that were before the earth was. It sometimes yields a sound that it is no more pleasing to the ear than the grating of the grate-bars on a locomotive. It sounds at another time like a cracked bell on a foggy morning.

To add to this monstrous discord, some of the men set it to run Allegro Presto Vivace, and then try to sing with it. If it were running Adagio, it might be low enough for one to sing with it. You can imagine, then, the horrid sounds that pervade the air when one attempts to sing with it running Allegro Presto Vivace.

Some of the records are, in size, a cross between a tea

saucer and a delftware platter. Notwithstanding the small size of the record, the graphophone will scarcely run more than half a record before it begins to run down; and before anyone can come to its assistance, it has descended about six keys with as much grace as a boy would display in tumbling down a mountain side which had been ploughed into corn-beds. P. H. Epps.

THE ETERNAL THOUGHT

I was walking in the evening,
In the evening by the twilight
In communion with my nature,
When a-sudden came this thought,
Came this thought that did arouse me:
"What is life that we are mindful,
That we wish to hold so long?
Life is but an empty bubble;
If not empty, full of trouble."

Then I walked along in silence,
In a silence all unbroken,
When a brightness gleamed about me,
And the atmosphere around me
Seemed to lift my thoughts up higher;
And there came a soft sweet voice
Speaking to my heart within me:
"Life is whatsoe'er you make it;
What you will, you've but to take it."

LOWRY AXLEY.

WHY PERSIANS LOVE AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS

Persia, like all the other Mohammedan and Pagan countries, for a long while has looked suspiciously upon immigrants from European countries, or the "Franks," as they are called there. Although powerless to keep them out of the country altogether, she has at least made an endeavor to withhold her most responsible government positions from them. And this has not been without good, sound reasons.

For the last hundred years crafty people from all over Europe have gone to Persia, penniless at first, taken advantage of the people's honesty and ignorance, and in a short while have become millionaires. They have drained the country of her millions and given her nothing in return. No measures were ever taken by them to educate the people. Is it a wonder then that the Persians have always looked suspiciously on these parasites who scorned her honesty and laughed at her ignorance?

Quite the contrary to this, however, was the coming of the Americans. Natives at once noticed in these newcomers qualities entirely different from those exhibited by the "Franks." Here were people who did cheerfully everything they could, and demanded nothing in return. The American missionaries, in particular, did a great service by opening schools in all the parts of the country and asking the people to send their children to these schools, and asking nothing for their services. And they did more than this. They opened hospitals in several large cities as places of refuge for thousands of sufferers.

The Americans have kept up their splendid educational and benevolent work in Persia for over 70 years, and, thanks to their untiring efforts, Persia today can boast of some of her distinguished sons.

Persia's liking to America and the Americans turned to genuine love during the time when Morgan Shuster was chosen as Treasurer-General of Persia. Shuster was rec-

commended as a thorough business man. When he took charge of his office there was not only nothing in the treasury, but also liabilities amounting to several million dollars. Had he so chosen he could have become a millionaire in a short while as those who had preceded him had done. But Morgan Shuster above all was a gentleman. In several months he not only paid all the debts of the government, but saved for her a large sum as well.

How he was forced to leave Persia by her so called "well wishers"—Russia and England—is well known to all of us. Shuster left Persia, but he carried with him the love of every Persian—love for both him and the country that produces men like him.

J. M. Tamraz.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies
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EDITORIALS

The end draweth nigh. Spring fever, Yackety Yack assessments and examination schedule give fair warning. The manager of *The Magazine* has called for the last time this year in plaintive notes, demanding copy two weeks before it is written. The editors, weary, worn, and wasted, turn with a sigh of relief to treatment for overwork and underpay. All of which should express more emphatically that the end verily draweth nigh. Before the curtain drops, or rather, before the reel is finished, let us pause and review briefly our own publication. We do not attempt to state whether the publication has been a success or not, nor if so how much. However, out of the experience of those who have tried, we can point out some of the ways in which *The Magazine* has failed.

In the first place the publication has been criticised by magazines from various colleges and by ourselves because of the scanty supply of material printed. It is surprising and disappointing to note the scarcity of good themes in an institution such as ours. Issue after issue the editors have been driven to glean the campus, worry the Department of English and then finally submit their own contributions to fill out the contents. Inspiration and desire for writing

are among the absentees. Even students with ability and some reputation pay little attention to invitations to contribute and the interest in *The Magazine* consequently lags.

This lack of interest makes *The Magazine* a dead issue. In some sister institutions it is considered quite an honor to succeed in having an article published in the college magazine. Here, however, only members of the societies receive copies, and many of these simply glance at the booklet and lay it aside. The articles printed are never reviewed on class; they are not corrected, criticised or studied. No wonder the chronic pessimist sighs, "Woe is me! Is *The Magazine* worth while?"

Finally, the editor must make a confession. Notwithstanding the inferior quality of this year's publication, more time has been spent working on *The Magazine* than on any course in our schedule. Besides this, the work has been very helpful, though extremely wearing. For the sake of our successors we appeal for a credit of hours that will count toward graduation to be given.

We would suggest that as a remedy for present troubles, the faculty committee for *The Magazine* should be appointed from members of the Department of English. Teachers of English should use *The Magazine* as a means of inspiration for creative literary work among the students, as some teachers have already done. The students and literary societies should realize the opportunities for self-improvement that the publication affords. The authorities should again seriously consider the granting of hours of credit toward graduation to the Editor-in-Chief. These should help much in making our magazine one of the best in the land.

TO AN UNKNOWN LADY

ON SITTING BESIDE HER AT A PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT

Shall I say her face was fair?
Her dress, her voice, her flowing hair,
Were all to me beyond compare!

Her dress was airy, fairy pink,
Such as makes a mortal think
At last he's found with Heaven a link.

Her voice was sad; yet seemed to me
Her words possessed strange gayety
Well portioned, perfect as could be.

Her sylphan hair? Would I could tell
You half the beauty there doth dwell—
But even half would volumes swell!

* * * * * *

O, why should I sing her a lay,
When in her presence I could stay
But one brief hour? O sore dismay!

That filled my heart at her departing,
Filled my mind with bitter smarting!
She knew me not, nor knew our parting.

D. H. Killeffer.

SKETCHES

THE VITAL QUESTION

The boy gazed listlessly at the opposite wall. There was a look of obstinacy and hopelessness on his face. The door softly opened and a woman entered. She walked hesitatingly toward the bed as though she feared to wake him but was resolved to perform what it was her duty to do. For a short space she stood silently beside the bed and looked searchingly at him. Then, "Give me your hand," she said firmly. Slowly he obeyed, and she took it in her firm, cool grasp. The boy looked up, and strangely enough his expression became eager and a bit anxious. Evidently the actions of the lady meant much to the boy. She, on the other hand, gazed demurely at the floor. For a long, long time they remained thus. Not another word was spoken. Then she suddenly released his hand and turned briskly away. The boy gazed hungrily after her and at the uncompromising angle of her back he groaned as in mortal agony. But at the door she turned and looked at him silently. A smile twitched at the corner of her lips, probably like the one on the face of Pricilla when she said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Plainly it was his move. "Well?" he demanded hoarsely, as from the strength of his emotions he sat up in bed. She smiled faintly. "Your pulse is normal today. You may have your meals," she said as she softly closed the door.

WALTER P. FULLER.

TWO OF THE OLD GUARD

How many of our students of the present day have ever heard of old Ben Booth? Well, it is not so surprising that there are few who have. Chapel Hill has now so many famous (among ourselves) inhabitants that there is no need of looking into the past for others. Still there are

a few who are worth while recording, and among these Ben Booth is not the least. We hear often the old jokes about the thickness of the African's skull. We have all read of the "Old Eph," who was shot in the head with the result of only a headache and a flattened bullet; but stories like this are hearsay. In Ben Booth, however, there was a typical example of this "hardheadedness," as any of the old "boys" will tell you. Moreover, the old fellow turned his gift to good account; he used his head literally, to acquire wealth.

The method of this hero of twenty years ago was simple. He was ready at any time to allow anyone who had the price hit him across the head with a two inch plank, his price being five cents a crack. How many times he had a headache we do not know; how many planks there were split there is no record to show, for adding machines were unknown to Chapel Hill of that day. It is safe to say that the split planks outnumbered the headaches sixteen to one.

There is a record of only one time, in fact, that Ben met his disaster. On this occasion he was the victim of a student whose name is fortunately forgotten. This wretch—for such he was afterwards regarded by common consent—gave Ben his nickel, took up the plank and struck the old fellow not with its face but with its edge.

When the old darkey came to his senses he found himself sharing with his assailant the center of a mob of furious students. The whole college was in an uproar. A lynching was probably averted only when old Ben slowly rose and said:

"Boss, dat lick am wu'th two bits."

* * * * * * * *

Associated with the memory of Ben Booth in the minds of many of the old students is another old negro. This old fellow, who died some years before Ben, was supposedly only a preacher. But what a preacher he is said to have been! The old-time fire-and-brimstone preacher was not in it with him. Any of the classical descriptions of the torments of everlasting punishments were thrown into

shamed insignificance by him. He would describe with such vivid and terrible pictures that he often had his hearers shaking more than their fathers had trembled before the Ku Klux Klan. He had his congregation at his knees.

But preaching was in truth a mere side line with this old fellow, and we have the word of his grandson to support this statement. He had completed his week's work when his sermon was over. The rest of the time was his for his other occupation. Even on Sunday he could scarcely wait to listen to the lamentations and cries of terror of his flock, for he was anxious to get back to his real work. Slipping out of the church door he would make for a certain meeting place where certain of his cronies were waiting for him. Half an hour after his sermon this good old preacher was at his earthly business—a strenuous game of "craps." E. H. A.

THE BRAND OF A FRESHMAN

Freshmen sometimes call on members of the faculty on Sunday nights. Sometimes they are mistaken for upper classmen, but more often they are not. The freshman I am going to tell about was not taken for an upper classman by the professor to whom he was paying his visit on the particular Sunday night in question.

The freshman had come prepared for the occasion—pompadoured hair, newest fashioned English suit, latest cut of collar with Scotch plaid necktie adorned with a large sized stick pin, striped socks, and rubber soled, tan low quarters. He was telling the professor about the walk he had taken that afternoon.

"I went out to Piney Prospect with some fellows this afternoon," he said, "and on the way back we saw what one of the follows said was the place where a student named Dromgool, who got killed in a duel, was buried. Is that story true, Professor?" he continued.

The professor replied that it had some foundation, in fact, but he didn't know how true it was. Then the fresh-

man proved beyond a doubt that he was rightly classified in the catalogue.

"By the way, Professor," he asked, "is Dromgool any kin to Jimgouhl?" W. B. Cobb.

IT HAPPENED BUT ONCE

"As I have told you gentlemen," he began, "I am a traveling salesman by occupation, and am on the road practically throughout the year. Some years ago I visited a certain town on business. It was dark when I got off the train and the station platform was dimly lighted. It was not too dark, however, to prevent me seeing the beautiful young woman standing several feet away as if expecting some one. On seeing me she uttered one joyous outcry, ran to me, threw her arms around my neck, kissed me again and again, and murmured softly: 'O, Jack, dear, dear old Jack.' I was so surprised and stupefied that for a minute I couldn't do anything; yes, I couldn't even return some of those divine kisses. 'What is the trouble, Jack?' she asked, rubbing her hand caressingly over my face. Just then a treacherous beam of light fell on my face and exposed me. 'O! what a horrible mistake,' she cried, turned quickly around and soon disappeared."

"Since that time, whenever I happen to visit that particular town, after getting off the train I stand on the platform a while and look around expecting to see my unknown beauty. All in vain. It happens but once in a lifetime."

J. M. Tamraz.

FRESHMEN BREAK INTO SOCIETY

'Twas April first. A. McD. Roger, Freshman, lover of the ladies, pondering on the unfairness of the Freshman's banishment from all social enjoyments, jerked open his mail box and gloomily surveyed the prospect. One postcard—wasn't that some mail, though, after an empty box for three days? Languidly he drew the card out, disgust-

edly he stuck it into his pocket, and moodily through the darkness he slowly walked to his room.

In his room he happened to remember the card and drew it forth to read and throw away. Suddenly every indifferent air and gloomy look was gone. Once more he was the man of Romance, of experience—the man who had lived and loved—the man who had the knowing air of one who has fooled with the follies of the fair sex. The writing on the card was from some beautiful young lady—he could tell that before he looked at it closely.

"Dear Mac," the card ran, "I will be in Chapel Hill to-night and to-morrow. I am stopping at Dr. Bookman's. You don't know how much I would love for you to call to-night."

Great Glee and heaps of happiness possessed Number Six South and its 1916 occupants. In a joyous jiffy A. McD. Roger, ladies' man, had slicked and shined up—both face and shoes—and was ready to go, when the ideal idea of taking a dear classmate along with him occurred.

Bang! Bang! "Slick" Warren slammed the door on the inside. Just the man! 'Twas but a momentary minute before "Slick" caught on and was equally slicked and shined, ready to accompany Mac on his conquering visit to his fair friend from his home town.

Rap! rap! (They couldn't find the bell.) Dr. Bookman's daughter came to the door.

"Howdy. Tell Miss— that I'm here," said the embarrassed A. McD. Roger.

Astonishment! Amazement!! Horror!!!

A giggle, a hollow groan, a muffled burst of laughter came from the depths of darkness across the street.

Thinking of the date, the young lady smiled again.

The Knights of Romance—no, the poor Freshmen—hastily turned away and beat it for the Pickwick.

P. Woollcott.

A SINGLE THREAD

Black battalions of clouds were gathering in the eastern sky; in the west the heavens were splashed red with the blood of a dying day. Down the broad street strode Billie, his high brow dark with despair, the lurid fires of desperation burning in his deep gray eyes.

"The veil of the future is opaque," he hissed; "and to endeavor to see beyond it is to attempt the impossible."

Laughter bubbled upon the lips of all about him; his soul alone was burdened with gloom. Sadness suppressed his spirit; the lamp of fate was shattered; everything seemed bleak and black. "'Tis my last hope," he moaned, his eyes turning hopelessly upward to the pale, pitiless planets; "my fate hangs upon a single thread!"

Just then his last suspender button gave way, and Billie disappeared up an alley holding up his pants with both hands. 1915.

MOUNTAIN ETIQUETTE

One day last winter, night overtook me while I was still far from home. I stopped for the night at the first house, which was small with only two rooms, and a loft. The only other building was a small shed, and from the noise that came out of this, I correctly guessed that it contained some animal. As I was well acquainted with mountain etiquette, the smallness of the house did not trouble me. While standing by the fire, warming myself, I wondered where the boy was going to put my horse. Suddenly, the little girl shouted, "Oh, looky, looky, looky!" Her sister motioned to her to be quiet but she went on, "Old Buck jist histed up his tail and flew same as anybody." I looked out the window and saw my horse going into the shed and an old ox running clumsily down the mountain.

J. A. K.

THE SOUTH BUILDING SNAKE

The inmates of the South Building must have their pets. Even the rats, mice, spiders and mosquitoes of this residence of famous men cannot meet the requirements. Orphan cats, captive squirrels and, in spite of campus rules to the contrary, dogs, have found comfortable lodgings among admiring friends. No pet, however, has been so popular as the South Building Snake. Someone found the dear creature out in Battle's Park, a healthy young two-and-one-half-foot-long Blacksnake. From the moment of discovery the serpent was doomed to notoriety. His proud owner, well versed in snake lore, knew that blacksnakes are not poisonous and for two days became the prime attraction of the community. He would stroll out carelessly and saunter around the well, holding the wriggling reptile as unconcernedly as if it were a jimmy pipe. The congregation of the curious would stand agape. An occasional tender caress or gentle tug of correction always elicited applause from the bystanders. Whenever the owner, assuming an attitude of indifference, nonchalantly draped the black beauty around his neck the throng either stormed applause or quivered with dumb amazement. The snake, however, was evidently disgusted with public life and longed for freedom. He therefore eluded his captor and sought refuge under the building for some days but was finally dragged forth again to amuse the multitudes. Just call around at the South Building sometime next week and watch the crowd of little fellows who once gazed with astonishment at Bosco the Savage South African Snake Eating Monster of the county fair, yes those same boys, now college lads, looking at the South Building Snake.

V. F.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Allow me to say by way of parenthesis, first, that Wallace is the colored boy over at the Infirmary. Now Wallace is a curious compound, but a very interesting speci-

men. He is a talker—a very fluent talker on all imaginable subjects from possible improvements in Commons Hall up to the possibilities of having a dope sent up from the drug store. Secondly, smoking is strictly forbidden at the Infirmary. In fact, it is a most stringent rule rigidly enforced on everybody and at all times. Not that Wallace and this rule are logically connected or even belong in the same paragraph, but Wallace does strictly enforce the same dutifully and conscientiously—that is, when the nurse is about.

It was a lazy, springy sort of afternoon in February, the kind that makes everyone sluggish and sleepy. But the inmates of the Infirmary were anything but sluggish and sleepy. On the contrary, the most intense excitement and expectation reigned. In short, something was going to happen. An event of unparalleled moment was to take place any minute. The nurse was sick and a "new one" was actually coming. "Would she be young?" "Would she be pretty?" "Blonde?" "Or brunette?" The atmosphere fairly teemed with such questions. Suddenly the especially acute hearing facilities of the inmates seemed to be conscious of a feminine voice. Almost immediately the door opened. The sun stood still, the atmosphere ceased moving, and absolute silence reigned. Yes, the door opened, and in walked, not an airy fairy creature with melting blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair—but Wallace,—and puffing furiously at a cigarette. "Ain't no nurse coming, and t'other one's too sick to come around here. Yessir, you all can have one too!"

CLAUDE BOSEMAN.

WHERE POLITENESS DID NOT PAY

We were going to our boarding house, and in order to do this we had to push our way into a crowded street car. All in, the conductor rang the bell and we were off. Captain Euless had succeeded in getting us rooms to sleep in, but it was impossible to get us seats on the car to sit in.

We stopped nearly every block to let two or more people off and this being the case one could be sure that he would get a seat in a short time. Finally all of our party had seats except one, and he was not trying very hard to get one.

The fellow stood in the middle of the aisle, and on his left there sat two good looking women—they were good looking. These two women on seeing my friend standing, made room for him right between them. He had not been in his seat long before the car stopped for some one to get on. As the car stopped, the lights nearly went out. At the same time I noticed a couple coming in the rear door, and they hardly got to where my friend sat before he jumped up and offered the girl his seat.

When the car stopped again, I glanced over across the aisle to see whom my friend had given a seat, then I saw he was very red in the face. The exclamation that I caught from him was, "O Hell! look what I have done, I have given my seat to a mulatto negress." On leaving the car, one of the women passing out whispered in his ear these words, "That's one time you got stung."

BILL PRITCHARD.

WHY TOM BECAME A LAUNDRYMAN

Although Tom was a Freshman he was regarded as the strongest man in college. Conceit ruins a man and this was the effect it had on Tom. By the time he came to be a Sophomore he was the biggest "bully" the college had ever seen. Tom registered early in the beginning of his Sophomore year for he wanted the pleasure of entertaining some of the poor Freshies. Here Tom was conquered, for one of the Freshies, a little skinny chap, called his bluff and simply "mopped up" with him. Of course, Tom never let this be known to his fellow classmen for he feared for his reputation.

One night as he and a crowd of his followers were in the North Dormitory raising what they called h—l, some one

from the second story accidentally dropped a dipper full of water on Tom's carefully brushed head. This was enough. Boiling over with rage, he quickly went up to the room from which he was sure the water came. Without knocking, Tom walked in. There, leaning composedly against the radiator with the dipper in his hand stood that same Freshman. Very meekly Tom put the question to him "Got any laundry for me to-night?"

C. L. Isley, Jr.

THE LIMITED SUBJECT

"Smith is my theme, let glory be my song"—thus Byron might have carolled. But, since he neglected the glowing opportunity, I sing of Captain Smith, he of the Shoo-Fly Limited—strictly limited in speed and convenience, and quite the limit, you know. The doughty little conductor and his trans-continental are institutions of Chapel Hill, and as such should be cherished. The deeds of man and engine are current history. Familiar to all are the thrilling details of that record-breaking run across the wide expanse of territory between University Station and Venable, via Blackwood, in two hours and fourteen minutes flat, exclusive of stops—and stalls. Likewise, History chronicles the touching triumphs of the brave commander when twice he steered his stately craft over the briny creek, passed through difficulties and pine woods, surmounted all obstacles and hills, and reached the station on schedule time. We rightly glory in these exploits, although jealous-minded critics attempt to belittle them by recalling the fact that an accompanying nor'wester made possible the first feat, and they proclaim it a modern miracle and not the prowess of man. Moreover, they claim that the clock at the Union Central Depot, keeping pace with its surroundings, befriended the efforts of the struggling train. Nevertheless, we hallow the remembrance of these achievements, and yet we are as proud of the radiant per-

sonality as of the distinguished appearance and proved ability.

Those inherent sterling qualities of the captain's are best displayed in his own domain—the palace cars of Number Ninety-seven. Here he has firmly established his lordship over all he surveys. Long association with the "ubiquitous" wits of the place has trained his into a master of the gentle art of repartee. If mayhap, through your own neglect of opportunity, that fact is beyond your ken, you may find convincing proof and a hearty laugh in return for your remark and, perchance, a little embarressment.

In this wise it came to pass that one squad was initiated. The jolly quartette in the observation car, bubbling over with exuberant spirits—the innocent, joyful spirits of the departing, of course, Thomas—looked up from their cards and cigarettes and hailed the genial captain with delight.

"Kind sir," offered the first, evidently purposing to ridicule, "which end do we get off?"

"Either end, they both stop;" and the tormentor was duly tormented.

"But, Cap," said another seriously, voicing the general impatience, "can't you go any faster than this?"

"Certainly, but I have to stay with my train,"—with genuine self-sacrifice.

"Captain Smith," volunteered the third after the uproar, "will you please inform us, for the sake of curious and suffering humanity, what becomes of the little pieces you punch out of the tickets?"

The captain's reply was kind and in kind. "Young man." he ovaculated pityingly, "I have long since learned the fruits of industry and economy. These bits of colored paper I save diligently to sell as confetti, and in only fourteen years the traffic has brought me a net profit of eleven cents—eleven whole cents, sir!"

And they were utterly unable to find a suitable title or epithet in either tongue,—English or profane.

G. W. Eutsler.

EXCHANGES

As this is the last issue of the *Magazine* for the year, it behooves us to sing our little swan song. What shall it be? Well, it is hard to say. We suppose we ought to say how glad we are that we had the opportunity, et cetera, and how sad it is to—et cetera again. But somehow such felicitations sound hollow and unmeant. We must renege. Perhaps we ought to engage in a mud slinging (alias caustic review of our esteemed contemporaries), but again we must renege. Such action would be like starting a row at a farewell supper, and nobody enjoys that. This is not the occasion to criticize. Let us rather offer a few random comments on college magazines in general and absolutely nothing in particular.

Watchman, what of the night? What are the signs of the times in the field of college journalism—forward or backward? The former, surely; yet there is a long way to go before we will reach even a little success in this most neglected of college activities. There is progress, perceptible progress, however, and what we want to do is discuss a few of the reasons why college magazines do not play the part in the life of the college that they once did.

In a number of cases the editors are at fault. They do not display sufficient interest and can therefore not radiate enthusiasm nor instill vitality into the life of the publication. There was a time when the election to the editorial board of a college magazine was a distinct recognition of a student's ability as a writer, and he considered it as such. But with the advent of athletic contests, college magazines surrendered the title of first place to the baseball and football heroes, and was content to remain modestly in the background. There college publications—and particularly college magazines—have remained ever since. Thus the matter stands. As a consequence editors of the magazine are not selected with the same care as they once were, and frequently display no aptness or love for the work. Many

editors secure material and throw it in print seemingly unaware that blue pencils are still being made by the hundreds. There is an atmosphere of haste and crude preparation about the departments. Perhaps the editorial department apologizes for its shortcomings, or maybe another department dismisses with a few words and with the never fulfilled promise of doing better next month. But it is not hard to read between the lines. Such apologies by the editors are equivalent to this: "We are busy, we haven't any time to write any dope this month; the dances are here, the spring weather means baseball, and we can't do it—that's all. Next month we will,—well, the fact is we are interested in something else just now." That is one trouble with college magazines, we think. They do not take the work seriously enough. The men behind the guns are only half-converted to the cause and are ready to run away when the band passes. We don't know that this is the real cause of lassitude in college magazine work nor can we diagnose the weakness. But it is a working principle in other activities that the men behind an organization are responsible for it, and we see no exception in this case. Whatever improvement is sought for in college magazines, the reformers must see to it that the men on the editorial boards are of the right character and are, to use a childish phrase, happy and contented.

Having put the house in order, it is time then to look to the outward appearance. A magazine should be attractive. It is one thing to secure and maintain interest in a magazine by enthusiasm and energy, but the task is then only half completed. Selection should be made in the matter of printing and care should be used in arranging. You must catch the artistic eye of the average student before he can be induced to read the articles. The editors of fifty years ago had no such opportunities as have we in mechanical improvements. There is, however, no need of making a magazine stupidly literary or shockingly commonplace; it should not be full of mummy dust nor of

polite vaudeville. There is a middle ground called the "golden mean" which we would have said had we beaten Horace to this terrestial sphere.

We thought we would go on and enlarge about the literary appetite of college men; of the contrast between the magazines of today and those of forty years ago. But we must desist. This is our last appearance in the rôle of critic and long-windedness is not a virtue but a crime; it may also rub off good impressions. Now before the lights wink and the curtain is rung down, let us all exchange greetings,—"the same to you!" We are lulled into a happy frame of mind; we must be indulgent.

Finally, literary effort in college should not be condemned but encouraged. We should not look at it overcritically. Much of it, in fact the most of it, is clumsy, half-done attempts to say something that is within. But it counts nevertheless. Ask the men who ten years ago were struggling over the same problems as are we today. They will tell you that this was the way they learned to write, to develop a love for self-expression. A college publication is but a kindergarten, a training school, where one may see dimly a light. This is the spirit of optimism, of *allons* that over-powers everything and everybody. College journalism has a future that must grow brighter. It is a field of usefulness that is becoming more and more attractive. To any of us who are fearful or doubtful about its possibilities there come those simple lines of Cowper,

"Young heads are giddy and young hearts are warm
And make mistakes for manhood to reform."

Arnold A. McKay.

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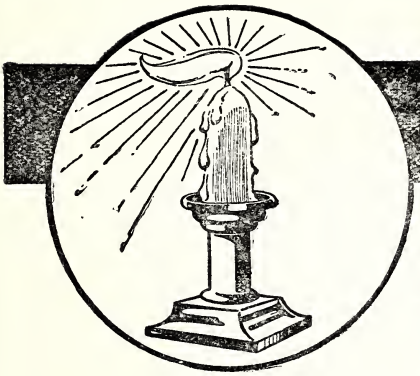

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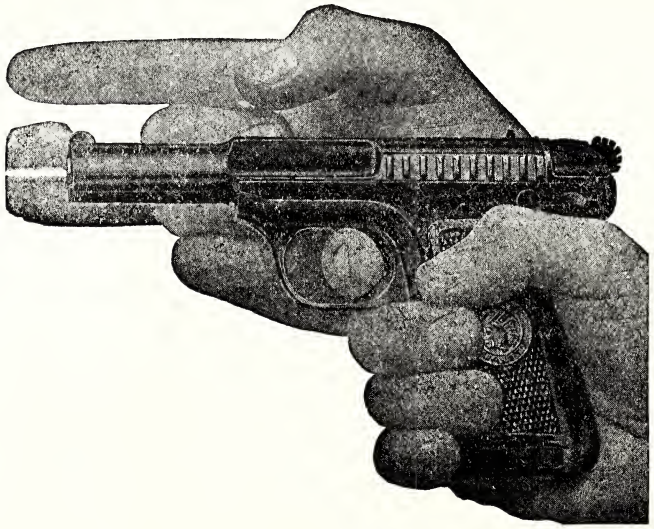

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